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THE

MISCELLANEOUS WORKS

OF

TOBIAS SMOLLETT, M. D.

WITH

MEMOIRS

OF

HIS LIFE AND WRITINGS.

BY

ROBERT ANDERSON, M. D.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

VOL. VI.

Containing

THE EXPEDITION OF HUMPHRY CLINKER,

AND THE ADVENTURES OF AN ATOM.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. MUNDELL & CO. EDINBURGH

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1796.

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To MR. HENRY DAVIS, *Bookſeller in London.*

RESPECTED SIR, *Abergavenny, Aug.* 4.

I HAVE received your eſteemed favour of the 13th ultimo, whereby it appeareth, that you have peruſed thoſe ſame letters, the which were delivered unto you by my friend the Reverend Mr. Hugo Bhen; and I am pleaſed to find you think they may be printed with a good proſpect of ſucceſs; in as much as the objections you mention, I humbly conceive, are ſuch as may be redargued, if not entirely removed.—And, firſt, in the firſt place, as touching what proſecutions may ariſe from printing the private correſpondence of perſons ſtill living, give me leave, with all due ſubmiſſion, to obſerve, that the letters in queſtion were not written and ſent under the ſeal of ſecreſy; that they have no tendency to the *mala fama* or prejudice of any perſon whatſoever; but rather to the information and edification of mankind: So that it becometh a ſort of duty to promulgate them *in uſum publicum*. Beſides, I have conſulted Mr. Davy Higgins, an eminent attorney of this place, who, after due inſpection and conſideration, declareth, that he doth not think the ſaid letters contain any matter which will be held actionable in the eye of the law. Finally, if you and I ſhould come to a right underſtanding, I do declare *in verbo ſacerdotis*, that, in caſe of any ſuch proſecution, I will take the whole upon my own ſhoulders, even *quoad* fine and impriſonment, though I muſt confeſs I ſhould not care to undergo flagellation: *Tam ad turpitudinem, quam ad amaritudinem pœna ſpectans.*—Secondly, concerning the perſonal reſentment of Mr. Juſtice Liſmahago, I may ſay *non flocci facio*—I would not willingly vilipend any Chriſtian, if peradventure he deſerveth that epithet: Albeit I am much ſurpriſed that more care is not taken to exclude from the commiſſion all ſuch vagrant foreigners as may be juſtly ſuſpected of diſaffection to our happy conſtitution in church and ſtate.—God forbid that I ſhould be ſo uncharitable, as to affirm poſitively that the ſaid Liſmahago is no better than a Jeſuit in diſguiſe; but this

As I exhibited marks of bodily fear more ways than one, to the conviction of the byſtanders, I bound him over; my action lay, and I recovered. As for flagellation, you have nothing to fear, and nothing to hope on that head---There has been but one printer flogged at the cart-tail theſe thirty years, that was Charles Watſon; and he aſſured me it was no more than a flea-bite. C—— S—— has been threatened ſeveral times by the Houſe of L——; but it came to nothing. If an information ſhould be moved for, and granted againſt you, as the editor of theſe letters, I hope you will have honeſty and wit enough to appear and take your trial---If you ſhould be ſentenced to the pillory, your fortune is made---As times go, that's a ſure ſtep to honour and preferment. I ſhall think myſelf happy if I can lend you a lift; and am, very ſincerely,

Yours,

London, Aug. 10. HENRY DAVIS.

Pleaſe my kind ſervice to your neighbour, my couſin Madoc.---I have ſent an almanack and court-kalendar, directed for him at Mr. Sutton's, bookſeller in Glouceſter, carriage paid, which he will pleaſe to accept as a ſmall token of my regard. My wife, who is very fond of toaſted cheeſe, preſents her compliments to him, and begs to know if there's any of that kind which he was ſo good as to ſend us laſt Chriſtmas, to be ſold in London.

H. D.

THE

EXPEDITION

OF

HUMPHRY CLINKER.

To Dr. Lewis.

Doctor,

The pills are good for nothing—I might as well ſwallow ſnow-balls to cool my reins—I have told you over and over, how hard I am to move; and, at this time of day, I ought to know ſomething of my own conſtitution. Why will you be ſo poſitive? Prithee ſend me another preſcription—I am as lame, and as much tortured in all my limbs, as if I was broke upon the wheel: Indeed, I am equally diſtreſſed in mind and body—As if I had not plagues enough of my own, thoſe children of my ſiſter are left me for a perpetual ſource of vexation—What buſineſs have people to get children to plague their neighbours? A ridiculous incident that happened yeſterday to my niece Liddy, has diſordered me in ſuch a manner, that I expect to be laid up with another fit of the gout—Perhaps I may explain myſelf in my next. I ſhall ſet out to-morrow morning for the Hot Well at Briſtol, where I am afraid I ſhall ſtay longer than I could wiſh. On the receipt of this, ſend Williams thither with my ſaddle-horſe and the *demi-pique*. Tell Barns to threſh out the two old ricks, and ſend the corn to market, and ſell it off to the poor at a ſhilling a buſhel under market price.

—I have received a ſnivelling letter from Griffin, offering to make a public ſubmiſſion, and pay coſts. I want none of his ſubmiſſions; neither will I pocket any of his money—The fellow is a bad neighbour, and I deſire to have nothing to do with him: But as he is purſe-proud, he ſhall pay for his inſolence: Let him give five pounds to the poor of the pariſh, and I'll withdraw my action; and in the mean time you may tell Prig to ſtop proceedings. —Let Morgan's widow have the Alderney cow, and forty ſhillings to clothe her children: But don't ſay a ſyllable of the matter to any living ſoul—I'll make her pay when ſhe is able. I deſire you will lock up all my drawers, and keep the keys till meeting; and be ſure you take the iron cheſt with my papers into your own cuſtody—Forgive all this trouble from,

Dear Lewis,

Your affectionate

Glouceſter, April 2. M. BRAMBLE.

To MRS. GWYLLIM, *Houſekeeper at Brambletonhall.*

MRS. GUYLLIM,

WHEN this cums to hand, be ſure to pack up in the trunk male that ſtands in my cloſet, to be ſent me in the Briſtol waggon, without loſs of time, the following articles, viz. my roſe-collard neglejay, with green robins, my yellow damaſk, and my black velvet ſuit, with the ſhort hoop; my bloo quilted petticot, my green manteel, my laced apron, my French commode, Macklin head and lappets, and the litel box with my jowls. Williams may bring over my bum-daffee, and the viol with the eaſings of Dr. Hill's dock-water, and Chowder's lackſitiff. The poor creature has been terribly conſtuprated ever ſince we left huom. Pray take particular care of the houſe while the family is abſent. Let there be a fire conſtantly kept in my brother's chamber and mine. The maids, having nothing to do, may be ſat a-ſpinning. I deſire you'll clap a pad-luck on the windſeller, and let none of the men

have exceſs to the ſtrong bear—don't forget to have the gate ſhit every evening before dark.—The gardnir and the hind may lie below in the landry, to partake the houſe, with the blunderbuſs and the great dog; and I hope you'll have a watchful eye over the maids. I know that huſſy, Mary Jones, loves to be rumping with the men. Let me know if Alderney's calf be ſould yet, and what he fought —if the ould gooſe be ſitting; and if the cobler has cut Dicky, and how the pore anemil bore the operation.—No more at preſent, but reſts,

Yours,

Gloſtar, April 2. TABITHA BRAMBLE.

To MRS. MARY JONES, *at Brambletonhall.*

DEAR MOLLY,

HEAVING this importunity, I ſend my love to you and Saul, being in good health, and hoping to heer the ſame from you; and that you and Saul will take my poor kitten to bed with you this cold weather. We have been all in a ſad taking here at Gloſtar—Miſs Liddy had like to have run away with a player-man, and young maſter and he would adone themſelves a miſchief; but the 'ſquire applied to the mare, and they were bound over.—Miſtreſs bid me not ſpeak a word of the matter to any Chriſtian ſoul—no more I ſhall; for, we ſervints ſhould ſee all, and ſay nothing—But, what was worſe than all this, Chowder has had the misfortune to be worried by a butcher's dog, and came home in a terrible pickle—Miſtriſs was taken with the aſteriſks, but they ſoon went off. The doctor was ſent for to Chowder, and he ſubſcribed a repoſitory, which did him great ſervice—thank God, he's now in a fair way to do well—pray take care of my box and the pillyber, and put them under your own bed; for, I do ſuppoſe, Madam Gwyllim will be a prying into my ſecrets, now my back is turned. John Thomas is in good health, but ſulky. The 'ſquire gave away an ould coat to a poor man; and John ſays as how 'tis robbing him of his parquiſites.—I told him, by his agreement, he was to

receive no vails: but he ſays as how there's a difference betwixt vails and parquiſites; and ſo there is for ſartain. We are all going to the Hot Well, where I ſhall drink your health in a glaſs of water, being,

Dear Molly,

Your humble ſervant to command,

Gloſtar, April 2. W. JENKINS.

To SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, BART. *of Jeſus College, Oxon.*

DEAR PHILLIPS,

As I have nothing more at heart than to convince you I am incapable of forgetting or neglecting the friendſhip I made at college, I now begin that correſpondence by letters, which you and I agreed at parting, to cultivate. I begin it ſooner than I intended, that you may have it in your power to refute any idle reports which may be circulated to my prejudice at Oxford, touching a fooliſh quarrel, in which I have been involved on account of my ſiſter, who had been ſome time ſettled here in a boarding-ſchool.—When I came hither with my uncle and aunt (who are our guardians), to fetch her away, I found her a fine tall girl, of ſeventeen, with an agreeable perſon; but remarkably ſimple, and quite ignorant of the world. This diſpoſition, and want of experience, had expoſed her to the addreſſes of a perſon—I know not what to call him, who had ſeen her at a play; and, with a confidence and dexterity peculiar to himſelf, found means to be recommended to her acquaintance. It was by the greateſt accident I intercepted one of his letters. As it was my duty to ſtifle this correſpondence in its birth, I made it my buſineſs to find him out, and tell him very freely my ſentiments of the matter. The ſpark did not like the ſtyle I uſed, and behaved with abundance of mettle. Though his rank in life (which, by the bye, I am aſhamed to declare) did not entitle him to much deference, yet, as his behaviour was remarkably ſpirited, I admitted him to the privilege of a gentleman, and ſomething might have happened, had not we been prevented.—In ſhort, the buſi-

neſs took air, I know not how, and made abundance of noiſe—recourſe was had to juſtice—I was obliged to give my word and honour, &c. and to-morrow morning we ſet out for Briſtol Wells, where I expect to hear from you by the return of the poſt. I have got into a family of originals, whom I may one day attempt to deſcribe for your amuſement. My aunt, Mrs. Tabitha Bramble, is a maiden of forty-five, exceedingly ſtarched, vain, and ridiculous. My uncle is an odd kind of humouriſt, always on the fret, and ſo unpleaſant in his manner, that, rather than be obliged to keep him company, I'd reſign all claim to the inheritance of his eſtate. Indeed, his being tortured by the gout, may have ſoured his temper, and, perhaps, I may like him better on farther acquaintance: Certain it is, all his ſervants and neighbours in the country are fond of him even to a degree of enthuſiaſm, the reaſon of which I cannot as yet comprehend. Remember me to Griffy Price, Gwyn, Manſel, Baſſet, and all the reſt of my old Cambrian companions. Salute the bed-maker in my name—give my ſervice to the cook, and pray take care of poor Ponto, for the ſake of his old maſter, who is, and ever will be,

Dear Phillips,

Your affectionate friend,

and humble ſervant,

Glouceſter, April 2. JER. MELFORD.

To MRS. JERMYN, *at her houſe in Glouceſter.*

DEAR MADAM,

HAVING no mother of my own, I hope you will give me leave to diſburden my poor heart to you, who have always acted the part of a kind parent to me, ever ſince I was put under your care. Indeed, and indeed, my worthy governeſs may believe me, when I aſſure her, that I never harboured a thought that was otherwiſe than virtuous; and, if God will give me grace, I ſhall never behave ſo as to caſt a reflection on the care you have taken in my education. I confeſs I have given juſt cauſe of of-

ſence, by my want of prudence and experience. I ought not to have liſtened to what the young man ſaid; and it was my duty to have told you all that paſſed, but I was aſhamed to mention it; and then he behaved ſo modeſt and reſpectful, and ſeemed to be ſo melancholy and timorous, that I could not find in my heart to do any thing that ſhould make him miſerable and deſperate. As for familiarities, I do declare, I never once allowed him the favour of a ſalute; and as to the few letters that paſſed between us, they are all in my uncle's hands, and I hope they contain nothing contrary to innocence and honour. I am ſtill perſuaded that he is not what he appears to be: But time will diſcover—Meanwhile, I will endeavour to forget a connection, which is ſo diſpleaſing to my family. I have cried without ceaſing, and have not taſted any thing but tea, ſince I was hurried away from you; nor did I once cloſe my eyes for three nights running. My aunt continues to chide me ſeverely, when we are by ourſelves; but I hope to ſoften her in time, by humility and ſubmiſſion. My uncle, who was ſo dreadfully paſſionate in the beginning, has been moved by my tears and diſtreſs, and is now all tenderneſs and compaſſion; and my brother is reconciled to me, on my promiſe to break off all correſpondence with that unfortunate youth: But, notwithſtanding all their indulgence, I ſhall have no peace of mind till I know my dear and ever honoured governeſs has forgiven her poor, diſconſolate, forlorn,

Affectionate humble ſervant,
till death,

Clifton, April 6. LYDIA MELFORD.

To MISS LÆTITIA WILLIS, *at Glouceſter.*

MY DEAREST LETTY,

I AM in ſuch a fright, leſt this ſhould not come ſafe to hand by the conveyance of Jarvis, the carrier, that I beg you will write me, on the receipt of it, directing to me, under cover, to Mrs. Winifred Jenkins, my aunt's maid, who is a good girl, and has been ſo kind to me in my af-

fliction, that I have made her my confidente; as for Jarvis, he was very ſhy of taking charge of my letter and the little parcel, becauſe his ſiſter Sally had like to have loſt her place on my account: Indeed I cannot blame the man for his caution; but I have made it worth his while. My dear companion and bed-fellow, it is a grievous addition to my other misfortunes, that I am deprived of your agreeable company and converſation, at a time when I need ſo much the comfort of your good humour and good ſenſe; but, I hope, the friendſhip we contracted at the boarding-ſchool will laſt for life—I doubt not but, on my ſide, it will daily increaſe and improve, as I gain experience, and learn to know the value of a true friend. O, my dear Letty! what ſhall I ſay about poor Mr. Wilſon? I have promiſed to break off all correſpondence, and, if poſſible, to forget him: But, alas! I begin to perceive that it will not be in my power. As it is by no means proper that the picture ſhould remain in my hands, leſt it ſhould be the occaſion of more miſchief, I have ſent it to you by this opportunity, begging you will either keep it ſafe till better times, or return it to Mr. Wilſon himſelf, who, I ſuppoſe, will make it his buſineſs to ſee you at the uſual place. If he ſhould be low-ſpirited at my ſending back his picture, you may tell him I have no occaſion for a picture, while the original continues engraved on my —— But, no; I would not have you tell him that neither; becauſe there muſt be an end of our correſpondence—I wiſh he may forget me, for the ſake of his own peace; and yet, if he ſhould, he muſt be a barbarous—— But, 'tis impoſſible—poor Wilſon cannot be falſe and inconſtant. I beſeech him not to write to me, nor attempt to ſee me for ſome time; for, conſidering the reſentment and paſſionate temper of my brother Jery, ſuch an attempt might be attended with conſequences which would make us all miſerable for life—let us truſt to time and the chapter of accidents; or rather to that Providence which will not fail, ſooner or later, to reward thoſe that walk in the paths of honour and virtue—I would offer my love to the young ladies, but it is not fit that any of them ſhould know you have received this letter. If we go to Bath, I ſhall ſend you my ſimple remarks upon that famous centre of polite amuſement, and every other place we may chance

to viſit; and I flatter myſelf that my dear Miſs Willis will be punctual in anſwering the letters of her affectionate

Clifton, April 6. LYDIA MELFORD.

To DR. LEWIS.

DEAR LEWIS,

I HAVE followed your directions with ſome ſucceſs, and might have been upon my legs by this time, had the weather permitted me to uſe my ſaddle-horſe. I rode out upon the Downs laſt Tueſday, in the forenoon, when the ſky, as far as the viſible horizon, was without a cloud; but, before I had gone a full mile, I was overtaken inſtantaneouſly by a ſtorm of rain, that wet me to the ſkin in three minutes—whence it came the devil knows; but it has laid me up (I ſuppoſe) for one fortnight. It makes me ſick to hear people talk of the fine air upon Clifton Downs: How can the air be either agreeable or ſalutary, where the demon of vapours deſcends in a perpetual drizzle? My confinement is the more intolerable, as I am ſurrounded with domeſtic vexations. My niece has had a dangerous fit of illneſs, occaſioned by that curſed incident at Glouceſter, which I mentioned in my laſt. She is a poor good-natured ſimpleton, as ſoft as butter, and as eaſily melted—not that ſhe's a fool—the girl's parts are not deſpicable, and her education has not been neglected; that is to ſay, ſhe can write and ſpell, and ſpeak French, and play upon the harpſichord; then ſhe dances finely, has a good figure, and is very well inclined; but, ſhe's deficient in ſpirit, and ſo ſuſceptible—and ſo tender forſooth!—truly, ſhe has got a languiſhing eye, and reads romances. Then there's her brother, Squire Jery, a pert jackanapes, full of college petulance and ſelf-conceit: Proud as a German count, and as hot and haſty as a Welſh mountaineer. As for that fantaſtical animal my ſiſter Tabby, you are no ſtranger to her qualifications. I vow to God, ſhe is ſometimes ſo intolerable, that I almoſt think ſhe's the devil incarnate, come to torment me for my ſins; and yet I am conſcious of no ſins that ought to

entail ſuch family-plagues upon me—why the devil ſhould not I ſhake off theſe torments at once? I an't married to Tabby, thank Heaven! nor did I beget the other two: Let them chooſe another guardian; for my part, I an't in a condition to take care of myſelf, much leſs to ſuperintend the conduct of giddy-headed boys and girls. You earneſtly deſire to know the particulars of our adventure at Glouceſter, which are briefly theſe, and I hope they will go no farther: Liddy had been ſo long cooped up in a boarding ſchool, which, next to a nunnery, is the worſt kind of ſeminary that ever was contrived for young women, that ſhe became as inflammable as touch-wood; and, going to a play in holiday-time—'ſdeath, I'm aſhamed to tell you! ſhe fell in love with one of the actors—a handſome young fellow, that goes by the name of Wilſon. The raſcal ſoon perceived the impreſſion he had made, and managed matters ſo as to ſee her at a houſe where ſhe went to drink tea with her governeſs. This was the beginning of a correſpondence, which they kept up by means of a jade of a milliner, who made and dreſſed caps for the girls at the boarding-ſchool. When we arrived at Glouceſter, Liddy came to ſtay at lodgings with her aunt, and Wilſon bribed the maid to deliver a letter into her own hands; but it ſeems Jery had already acquired ſo much credit with the maid (by what means he beſt knows), that ſhe carried the letter to him, and ſo the whole plot was diſcovered. The raſh boy, without ſaying a word of the matter to me, went immediately in ſearch of Wilſon; and, I ſuppoſe, treated him with inſolence enough. The theatrical hero was too far gone in romance to brook ſuch uſage: He replied in blank verſe, and a formal challenge enſued. They agreed to meet early next morning, and to decide the diſpute with ſword and piſtol. I heard nothing at all of the affair, till Mr. Morley came to my bed-ſide in the morning, and told me he was afraid my nephew was going to fight, as he had been overheard talking very loud and vehement with Wilſon, at the young man's lodgings the night before, and afterwards went and bought powder and ball at a ſhop in the neighbourhood. I got up immediately, and, upon inquiry, found he was juſt gone out. I begged Morley to knock up the mayor, that he might interpoſe as a magiſtrate;

and, in the mean time, I hobbled after the ſquire, whom I ſaw at a diſtance, walking at a great pace towards the city gate—in ſpite of all my efforts, I could not come up till our two combatants had taken their ground, and were priming their piſtols. An old houſe luckily ſcreened me from their view; ſo that I ruſhed upon them at once before I was perceived. They were both confounded, and attempted to make their eſcape different ways; but Morley coming up with conſtables at that inſtant, took Wilſon into cuſtody, and Jery followed him quietly to the mayor's houſe. All this time I was ignorant of what had paſſed the preceding day; and neither of the parties would diſcover a tittle of the matter. The mayor obſerved, that it was great preſumption in Wilſon, who was a ſtroller, to proceed to ſuch extremities with a gentleman of family and fortune; and threatened to commit him on the vagrant act. The young fellow buſtled up with great ſpirit, declaring he was a gentleman, and would be treated as ſuch; but he refuſed to explain himſelf farther. The maſter of the company being ſent for, and examined touching the ſaid Wilſon, ſaid the young man had engaged with him at Birmingham about ſix months ago, but never would take his ſalary; that he had behaved ſo well in his private character, as to acquire the reſpect and good-will of all his acquaintance; and that the public owned his merit as an actor was altogether extraordinary. After all, I fancy he will turn out to be a run-away 'prentice from London. The manager offered to bail him for any ſum, provided he would give his word and honour that he would keep the peace; but the young gentleman was on his high ropes, and would by no means lay himſelf under any reſtrictions: On the other hand, Hopeful was equally obſtinate; till at length the mayor declared, that, if they both refuſed to be bound over, he would immediately commit Wilſon as a vagrant to hard labour. I own I was much pleaſed with Jery's behaviour on this occaſion: He ſaid, that, rather than Mr. Wilſon ſhould be treated in ſuch an ignominious manner, he would give his word and honour to proſecute the affair no farther while they remained at Glouceſter. Wilſon thanked him for his generous manner of proceeding, and was diſcharged. On our return

to our lodgings, my nephew explained the whole myſtery; and I own I was exceedingly incenſed. Liddy being queſtioned on the ſubject, and very ſeverely reproached by that wild cat my ſiſter Tabby, firſt ſwooned away, then diſſolving into a flood of tears, confeſſed all the particulars of the correſpondence; at the ſame time giving up three letters, which were all ſhe had received from her admirer. The laſt, which Jery intercepted, I ſend you encloſed; and when you have read it, I dare ſay you won't wonder at the progreſs the writer had made in the heart of a ſimple girl utterly unacquainted with the characters of mankind. Thinking it was high time to remove her from ſuch a dangerous connection, I carried her off the very next day to Briſtol; but the poor creature was ſo frightened and fluttered by our threats and expoſtulations, that ſhe fell ſick the fourth day after our arrival at Clifton, and continued ſo ill for a whole week, that her life was deſpaired of. It was not till yeſterday that Dr. Rigge declared her out of danger. You cannot imagine what I have ſuffered, partly from the indiſcretion of this poor child, but much more from the fear of loſing her entirely. This air is intolerably cold, and the place quite ſolitary. I never go down to the well, without returning low-ſpirited; for there I meet with half a dozen poor emaciated creatures, with ghoſtly looks, in the laſt ſtage of a conſumption, who have made ſhift to linger through the winter like ſo many exotic plants languiſhing in a hot-houſe; but in all appearance will drop into their graves before the ſun has warmth enough to mitigate the rigour of this ungenial ſpring. If you think the Bath water will be of any ſervice to me, I will go thither as ſoon as my niece can bear the motion of the coach. Tell Barns I am obliged to him for his advice, but don't chooſe to follow it. If Davis voluntarily offers to give up the farm, the other ſhall have it; but I will not begin at this time of day to diſtreſs my tenants becauſe they are unfortunate, and cannot make regular payments. I wonder that Barns ſhould think me capable of ſuch oppreſſion. As for Higgens, the fellow is a notorious poacher, to be ſure; and an impudent raſcal to ſet his ſnares in my own paddock; but I ſuppoſe he thought he had ſome right, eſpecially in my abſence, to par-

take of what nature ſeems to have intended for common uſe: You may threaten him in my name as much as you pleaſe; and, if he repeats the offence, let me know it before you have recourſe to juſtice—I know you are a great ſportſman, and oblige many of your friends. I need not tell you to make uſe of my grounds; but it may be neceſſary to hint, that I'm more afraid of my fowling-piece than of my game. When you can ſpare two or three brace of partridges, ſend them over by the ſtage-coach; and tell Gwyllim that ſhe forgot to pack up my flannels and wide ſhoes in the trunk-mail—I ſhall trouble you as uſual, from time to time, till at laſt, I ſuppoſe, you will be tired of correſponding with

Your aſſured friend,

Clifton, April 17. M. BRAMBLE.

To MISS LYDIA MELFORD.

MISS WILLIS has pronounced my doom—you are going away, dear Miſs Melford,—you are going to be removed I know not whither! what ſhall I do? which way ſhall I turn for conſolation? I know not what I ſay—all night long have I been toſſed in a ſea of doubts and fears, uncertainty, and diſtraction, without being able to connect my thoughts, much leſs to form any conſiſtent plan of conduct—I was even tempted to wiſh that I had never ſeen you; or that you had been leſs amiable, or leſs compaſſionate to your poor Wilſon; and yet it would be deteſtable ingratitude in me to form ſuch a wiſh, conſidering how much I am indebted to your goodneſs, and the ineffable pleaſure I have derived from your indulgence and approbation—Good God! I never heard your name mentioned without emotion! the moſt diſtant proſpect of being admitted to your company, filled my whole ſoul with a kind of pleaſing alarm! as the time approached, my heart beat with redoubled force, and every nerve thrilled with a tranſport of expectation; but, when I found myſelf actually in your preſence—when I heard you ſpeak—when I ſaw you ſmile—when I beheld your

charming eyes turned favourably upon me, my breaſt was filled with ſuch tumults of delight, as wholly deprived me of the power of utterance, and wrapt me in a delirium of joy! Encouraged by your ſweetneſs of temper and affability, I ventured to deſcribe the feelings of my heart—even then you did not check my preſumption—you pitied my ſufferings, and gave me leave to hope;—you put a favourable, perhaps too favourable a conſtruction, on my appearance—Certain it is, I am no player in love—I ſpeak the language of my own heart, and have no prompter but nature. Yet there is ſomething in this heart, which I have not yet diſcloſed—I flattered myſelf—But, I will not, I muſt not proceed—Dear Miſs Liddy! for Heaven's ſake contrive, if poſſible, ſome means of letting me ſpeak to you before you leave Glouceſter; otherwiſe I know not what will—But I begin to rave again—I will endeavour to bear this trial with fortitude—while I am capable of reflecting upon your tenderneſs and truth, I ſurely have no cauſe to deſpair—yet I am ſtrangely affected. The ſun ſeems to deny me light—a cloud hangs over me, and there is a dreadful weight upon my ſpirits! While you ſtay in this place, I ſhall continually hover about your lodgings, as the parted ſoul is ſaid to linger about the grave where its mortal conſort lies—I know, if it is in your power, you will taſk your humanity—your compaſſion—ſhall I add, your affection? in order to aſſuage the almoſt intolerable diſquiet that torments the heart of your afflicted WILSON.

Glouceſter, March 31.

To SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, *of Jeſus College, Oxon.*

DEAR PHILLIPS, *Hot Well, April* 18.

I GIVE Manſel credit for his invention, in propagating the report, that I had a quarrel with a mountebank's Merry Andrew at Glouceſter: But I have too much reſpect for every appendage of wit, to quarrel even with the loweſt buffoonery; and therefore I hope Manſel and I ſhall always be good friends. I cannot, however, ap-

prove of his drowning my poor dog Ponto, on purpoſe to convert Ovid's pleonaſm into a punning epitaph—*deerant quoque littora Ponto:* For, that he threw him into the Iſis, when it was ſo high and impetuous, with no other view than to kill the fleas, is an excuſe that will not hold water: But I leave poor Ponto to his fate, and hope Providence will take care to accommodate Manſel with a drier death.

As there is nothing that can be called company at the well, I am here in a ſtate of abſolute ruſtication: This, however, gives me leiſure to obſerve the ſingularities in my uncle's character, which ſeems to have intereſted your curioſity. The truth is, his diſpoſition and mine, which, like oil and vinegar, repelled one another at firſt, have now begun to mix, by dint of being beat up together. I was once apt to believe him a complete Cynic, and that nothing but the neceſſity of his occaſions could compel him to get within the pale of ſociety—I am now of another opinion; I think his peeviſhneſs ariſes partly from bodily pain, and partly from a natural exceſs of mental ſenſibility; for, I ſuppoſe, the mind, as well as the body, is, in ſome caſes, endowed with a morbid exceſs of ſenſation.

I was t'other day much diverted with a converſation that paſſed in the pump-room, betwixt him and the famous Dr. L——n, who is come to ply at the well for patients. My uncle was complaining of the ſtink, occaſioned by the vaſt quantity of mud and ſlime, which the river leaves at low ebb under the windows of the pump-room. He obſerved, that the exhalations ariſing from ſuch a nuiſance, could not but be prejudicial to the weak lungs of many conſumptive patients, who came to drink the water. The doctor, overhearing this remark, made up to him, and aſſured him he was miſtaken. He ſaid, people in general were ſo miſled by vulgar prejudices, that philoſophy was hardly ſufficient to undeceive them. Then, hemming thrice, he aſſumed a moſt ridiculous ſolemnity of aſpect, and entered into a learned inveſtigation of the nature of ſtink. He obſerved, that ſtink, or ſtench, meant no more than a ſtrong impreſſion on the olfactory nerves, and might be applied to ſubſtances of the moſt oppoſite qualities; that, in the Dutch language,

ſtinken ſignified the moſt agreeable perfume, as well as the moſt fetid odour, as appears in Van Vloudel's tranſlation of Horace, in that beautiful ode, *Quis multa gracilis*, &c. The words *liquidis perfuſus odoribus*, he tranſlates, *van civet et moſchata geſtinken*; that individuals differed *toto cœlo* in their opinion of ſmells, which indeed was altogether as arbitrary as the opinion of beauty; that the French were pleaſed with the putrid effluvia of animal food, and ſo were the Hottentots in Africa, and the ſavages in Greenland; and that the negroes on the coaſt of Senegal would not touch fiſh till it was rotten; ſtrong preſumptions in favour of what is generally called *ſtink*, as thoſe nations are in a ſtate of nature, undebauched by luxury, unſeduced by whim and caprice; that he had reaſon to believe the ſtercoraceous flavour, condemned by prejudice as a ſtink, was, in fact, moſt agreeable to the organs of ſmelling; for that every perſon who pretended to nauſeate the ſmell of another's excretions, ſnuffed up his own with particular complacency; for the truth of which, he appealed to all the ladies and gentlemen then preſent: He ſaid the inhabitants of Madrid and Edinburgh found particular ſatisfaction in breathing their own atmoſphere, which was always impregnated with ſtercoraceous effluvia: That the learned Dr. B——, in his treatiſe on the Four Digeſtions, explains in what manner the volatile effluvia from the inteſtines ſtimulate and promote the operations of the animal economy: He affirmed, the laſt Grand Duke of Tuſcany, of the Medicis family, who refined upon ſenſuality with the ſpirit of a philoſopher, was ſo delighted with that odour, that he cauſed the eſſence of ordure to be extracted, and uſed it as the moſt delicious perfume: That he himſelf (the doctor), when he happened to be low-ſpirited, or fatigued with buſineſs, found immediate relief, and uncommon ſatisfaction, from hanging over the ſtale contents of a cloſe ſtool, while his ſervant ſtirred it about under his noſe; nor was this effect to be wondered at, when we conſider that this ſubſtance abounds with the ſelf-ſame volatile ſalts that are ſo greedily ſmelled to by the moſt delicate invalids, after they have been extracted and ſublimed by the chemiſts. By this time the company began to hold their noſes; but the doctor, without taking the leaſt notice of this ſignal,

proceeded to ſhow, that many fetid ſubſtances were not only agreeable, but ſalutary; ſuch as aſſafœtida, and other medicinal gums, reſins, roots, and vegetables, over and above burnt feathers, tan-pits, candle-ſnuffs, &c. In ſhort, he uſed many learned arguments to perſuade his audience out of their ſenſes; and from *ſtench* made a tranſition to *filth*, which he affirmed was alſo a miſtaken idea, in as much as objects ſo called were no other than certain modifications of matter, conſiſting of the ſame principles that enter into the compoſition of all created eſſences, whatever they may be: That, in the filthieſt production of nature, a philoſopher conſidered nothing but the earth, water, ſalt, and air, of which it was compounded: That, for his own part, he had no more objection to drinking the dirtieſt ditch-water, than he had to a glaſs of water from the Hot Well, provided he was aſſured there was nothing poiſonous in the concrete. Then addreſſing himſelf to my uncle, "Sir (ſaid he), you ſeem to be of a dropſical habit, and probably will ſoon have a confirmed aſcites; if I ſhould be preſent when you are tapped, I will give you a convincing proof of what I aſſert, by drinking, without heſitation, the water that comes out of your abdomen." The ladies made wry faces at this declaration; and my uncle, changing colour, told him, he did not deſire any ſuch proof of his philoſophy: "But I ſhould be glad to know (ſaid he) what makes you think I am of a dropſical habit?" "Sir, I beg pardon (replied the doctor), I perceive your ancles are ſwelled, and you ſeem to have the *facies leucophlegmatica*. Perhaps, indeed, your diſorder may be *œdematous*, or gouty, or it may be the *lues venerea*. If you have any reaſon to flatter yourſelf it is this laſt, Sir, I will undertake to cure you with three ſmall pills, even if the diſeaſe ſhould have attained its utmoſt inveteracy. Sir, it is an arcanum, which I have diſcovered, and prepared with infinite labour. Sir, I have lately cured a woman in Briſtol—a common proſtitute, Sir, who had got all the worſt ſymptoms of the diſorder; ſuch as *nodi*, *tophi*, and *gummata*, *verrucæ*, *criſtæ galli*, and a *ſerpiginous* eruption, or rather a pocky itch all over her body. By that time ſhe had taken the ſecond pill, Sir, by Heaven! ſhe was as ſmooth as my hand; and the third made her as ſound and as freſh as

a new born infant." "Sir (cried my uncle peeviſhly), I have no reaſon to flatter myſelf that my diſorder comes within the efficacy of your noſtrum: But this patient you talk of may not be ſo found at bottom as you imagine." "I can't poſſibly be miſtaken (rejoined the philoſopher); for I have had communication with her three times—I always aſcertain my cures in that manner." At this remark, all the ladies retired to another corner of the room, and ſome of them began to ſpit—As to my uncle, though he was ruffled at firſt by the doctor's ſaying he was dropſical, he could not help ſmiling at this ridiculous confeſſion; and, I ſuppoſe, with a view to puniſh this original, told him there was a wart upon his noſe, that looked a little ſuſpicious. "I don't pretend to be a judge of theſe matters (ſaid he); but I underſtand that warts are often produced by the diſtemper; and that one upon your noſe ſeems to have taken poſſeſſion of the very key-ſtone of the bridge, which I hope is in no danger of falling." L—n ſeemed a little confounded at this remark, and aſſured him it was nothing but a common excreſcence of the cuticula, but that the bones were all ſound below; for the truth of this aſſertion, he appealed to the touch, deſiring he would feel the part. My uncle ſaid it was a matter of ſuch delicacy to meddle with a gentleman's noſe, that he declined the office; upon which the doctor, turning to me, entreated me to do him that favour. I complied with his requeſt, and handled it ſo roughly, that he ſneezed, and the tears ran down his cheeks, to the no ſmall entertainment of the company, and particularly of my uncle, who burſt out a laughing, for the firſt time ſince I have been with him; and took notice that the part ſeemed to be very tender. "Sir (cried the doctor), it is naturally a tender part; but, to remove all poſſibility of doubt, I will take off the wart this very night."

So ſaying, he bowed with great ſolemnity all round, and retired to his own lodgings, where he applied cauſtic to the wart; but it ſpread in ſuch a manner, as to produce a conſiderable inflammation, attended with an enormous ſwelling; ſo that, when he next appeared, his whole face was overſhadowed by this tremendous nozzle; and the rueful eagerneſs with which he explained this unlucky accident, was ludicrous beyond all deſcription. I was

much pleaſed with meeting the original of a character which you and I have often laughed at in deſcription; and, what ſurpriſes me very much, I find the features in the picture which has been drawn for him rather ſoftened than overcharged.

As I have ſomething elſe to ſay, and this letter has run to an unconſcionable length, I ſhall now give you a little reſpite, and trouble you again by the very firſt poſt. I wiſh you would take it in your head to retaliate theſe double ſtrokes upon yours always,

J. MELFORD.

To SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, *of Jeſus College, Oxon.*

DEAR KNIGHT, *Hot Well, April* 20.

I NOW ſit down to execute the threat in the tail of my laſt. The truth is, I am big with the ſecret, and long to be delivered. It relates to my guardian, who, you know, is at preſent our principal object in view.

T'other day, I thought I had detected him in ſuch a ſtate of frailty, as would but ill become his years and character. There is a decent ſort of a woman, not diſagreeable in her perſon, that comes to the well, with a poor emaciated child, far gone in a conſumption. I had caught my uncle's eyes ſeveral times directed to this perſon, with a very ſuſpicious expreſſion in them; and every time he ſaw himſelf obſerved, he haſtily withdrew them, with evident marks of confuſion. I reſolved to watch him more narrowly, and ſaw him ſpeaking to her privately in a corner of the walk. At length, going down to the well one day, I met her half way up the hill to Clifton, and could not help ſuſpecting ſhe was going to our lodgings by appointment, as it was about one o'clock, the hour when my ſiſter and I are generally at the pump-room. This notion exciting my curioſity, I returned by a back way, and got unperceived into my own chamber, which is contiguous to my uncle's apartment. Sure enough, the woman was introduced, but not into his bed-chamber: He gave her audience in a parlour; ſo that I

was obliged to ſhift my ſtation to another room, where, however, there was a ſmall chink in the partition, through which I could perceive what paſſed. My uncle, though a little lame, roſe up when ſhe came in, and, ſetting a chair for her, deſired ſhe would ſit down: Then he aſked if ſhe would take a diſh of chocolate, which ſhe declined, with much acknowledgment. After a ſhort pauſe, he ſaid, in a croaking tone of voice, which confounded me not a little, "Madam, I am truly concerned for your misfortunes; and if this trifle can be of any ſervice to you, I beg you will accept it without ceremony." So ſaying, he put a bit of paper into her hand; which ſhe opening with great trepidation, exclaimed in an ecſtaſy, "Twenty pounds! O, Sir!" and, ſinking down on a ſettee, fainted away. Frightened at this fit, and, I ſuppoſe, afraid of calling for aſſiſtance, leſt her ſituation ſhould give riſe to unfavourable conjectures, he ran about the room in diſtraction, making frightful grimaces; and, at length, had recollection enough to throw a little water in her face; by which application ſhe was brought to herſelf: but then her feelings took another turn. She ſhed a flood of tears, and cried aloud, "I know not who you are; but ſure---worthy Sir!---generous Sir!---the diſtreſs of me and my poor dying child---Oh! if the widow's prayers---if the orphan's tears of gratitude can aught avail ---Gracious Providence!---Bleſſings! ſhower down eternal bleſſings"---Here ſhe was interrupted by my uncle, who muttered in a voice ſtill more and more diſcordant, "For Heaven's ſake, be quiet, Madam---conſider---the people of the houſe---'ſdeath! can't you"---All this time ſhe was ſtruggling to throw herſelf on her knees, while he, ſeizing her by the wriſts, endeavoured to ſeat her upon the ſettee, ſaying, "Prithee---good now---hold your tongue"---At that inſtant, who ſhould burſt into the room but our aunt Tabby! of all antiquated maidens the moſt diabolically capricious. Ever prying into other people's affairs, ſhe had ſeen the woman enter, and followed her to the door, where ſhe ſtood liſtening, but probably could hear nothing diſtinctly, except my uncle's laſt exclamation; at which ſhe bounced into the parlour in a violent rage, that dyed the tip of her noſe of a purple hue---"Fy upon you, Matt! (cried ſhe) what doings are theſe, to

diſgrace your own character, and diſparage your family ?" Then ſnatching the bank-note out of the ſtranger's hand, ſhe went on, " How now, twenty pounds !---here is a temptation with a witneſs !---Good woman, go about your buſineſs---Brother, brother, I know not which moſt to admire, your concupiſſins, or your extravagance !"— " Good God (exclaimed the poor woman), ſhall a worthy gentleman's character ſuffer for an action that does honour to humanity ?" By this time, uncle's indignation was effectually rouſed. His face grew pale, his teeth chattered, and his eyes flaſhed—" Siſter (cried he, in a voice like thunder), I vow to God, your impertinence is exceedingly provoking." With theſe words, he took her by the hand, and, opening the door of communication, thruſt her into the chamber where I ſtood, ſo affected by the ſcene, that the tears ran down my cheeks. Obſerving theſe marks of emotion, " I don't wonder (ſaid ſhe) to ſee you concerned at the backſlidings of ſo near a relation ; a man of his years and infirmities : Theſe are fine doings, truly—This is a rare example ſet by a guardian for the benefit of his pupils—Monſtrous ! incongruous ! ſophiſtical !" I thought it was but an act of juſtice to ſet her to rights, and therefore explained the myſtery ; but ſhe would not be undeceived. " What ! (ſaid ſhe) would you go for to offer for to arguefy me out of my ſenſes ? Did'n't I hear him whiſpering to her to hold her tongue ? Did'n't I ſee her in tears ? Did'n't I ſee him ſtruggling to throw her upon the couch ? O filthy ! hideous ! abominable ! Child, child, talk not to me of charity—Who gives twenty pounds in charity ?---But you are a ſtripling---You know nothing of the world---Beſides, charity begins at home---Twenty pounds would buy me a complete ſuit of flowered ſilk, trimmings and all." In ſhort, I quitted the room, my contempt for her, and my reſpect for her brother, being increaſed in the ſame proportion. I have ſince been informed, that the perſon whom my uncle ſo generouſly relieved, is the widow of an enſign, who has nothing to depend upon but the penſion of fifteen pounds a-year. The people of the well houſe give her an excellent character. She lodges in a garret, and works very hard at plain work, to ſupport her daughter, who is dying of a conſumption. I muſt own, to my ſhame, I feel a ſtrong

inclination to follow my uncle's example, in relieving this poor widow; but, betwixt friends, I am afraid of being detected in a weakneſs, that might entail the ridicule of the company upon,

Dear Phillips,

Yours always,

J. MELFORD.

Direct your next to me at Bath; and remember me to all our fellow Jeſuits.

To DR. LEWIS.

Hot Well, April 20.

I UNDERSTAND your hint. There are myſteries in phyſic, as well as in religion, which we of the profane have no right to inveſtigate. A man muſt not preſume to uſe his reaſon, unleſs he has ſtudied the categories, and can chop logic by mode and figure. Between friends, I think, every man of tolerable parts ought, at my time of day, to be both phyſician and lawyer, as far as his own conſtitution and property are concerned. For my own part, I have had an hoſpital theſe fourteen years within myſelf, and ſtudied my own caſe with the moſt painful attention; conſequently may be ſuppoſed to know ſomething of the matter, although I have not taken regular courſes of phyſiology, *et cætera, et cætera.* In ſhort, I have for ſome time been of opinion (no offence, dear Doctor), that the ſum of all your medical diſcoveries amounts to this, that the more you ſtudy, the leſs you know. I have read all that has been written on the Hot Wells, and what I can collect from the whole is, that the water contains nothing but a little ſalt, and calcareous earth, mixed in ſuch inconſiderable proportion, as can have very little, if any effect on the animal economy. This being the caſe, I think the man deſerves to be fitted with a cap and bells, who, for ſuch a paltry advantage as this ſpring affords, ſacrifices his precious time, which might be employed in taking more effectual remedies, and expoſes

himſelf to the dirt, the ſtench, the chilling blaſts, and perpetual rains, that render this place to me intolerable. If theſe waters, from a ſmall degree of aſtringency, are of ſome ſervice in the *diabetes*, *diarrhœa*, and night ſweats, when the ſecretions are too much increaſed, muſt not they do harm in the ſame proportion, where the humours are obſtructed, as in the aſthma, ſcurvy, gout, and dropſy?—Now we talk of the dropſy, here is a ſtrange fantaſtical oddity, one of your brethren, who harangues every day in the pump-room, as if he was hired to give lectures on all ſubjects whatſoever—I know not what to make of him: Sometimes he makes ſhrewd remarks; at other times, he talks like the greateſt ſimpleton in nature: He has read a great deal; but without method or judgment, and digeſted nothing. He believes every thing he has read, eſpecially if it has any thing of the marvellous in it; and his converſation is a ſurpriſing hotch-potch of erudition and extravagance. He told me t'other day, with great confidence, that my caſe was dropſical; or, as he called it, *leucophlegmatic*: A ſure ſign, that his want of experience is equal to his preſumption; for, you know, there is nothing analogous to the dropſy in my diſorder. I wiſh thoſe impertinent fellows, with their rickety underſtandings, would keep their advice for thoſe who aſk it—Dropſy, indeed! Sure I have not lived to the age of fifty-five, and had ſuch experience of my own diſorder, and conſulted you and other eminent phyſicians, ſo often, and ſo long, to be undeceived by ſuch a ——. But, without all doubt, the man is mad; and therefore what he ſays is of no conſequence. I had yeſterday a viſit from Higgens, who came hither under the terror of your threats, and brought me in a preſent a brace of hares, which he owned he took in my ground; and I could not perſuade the fellow that he did wrong, or that I would ever proſecute him for poaching. I muſt deſire you will wink hard at the practices of this raſcallion; otherwiſe I ſhall be plagued with his preſents, which coſt me more than they are worth.—If I could wonder at any thing Fitzown does, I ſhould be ſurpriſed at his aſſurance, in deſiring you to ſolicit my vote for him at the next election for the county: For him, who oppoſed me on the like occaſion, with the moſt illiberal competition. You may tell

him civilly, that I beg to be excuſed. Direct your next for me at Bath, whither I propoſe to remove to-morrow; not only on my own account, but for the ſake of my niece Liddy, who is like to relapſe. The poor creature fell into a fit yeſterday, while I was cheapening a pair of ſpectacles, with a Jew pedlar. I am afraid there is ſomething ſtill lurking in that little heart of hers; which I hope a change of objects will remove. Let me know what you think of this half-witted doctor's impertinent, ridiculous, and abſurd notion of my diſorder. So far from being dropſical, I am as lank in the belly as a greyhound; and, by meaſuring my ancle with a pack-thread, I find the ſwelling ſubſides every day—From ſuch doctors, good Lord deliver us!—I have not yet taken any lodgings in Bath; becauſe there we can be accommodated at a minute's warning, and I ſhall chooſe for myſelf. I need not ſay your directions for drinking and bathing will be agreeable to,

Dear Lewis,

Yours ever,

MATT. BRAMBLE.

P. S. I forgot to tell you, that my right ankle pits; a ſymptom, as I take it, of its being *œdematous*, not *leucophlegmatic*.

To MISS LÆTITIA WILLIS, *at Glouceſter*.

MY DEAR LETTY, *Hot Well, April* 21.

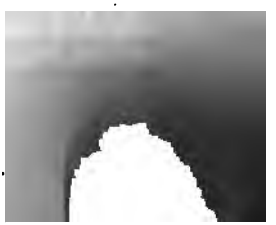
I DID not intend to trouble you again till we ſhould be ſettled at Bath; but having the occaſion of Jarvis, I could not let it ſlip, eſpecially as I have ſomething extraordinary to communicate. O, my dear companion! what ſhall I tell you? for ſeveral days paſt there was a Jew-looking man, that plied at the wells with a box of ſpectacles; and he always eyed me ſo earneſtly, that I began to be very uneaſy. At laſt he came to our lodgings at Clifton, and lingered about the door, as if he wanted to ſpeak to ſome body. I was ſeized with an odd kind of fluttering, and begged Win to throw herſelf in his way; but the poor

girl has weak nerves, and was afraid of his beard. My uncle, having occaſion for new glaſſes, called him up ſtairs, and was trying a pair of ſpectacles, when the man, advancing to me, ſaid, in a whiſper— O gracious! what d'ye think he ſaid!—"I am Wilſon!" His features ſtruck me that very moment—it was Wilſon ſure enough! but ſo diſguiſed, that it would have been impoſſible to know him, if my heart had not aſſiſted in the diſcovery. I was ſo ſurpriſed, and ſo frightened, that I fainted away, but ſoon recovered, and found myſelf ſupported by him on the chair, while my uncle was running about the room, with the ſpectacles on his noſe, calling for help. I had no opportunity to ſpeak to him; but our looks were ſufficiently expreſſive. He was paid for his glaſſes, and went away. Then I told Win who he was, and ſent her after him to the pump-room; where ſhe ſpoke to him, and begged him, in my name, to withdraw from the place that he might not incur the ſuſpicion of my uncle or my brother, if he did not want to ſee me die of terror and vexation. The poor youth declared, with tears in his eyes, that he had ſomething extraordinary to communicate, and aſked if ſhe would deliver a letter to me; but this ſhe abſolutely refuſed, by my order. Finding her obſtinate in her refuſal, he deſired ſhe would tell me, that he was no longer a player, but a gentleman, in which character he would very ſoon avow his paſſion for me, without fear of cenſure or reproach —Nay, he even diſcovered his name and family; which, to my great grief, the ſimple girl forgot, in the confuſion occaſioned by her being ſeen talking to him by my brother who ſtopped her on the road, and aſked what buſineſs ſhe had with that raſcally Jew. She pretended ſhe was cheapening a ſtay-hook; but was thrown into ſuch a quandary, that ſhe forgot the moſt material part of the information; and when ſhe came home, went into an hyſteric fit of laughing. This tranſaction happened three days ago, during which he has not appeared; ſo that I ſuppoſe he is gone. Dear Letty! you ſee how fortune takes pleaſure in perſecuting your poor friend. If you ſhould ſee him at Glouceſter—or if you have ſeen him, and know his real name and family, pray keep me no longer in ſuſpenſe—And yet, if he is under no obli-

gation to keep himſelf longer concealed, and has a real affection for me, I ſhould hope he will, in a little time, declare himſelf to my relations. Sure, if there is nothing unſuitable in the match, they won't be ſo cruel as to thwart my inclinations—O what happineſs would then be my portion! I can't help indulging the thought, and pleaſing my fancy with ſuch agreeable ideas; which, after all, perhaps, will never be realized.—But why ſhould I deſpair? who knows what will happen?—We ſet out for Bath to-morrow; and I am almoſt ſorry for it, as I begin to be in love with ſolitude, and this is a charming romantic place. The air is ſo pure; the Downs are ſo agreeable; the furze in full bloſſom; the ground enamelled with daiſies, and primroſes, and cowſlips; all the trees burſting into leaves, and the hedges already clothed with their vernal livery; the mountains covered with flocks of ſheep, and tender bleating wanton lambkins playing, friſking, and ſkipping from ſide to ſide; the groves reſound with the notes of the black-bird, thruſh, and linnet; and all night long ſweet Philomel pours forth her raviſhingly delightful ſong. Then, for variety, we go down to the *nymph of Briſtol ſpring*, where the company is aſſembled before dinner; ſo good-natured, ſo free, ſo eaſy; and there we drink the water ſo clear, ſo pure, ſo mild, ſo charmingly maukiſh—There the ſun is ſo cheerful and reviving; the weather ſo ſoft; the walk ſo agreeable; the proſpect ſo amuſing; and the ſhips and boats going up and down the river, cloſe under the windows of the pump-room, afford ſuch an enchanting variety of moving pictures, as require a much abler pen than mine to deſcribe. To make this place a perfect paradiſe to me, nothing is wanting but an agreeable companion, and ſincere friend ſuch as my dear Miſs Willis hath been, and, I hope, ſtill will be, to her ever faithful.

LYDIA MELFORD.

Direct for me, ſtill under cover, to Win; and Jarvis will take care to convey it ſafe. Adieu.



To SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, *of Jeſus College, Oxon.*

DEAR PHILLIPS, *Bath, April* 24.

YOU have, indeed, reaſon to be ſurpriſed, that I ſhould have concealed my correſpondence with Miſs Blackerby from you, to whom I diſcloſed all my other connections of that nature: but the truth is, I never dreamed of any ſuch commerce, till your laſt informed me, that it had produced ſomething which could not be much longer concealed. It is a lucky circumſtance, however, that her reputation will not ſuffer any detriment, but rather derive advantage from the diſcovery; which will prove, at leaſt, that it is not quite ſo rotten as moſt people imagined. For my own part, I declare to you, in all the ſincerity of friendſhip, that, far from having any amorous intercourſe with the object in queſtion, I never had the leaſt acquaintance with her perſon; but if ſhe is really in the condition you deſcribe, I ſuſpect Manſel to be at the bottom of the whole. His viſits to that ſhrine were no ſecret; and this attachment, added to ſome good offices, which you know he has done me ſince I left *Alma-mater*, give me a right to believe him capable of ſaddling me with this ſcandal when my back was turned—Nevertheleſs, if my name can be of any ſervice to him, he is welcome to make uſe of it; and, if the woman ſhould be abandoned enough to ſwear his bantling to me, I muſt beg the favour of you to compound with the pariſh: I ſhall pay the penalty without repining; and you will be ſo good as to draw upon me immediately for the ſum required—On this occaſion, I act by the advice of my uncle, who ſays I ſhall have good luck if I paſs through life without being obliged to make many more compoſitions of the ſame kind. The old gentleman told me laſt night, with great good humour, that, betwixt the age of twenty and forty, he had been obliged to provide for nine baſtards, ſworn to him by women whom he never ſaw—Mr. Bramble's character, which ſeems to intereſt you greatly, opens and improves upon me every day.—His ſingularities afford a rich mine of entertainment; his underſtanding, ſo far as I can judge, is

well cultivated; his obſervations on life are equally juſt, pertinent, and uncommon. He affects miſanthropy, in order to conceal the ſenſibility of a heart which is tender even to a degree of weakneſs. This delicacy of feeling, or foreneſs of the mind, makes him timorous and fearful; but then he is afraid of nothing ſo much as of diſhonour; and although he is exceedingly cautious of giving offence, he will fire at the leaſt hint of inſolence or ill-breeding—Reſpectable as he is, upon the whole, I can't help being ſometimes diverted by his little diſtreſſes; which provoke him to let fly the ſhafts of his ſatire, keen and penetrating as the arrows of Teucer—Our aunt Tabitha, acts upon him as a perpetual grind-ſtone—She is, in all reſpects, a ſtriking contraſt to her brother—But I reſerve her portrait for another occaſion.

Three days ago we came hither from the Hot Well, and took poſſeſſion of the firſt floor of a lodging houſe on the South Parade; a ſituation which my uncle choſe, for its being near the bath, and remote from the noiſe of carriages. He was ſcarce warm in the lodgings, when he called for his night-cap, his wide ſhoes and flannel, and declared himſelf inveſted with the gout in his right foot; though, I believe, it had as yet reached no farther than his imagination. It was not long before he had reaſon to repent his premature declaration; for our aunt Tabitha found means to make ſuch a clamour and confuſion, before the flannels could be produced from the trunk, that one would have imagined the houſe was on fire. All this time, uncle ſat boiling with impatience, biting his fingers, throwing up his eyes, and muttering ejaculations; at length he burſt into a kind of convulſive laugh, after which he hummed a ſong; and, when the hurricane was over, exclaimed, "Bleſſed be God for all things!" This, however, was but the beginning of his troubles. Mrs. Tabitha's favourite dog Chowder, having paid his compliments to a female turn-ſpit, of his own ſpecies, in the kitchen, involved himſelf in a quarrel with no fewer than five rivals, who ſet upon him at once, and drove him up ſtairs to the dining-room door, with hideous noiſe: There our aunt and her woman, taking arms in his defence, joined the concert, which became truly diabolical. This fray being with difficulty ſuppreſſed, by the intervention of our

own footman and the cook-maid of the houſe, the ſquire had juſt opened his mouth to expoſtulate with Tabby, when the town-waits, in the paſſage below, ſtruck up their muſic (if muſic it may be called) with ſuch a ſudden burſt of ſound, as made him ſtart and ſtare, with marks of indignation and diſquiet. He had recollection enough to ſend his ſervant with ſome money, to ſilence thoſe noiſy intruders; and they were immediately diſmiſſed, though not without ſome oppoſition on the part of Tabitha, who thought it but reaſonable that he ſhould have more muſic for his money. Scarce had he ſettled this knotty point, when a ſtrange kind of thumping and bouncing was heard right over head, in the ſecond ſtory, ſo loud and violent as to ſhake the whole building. I own I was exceedingly provoked at this new alarm; and before my uncle had time to expreſs himſelf on the ſubject, I ran up ſtairs, to ſee what was the matter. Finding the room-door open, I entered without ceremony, and perceived an object, which I cannot now recollect without laughing to exceſs—It was a dancing-maſter, with his ſcholar, in the act of teaching. The maſter was blind of one eye, and lame of one foot, and led about the room his pupil, who ſeemed to be about the age of threeſcore, ſtooped mortally, was tall, raw-boned, hard-favoured, with a woollen night-cap on his head; and he had ſtript off his coat, that he might be more nimble in his motions—Finding himſelf intruded upon by a perſon he did not know, he forthwith girded himſelf with a long iron ſword, and advancing to me, with a peremptory air, pronounced, in a true Hibernian accent, "Miſter What-d'ye-callum, by my ſhoul and conſcience I am very glad to ſea you, if you are after coming in the way of friendſhip; and indeed, and indeed now, I believe you are my friend ſure enough, gra; though I never had the honour to ſea your face before, my dear; for becauſe you come like a friend without any ceremony at all, at all—" I told him the nature of my viſit would not admit of ceremony; that I was come to deſire he would make leſs noiſe, as there was a ſick gentleman below, whom he had no right to diſturb with ſuch prepoſterous doings. "Why, look ye now, young gentleman (replied this original), perhaps, upon another occaſion, I might ſhivilly requeſt you to explain the maining of that hard

word, *prepaſterous*: But there's a time for all things, honey—" So ſaying, he paſſed me with great agility, and, running down ſtairs, found our footman at the dining-room door, of whom he demanded admittance, to pay his reſpects to the ſtranger. As the fellow did not think proper to refuſe the requeſt of ſuch a formidable figure, he was immediately introduced, and addreſſed himſelf to my uncle in theſe words: "Your humble ſervant, good Sir, —I am not ſo *prepaſterous*, as your ſon calls it, but I know the rules of ſhivility—I'm a poor knight of Ireland, my name is Sir Ulic Mackilligut, of the county of Galway; being your fellow-lodger, I'm come to pay my reſpects, and to welcome you to the South Parade, and to offer my beſt ſervices to you, and your good lady, and your pretty daughter; and even to the young gentleman your ſon, though he thinks me a *prepaſterous* fellow—You muſt know I am to have the honour to open a ball, next door, to morrow, with Lady Macmanus; and, being ruſted in my dancing, I was refreſhing my memory with a little exerciſe; but if I had known there was a ſick perſon below, by Chriſt! I would ſooner have danced a horn-pipe upon my own head, than walk the ſofteſt minuet over yours." —My uncle, who was not a little ſtartled at his firſt appearance, received his compliment with great complacency, inſiſted upon his being ſeated, thanked him for the honour of his viſit, and reprimanded me for my abrupt expoſtulation with a gentleman of his rank and character. Thus tutored, I aſked pardon of the knight, who, forthwith ſtarting up, embraced me ſo cloſe, that I could hardly breathe; and aſſured me, he loved me as his own ſoul. At length, recollecting his night-cap, he pulled it off in ſome confuſion; and, with his bald pate uncovered, made a thouſand apologies to the ladies, as he retired.

At that inſtant, the Abbey bells began to ring ſo loud, that we could not hear one another ſpeak; and this peal, as we afterwards learned, was for the honour of Mr. Bullock, an eminent cowkeeper of Tottenham, who had juſt arrived at Bath, to drink the waters for indigeſtion. Mr. Bramble had not time to make his remarks upon the agreeable nature of this ſerenade, before his ears were ſaluted with another concert that intereſted him more nearly. Two negroes that belonged to a Creole gentleman,

who lodged in the ſame houſe, taking their ſtation at a window in the ſtair-caſe, about ten feet from our dining-room door, began to practiſe upon the French-horn; and, being in the very firſt rudiments of execution, produced ſuch diſcordant ſounds, as might have diſcompoſed the organs of an aſs.—You may gueſs what effect they had upon the irritable nerves of uncle; who, with the moſt admirable expreſſion of ſplenetic ſurpriſe in his countenance, ſent his man to ſilence thoſe dreadful blaſts, and deſire the muſicians to practiſe in ſome other place, as they had no right to ſtand there, and diſturb all the lodgers in the houſe. Thoſe ſable performers, far from taking the hint, and withdrawing, treated the meſſenger with great inſolence, bidding him carry his compliments to their maſter Colonel Rigworm, who would give him a proper anſwer, and a good drubbing into the bargain: In the mean time they continued their noiſe, and even endeavoured to make it more diſagreeable, laughing between whiles, at the thoughts of being able to torment their betters with impunity. Our ſquire, incenſed at the additional inſult, immediately diſpatched the ſervant with his compliments to Colonel Rigworm, requeſting that he would order his blacks to be quiet, as the noiſe they made was altogether intolerable —To this meſſage the Creole colonel replied, that his horns had a right to ſound on a common ſtair-caſe; that there they ſhould play for his diverſion; and that thoſe who did not like the noiſe might look for lodgings elſewhere. Mr. Bramble no ſooner received this reply, than his eyes began to gliſten, his face grew pale, and his teeth chattered. After a moment's pauſe, he ſlipt on his ſhoes without ſpeaking a word, or ſeeming to feel any farther diſturbance from the gout in his toes. Then ſnatching his cane, he opened the door, and proceeded to the place where the black trumpeters were poſted. There, without arther heſitation, he began to belabour them both; and exerted himſelf with ſuch aſtoniſhing vigour and agility, that both their heads and horns were broken in a twinkling, and they ran howling down ſtairs to their maſter's parlour-door. The ſquire, following them half way, called aloud, that the colonel might hear him, "Go, raſcals, and tell your maſter what I have done; if he thinks himſelf injured, he knows where to come for ſatisfaction. As for

you, this is but an earneſt of what you ſhall receive, if ever you preſume to blow a horn again here, while I ſtay in the houſe." So ſaying, he retired to his apartment, in expectation of hearing from the Weſt Indian; but the colonel prudently declined any farther proſecution of the diſpute. My ſiſter Liddy was frighted into a fit, from which ſhe was no ſooner recovered than Mrs. Tabitha began a lecture upon patience; which her brother interrupted with a moſt ſignificant grin, exclaiming, "True, ſiſter, God increaſe my patience and your diſcretion. I wonder (added he) what ſort of ſonata we are to expect from this overture, in which the devil that preſides over horrid ſounds hath given us ſuch variations of diſcord—The trampling of porters, the creaking and craſhing of trunks, the ſnarling of curs, the ſcolding of women, the ſqueaking and ſqualling of fiddles and hautboys out of tune, the bouncing of the Iriſh baronet overhead, and the burſting, belching, and brattling of the French horns in the paſſage (not to mention the harmonious peal that ſtill thunders from the Abbey ſteeple), ſucceeding one another without interruption, like the different parts of the ſame concert, have given me ſuch an idea of what a poor invalid has to expect in this temple, dedicated to ſilence and repoſe, that I ſhall certainly ſhift my quarters to-morrow, and endeavour to effectuate my retreat before Sir Ulic opens the ball with my Lady Macmanus, a conjunction that bodes me no good." This intimation was by no means agreeable to Mrs. Tabitha, whoſe ears were not quite ſo delicate as thoſe of her brother—She ſaid it would be great folly to move from ſuch agreeable lodgings, the moment they were comfortably ſettled. She wondered he ſhould be ſuch an enemy to muſic and mirth. She heard no noiſe but of his own making: It was impoſſible to manage a family in dumb ſhow. He might harp as long as he pleaſed upon her ſcolding; but ſhe never ſcolded except for his advantage; but he would never be ſatisfied, even tho'f ſhe ſhould ſweat blood and water in his ſervice. I have a great notion that our aunt, who is now declining into the moſt deſperate ſtate of celibacy, had formed ſome deſign upon the heart of Sir Ulic Mackilligut, which ſhe feared might be fruſtrated by our abrupt departure from theſe lodgings. Her brother, eying her

aſkance, "Pardon me, ſiſter (ſaid he), I ſhould be a ſavage, indeed, were I inſenſible of my own felicity, in having ſuch a mild, complaiſant, good-humoured, and conſiderate companion and houſekeeper; but as I have got a weak head, and my ſenſe of hearing is painfully acute, before I have recourſe to plugs of wool and cotton, I'll try whether I can't find another lodging, where I ſhall have more quiet and leſs muſic." He accordingly diſpatched his man upon this ſervice; and next day he found a ſmall houſe in Milſham-ſtreet, which he hires by the week. Here at leaſt we enjoy convenience and quiet within doors, as much as Tabby's temper will allow; but the ſquire ſtill complains of flying pains in the ſtomach and head, for which he bathes and drinks the waters. He is not ſo bad, however, but that he goes in perſon to the pump, the rooms, and the coffeehouſes, where he picks up continual food for ridicule and ſatire. If I can gleam any thing for your amuſement, either from his obſervation or my own, you ſhall have it freely, though I am afraid it will poorly compenſate the trouble of reading theſe tedious inſipid letters. of,

Dear Phillips,
Yours always,
J. MELFORD.

To DR. LEWIS.

DEAR DOCTOR, *Bath, April* 23.

IF I did not know that the exerciſe of your profeſſion has habituated you to the hearing of complaints, I ſhould make a conſcience of troubling you with my correſpondence, which may be truly called *the lamentations of Matthew Bramble.* Yet I cannot help thinking I have ſome right to diſcharge the overflowings of my ſpleen upon you, whoſe province it is to remove thoſe diſorders that occaſioned it; and let me tell you, it is no ſmall alleviation of my grievances, that I have a ſenſible friend, to whom I can communicate my cruſty humours, which, by retention, would grow intolerably acrimonious.

You muſt know, I find nothing but diſappointment at

Bath, which is ſo altered, that I can ſcarce believe it is the ſame place that I frequented about thirty years ago. Methinks I hear you ſay, "Altered it is, without all doubt; but then it is altered for the better; a truth, which, perhaps, you would own without heſitation, if you yourſelf was not altered for the worſe." The reflection may, for aught I know, be juſt. The inconveniences which I overlooked in the high day of health, will naturally ſtrike with exaggerated impreſſion on the irritable nerves of an invalid, ſurpriſed by premature old age, and ſhattered with long ſuffering—But, I believe, you will not deny that this place, which Nature and Providence ſeem to have intended as a reſource from diſtemper and diſquiet, is become the very centre of racket and diſſipation. Inſtead of that peace, tranquillity, and eaſe, ſo neceſſary to thoſe who labour under bad health, weak nerves, and irregular ſpirits; here we have nothing but noiſe, tumult, and hurry, with the fatigue and ſlavery of maintaining a ceremonial, more ſtiff, formal, and oppreſſive, than the etiquette of a German elector. A national hoſpital it may be; but one would imagine, that none but lunatics are admitted; and, truly, I will give you leave to call me ſo, if I ſtay much longer at Bath—But I ſhall take another opportunity to explain my ſentiments at greater length on this ſubject—I was impatient to ſee the boaſted improvements in architecture, for which the upper parts of the town have been ſo much celebrated, and t'other day I made a circuit of all the new buildings. The ſquare, though irregular, is, on the whole, pretty well laid out, ſpacious, open and airy; and, in my opinion, by far the moſt wholeſome and agreeable ſituation in Bath, eſpecially the upper ſide of it; but the avenues to it are mean, dirty, dangerous, and indirect. Its communication with the baths is through the yard of an inn, where the poor trembling valetudinarian is carried in a chair, betwixt the heels of a double row of horſes, wincing under the curry-combs of grooms and poſtillions, over and above the hazard of being obſtructed, or overturned by the carriages which are continually making their exit or their entrance—I ſuppoſe, after ſome chairmen ſhall have been maimed, and a few lives loſt by thoſe accidents, the corporation will think, in earneſt, about pro-

viding a more ſafe and commodious paſſage. The Circus is a pretty bauble; contrived for ſhow, and looks like Veſpaſian's amphitheatre, turned outſide in. If we conſider it in point of magnificence, the great number of ſmall doors belonging to the ſeparate houſes, the inconſiderable height of the different orders, the affected ornaments of the architrave, which are both childiſh and miſplaced, and the areas projecting into the ſtreet, ſurrounded with iron rails, deſtroy a good part of its effect upon the eye; and perhaps we ſhall find it ſtill more defective, if we view it in the light of convenience. The figure of each ſeparate dwelling-houſe, being the ſegment of a circle, muſt ſpoil the ſymmetry of the rooms, by contracting them towards the ſtreet windows, and leaving a larger ſweep in the ſpace behind. If, inſtead of the areas and iron rails, which ſeem to be of very little uſe, there had been a corridore with arcades all round, as in Covent Garden, the appearance of the whole would have been more magnificent and ſtriking; thoſe arcades would have afforded an agreeable covered walk, and ſheltered the poor chairmen and their carriages from the rain, which is here almoſt perpetual. At preſent, the chairs ſtand ſoaking in the open ſtreet, from morning to night, till they become ſo many boxes of wet leather, for the benefit of the gouty and rheumatic, who are tranſported in them from place to place. Indeed, this is a ſhocking inconvenience that extends over the whole city; and I am perſuaded it produces infinite miſchief to the delicate and infirm: Even the cloſe chairs, contrived for the ſick, by ſtanding in the open air, have their frize linings impregnated, like ſo many ſponges, with the moiſture of the atmoſphere; and thoſe caſes of cold vapour muſt give a charming check to the perſpiration of a patient, piping hot from the bath, with all his pores wide open.

But, to return to the Circus: It is inconvenient from its ſituation, at ſo great a diſtance from all the markets, baths, and places of public entertainment.—The only entrance to it, through Gay-ſtreet, is ſo difficult, ſteep, and ſlippery, that, in wet weather, it muſt be exceedingly dangerous, both for thoſe that ride in carriages, and thoſe that walk a-foot; and when the ſtreet is covered with ſnow, as it was for fifteen days ſucceſſively this very winter, I don'

ſee how any individual could go either up or down, without the moſt imminent hazard of broken bones. In blowing weather, I am told, moſt of the houſes on this hill are ſmothered with ſmoke, forced down the chimneys by the guſts of wind reverberated from the hill behind, which (I apprehend likewiſe) muſt render the atmoſphere here more humid and unwholeſome than it is in the ſquare below; for the clouds, formed by the conſtant evaporation from the baths and rivers in the bottom, will, in their aſcent this way, be firſt attracted and detained by the hill that riſes cloſe behind the Circus, and load the air with a perpetual ſucceſſion of vapours: This point, however, may be eaſily aſcertained by means of an hygrometer, or a paper of ſalt of tartar expoſed to the action of the atmoſphere. The ſame artiſt who planned the Circus, has likewiſe projected a creſcent; when that is finiſhed, we ſhall probably have a ſtar; and thoſe who are living thirty years hence, may, perhaps, ſee all the ſigns of the Zodiac exhibited in architecture at Bath. Theſe, however fantaſtical, are ſtill deſigns that denote ſome ingenuity and knowledge in the architect; but the rage of building has laid hold on ſuch a number of adventurers, that one ſees new houſes ſtarting up in every outlet and every corner of Bath; contrived without judgment, executed without ſolidity, and ſtuck together with ſo little regard to plan and propriety, that the different lines of the new rows and buildings interfere with, and interſect one another in every different angle of conjunction. They look like the wreck of ſtreets and ſquares disjointed by an earthquake, which hath broken the ground into a variety of holes and hillocks; or, as if ſome gothic devil had ſtuffed them altogether in a bag, and left them to ſtand higgledy piggledy, juſt as chance directed. What ſort of a monſter Bath will become in a few years, with thoſe growing excreſcences, may be eaſily conceived: But the want of beauty and proportion is not the worſt effect of theſe new manſions; they are built ſo ſlight, with the ſoft crumbling ſtone found in this neighbourhood, that I ſhould never ſleep quietly in one of them, when it blowed (as the ſailors ſay) a cap-full of wind; and I am perſuaded, that my hind, Roger Williams, or any man of equal ſtrength, would be able to puſh his foot through the

ſtrongeſt part of their walls, without any great exertion of his muſcles. All theſe abſurdities ariſe from the general tide of luxury, which hath overſpread the nation, and ſwept away all, even the very dregs of the people. Every upſtart of fortune, harneſſed in the trappings of the mode, preſents himſelf at Bath, as in the very focus of obſervation—Clerks and factors from the Eaſt-Indies, loaded with the ſpoil of plundered provinces; planters, negro-drivers, and huckſters, from our American plantations, enriched they know not how; agents, commiſſaries, and contractors, who have fattened, in two ſucceſſive wars, on the blood of the nation; uſurers, brokers, and jobbers of every kind; men of low birth, and no breeding, have found themſelves ſuddenly tranſlated into a ſtate of affluence, unknown to former ages; and no wonder that their brains ſhould be intoxicated with pride, vanity, and preſumption. Knowing no other criterion of greatneſs, but the oſtentation of wealth, they diſcharge their affluence without taſte or conduct, through every channel of the moſt abſurd extravagance; and all of them hurry to Bath, becauſe here, without any farther qualification, they can mingle with the princes and nobles of the land. Even the wives and daughters of low tradeſmen, who, like ſhovel-noſed ſharks, prey upon the blubber of thoſe uncouth whales of fortune, are infected with the ſame rage of diſplaying their importance; and the ſlighteſt indiſpoſition ſerves them for a pretext to inſiſt upon being conveyed to Bath, where they may hobble country dances and cotillions among lordlings, ſquires, counſellors, and clergy. Theſe delicate creatures from Bedfordbury, Butcher-row, Crutched Friers, and Botolph-lane, cannot breathe in the groſs air of the lower town, or conform to the vulgar rules of a common lodging houſe; the huſband, therefore, muſt provide an entire houſe, or elegant apartments in the new buildings. Such is the compoſition of what is called the faſhionable company at Bath; where a very inconſiderable proportion of genteel people are loſt in a mob of impudent plebeians, who have neither underſtanding nor judgment, nor the leaſt idea of propriety and decorum; and ſeem to enjoy nothing ſo much as an opportunity of inſulting their betters.

Thus the number of people and the number of houſes continue to increaſe; and this will ever be the caſe, till the ſtreams that ſwell this irreſiſtible torrent of folly and extravagance, ſhall either be exhauſted, or turned into other channels, by incidents and events which I do not pretend to foreſee. This, I own, is a ſubject on which I cannot write with any degree of patience; for the mob is a monſter I never could abide, either in its head, tail, midriff, or members: I deteſt the whole of it, as a maſs of ignorance, preſumption, malice, and brutality; and, in this term of reprobation, I include, without reſpect of rank, ſtation, or quality, all thoſe of both ſexes who affect its manners, and court its ſociety.

But I have written till my fingers are crampt; and my nauſea begins to return—By your advice, I ſent to London a few days ago for half a pound of Gengzeng; though I doubt much whether that which comes from America is equally efficacious with what is brought from the Eaſt-Indies. Some years ago, a friend of mine paid ſixteen guineas for two ounces of it; and, in ſix months after, it was ſold in the ſame ſhop for five ſhillings the pound. In ſhort, we live in a vile world of fraud and ſophiſtication; ſo that I know nothing of equal value with the genuine friendſhip of a ſenſible man; a rare jewel! which I cannot help thinking myſelf in poſſeſſion of, while I repeat the old declaration, that I am, as uſual,

Dear Lewis,

Your affectionate

M. BRAMBLE.

After having been agitated in a ſhort hurricane, on my firſt arrival, I have taken a ſmall houſe in Milſham-ſtreet, where I am tolerably well lodged, for five guineas a-week. I was yeſterday at the pump-room, and drank about a pint of the water, which ſeems to agree with my ſtomach; and to-morrow morning I ſhall bathe for the firſt time; ſo that, in a few poſts, you may expect farther trouble. Meanwhile, I am glad to find that the inoculation has ſucceeded ſo well with poor Joyce, and that her face will be but little marked—If my friend Sir Thomas was a ſingle man, I would not truſt ſuch a handſome wench in his family; but as

I have recommended her, in a particular manner, to the protection of Lady G——, who is one of the beſt women in the world, ſhe may go thither without heſitation, as ſoon as ſhe is quite recovered, and fit for ſervice—Let her mother have money to provide her with neceſſaries, and ſhe may ride behind her brother on Bucks; but you muſt lay ſtrong injunctions on Jack, to take particular care of the truſty old veteran, who has faithfully earned his preſent eaſe by his paſt ſervices.

To MISS WILLIS *at Glouceſter.*

MY DEAREST COMPANION, *Bath, April 26.*

THE pleaſure I received from yours, which came to hand yeſterday, is not to be expreſſed. Love and friendſhip are, without doubt, charming paſſions; which abſence ſerves only to heighten and improve.—Your kind preſent of the garnet bracelets I ſhall keep as carefully as I preſerve my own life; and I beg you will accept, in return, of my heart-houſewife, with the tortoiſe-ſhell memorandum book, as a trifling pledge of my unalterable affection.

Bath is to me a new world—All is gaiety, good humour, and diverſion. The eye is continually entertained with the ſplendour of dreſs and equipage, and the ear with the ſound of coaches, chaiſes, chairs, and other carriages. *The merry bells ring round,* from morn till night. Then we are welcomed by the city waits in our own lodgings: We have muſic in the pump-room every morning, cotillions every forenoon in the rooms, balls twice a-week, and concerts every other night, beſides private aſſemblies, and parties without number.—As ſoon as we were ſettled in lodgings, we were viſited by the Maſter of the Ceremonies; a pretty little gentleman, ſo ſweet, ſo fine, ſo civil, and polite, that in our country he might paſs for the Prince of Wales; then he talks ſo charmingly, both in verſe and proſe, that you would be delighted to hear him diſcourſe; for you muſt know he is a great writer, and has got five tragedies ready for the

ſtage. He did us the favour to dine with us, by my uncle's invitation; and next day ſquired my aunt and me to every part of Bath, which to be ſure is an earthly paradiſe. The Square, the Circus, and the Parades, put you in mind of the ſumptuous palaces repreſented in prints and pictures; and the new buildings, ſuch as Prince's Row, Harlequin's Row, Bladud's Row, and twenty other rows, look like ſo many enchanted caſtles, raiſed on hanging terraces.

At eight in the morning we go in diſhabile to the pump-room, which is crowded like a Welſh fair; and there you ſee the higheſt quality and the loweſt tradesfolks, joſtling each other, without ceremony, hail fellow, well met. The noiſe of the muſic playing in the gallery, the heat and flavour of ſuch a crowd, and the hum and buz of their converſation, gave me the headach and vertigo the firſt day; but, afterwards, all theſe things became familiar, and even agreeable.—Right under the pump-room windows is the King's Bath; a huge ciſtern, where you ſee the patients up to their necks in hot water. The ladies wear jackets and petticoats of brown linen, with chip hats, in which they fix their handkerchiefs to wipe the ſweat from their faces; but, truly, whether it is owing to the ſteam that ſurrounds them, or the heat of the water, or the nature of the dreſs, or to all theſe cauſes together, they look ſo fluſhed, and ſo frightful, that I always turn my eyes another way.—My aunt, who ſays every perſon of faſhion ſhould make her appearance in the bath, as well as in the abbey-church, contrived a cap with cherry-coloured ribbons to ſuit her complexion, and obliged Win to attend her yeſterday morning in the water. But, really, her eyes were ſo red, that they made mine water as I viewed her from the pump-room; and as for poor Win, who wore a hat trimmed with blue, what betwixt her wan complexion and her fear, ſhe looked like the ghoſt of ſome pale maiden, who had drowned herſelf for love. When ſhe came out of the bath, ſhe took aſſafœtida drops, and was fluttered all day, ſo that we could hardly keep her from going into hyſterics: But her miſtreſs ſays it will do her good, and poor Win curtſies, with the tears in her eyes. For my part, I content my-

ſelf with drinking about half a pint of the water every morning.

The pumper, with his wife and ſervant, attend in a bar; and the glaſſes, of different ſizes, ſtand ranged in order before them, ſo you have nothing to do but to point at that which you chooſe, and it is filled immediately, hot and ſparkling from the pump. It is the only hot water I could ever drink without being ſick.—Far from having that effect, it is rather agreeable to the taſte, grateful to the ſtomach, and reviving to the ſpirits. You cannot imagine what wonderful cures it performs.—My uncle began with it the other day; but he made wry faces in drinking, and I am afraid he will leave it off.—The firſt day we came to Bath he fell into a violent paſſion, beat two black-a-moors, and I was afraid he would have fought with their maſter; but the ſtranger proved a peaceable man. To be ſure the gout had got into his head, as my aunt obſerved; but, I believe, his paſſion drove it away, for he has been remarkably well ever ſince. It is a thouſand pities he ſhould ever be troubled with that ugly diſtemper; for, when he is free from pain, he is the beſt tempered man upon earth; ſo gentle, ſo generous, ſo charitable, that every body loves him; and ſo good to me, in particular, that I ſhall never be able to ſhow the deep ſenſe I have of his tenderneſs and affection.

Hard by the pump-room is a coffee-houſe for the ladies; but my aunt ſays, young girls are not admitted, inaſmuch as the converſation turns upon politics, ſcandal, philoſophy, and other ſubjects above our capacity; but we are allowed to accompany them to the bookſellers ſhops, which are charming places of reſort, where we read novels, plays, pamphlets, and newſpapers, for ſo ſmall a ſubſcription as a crown a-quarter, and in theſe offices of intelligence (as a brother calls them), all the reports of the day, and all the private tranſactions of the bath, are firſt entered and diſcuſſed. From the bookſeller's ſhop we make a tour through the milliners and toymen, and commonly ſtop at Mr. Gill's, the paſtry-cook, to take a jelly, a tart, or a ſmall baſon of vermicelli. There is, moreover, another place of entertainment on the other ſide of the water, oppoſite to the Grove, to which the company croſs

over in a boat.—It is called Spring Gardens; a ſweet retreat, laid out in walks, and ponds, and parterres of flowers; and there is a long room for breakfaſting and dancing. As the ſituation is low and damp, and the ſeaſon has been remarkably wet, my uncle won't ſuffer me to go thither, leſt I ſhould catch cold: But my aunt ſays it is all a vulgar prejudice; and, to be ſure, a great many gentlemen and ladies of Ireland frequent the place, without ſeeming to be the worſe for it. They ſay, dancing at Spring Gardens, when the air is moiſt, is recommended to them as an excellent cure for the rhematiſm. I have been twice at the play; where, notwithſtanding the excellence of the performers, the gaiety of the company, and the decorations of the theatre, which are very fine, I could not help reflecting, with a ſigh, upon our poor homely repreſentations at Glouceſter.—But this in confidence to my dear Willis.—You know my heart, and will excuſe its weakneſs.

After all, the great ſcenes of entertainment at Bath are the two public rooms, where the company meet alternately every evening.—They are ſpacious, loſty, and, when lighted up, appear very ſtriking. They are generally crowded with well-dreſſed people, who drink tea in ſeparate parties, play at cards, walk, or ſit and chat together, juſt as they are diſpoſed. Twice a-week there is a ball, the expence of which is defrayed by a voluntary ſubſcription among the gentlemen; and every ſubſcriber has three tickets. 'I was there Friday laſt with my aunt, under the care of my brother, who is a ſubſcriber; and Sir Ulic Mackilligut recommended his nephew, Captain O'Donaghan, to me as a partner; but Jerry excuſed himſelf, by ſaying I had got the head-ach; and indeed it was really ſo, though I can't imagine how he knew it. The place was ſo hot, and the ſmell ſo different from what we are uſed to in the country, that I was quite feveriſh when we came away. Aunt ſays it is the effect of a vulgar conſtitution, reared among woods and mountains; and that, as I become accuſtomed to genteel company, it will wear off.—Sir Ulic was very complaiſant, made her a great many high-flown compliments, and, when we retired, handed her with great ceremony to her chair. The captain, I believe, would have

done me the ſame favour; but my brother, ſeeing him advance, took me under his arm, and wiſhed him good night. The captain is a pretty man, to be ſure; tall and ſtraight, and well made, with light gray eyes, and a Roman noſe; but there is a certain boldneſs in his look and manner that puts one out of countenance.—But I am afraid I have put you out of all patience with this long unconnected ſcrawl; which I ſhall therefore conclude, with aſſuring you, that neither Bath, nor London, nor all the diverſions of life, ſhall ever be able to efface the idea of my dear Letty, from the heart of her ever affectionate.

LYDIA MELFORD.

To Mrs. MARY JONES, *at Brambleton.*

DEAR MOLLY JONES,

HEAVING got a frank, I now return your fever, which I received by Mr. Higgins at the Hot Well, together with the ſtockings which his wife footed for me; but now they are of no ſurvice. No body wears ſuch things in this place.—O Molly! you that live in the country have no deception of our doings at Bath. Here is ſuch dreſſing, and fiddling, and dancing, and gadding, and courting, and plotting—O gracious! If God had not given me a good ſtock of diſcretion, what a power of things might not I reveal, conſarning old miſtreſs and young miſtreſs; Jews with beards that were no Jews, but handſome Chriſtians, without a hair upon their ſin, ſtrolling with ſpectacles, to get ſpeech of Miſs Liddy. But ſhe's a dear ſweet ſoul, as innocent as the child unborn. She has tould me all her inward thoughts, and diſcloſed her paſſion for Mr. Wilſon; and that's not his name neither; and thof he acted among the player-men, he is meat for their maſters; and ſhe has gi'en me her yellow trolopea, which Mrs. Drab, the manty-maker, ſays will look very well when it is ſcowred and ſmoaked with ſilfur—You knows as how yallow fitts my fizzogmony. God he knows what havock I ſhall make among the mail

ſex, when I make my firſt appearance in this killing collar, with a full ſuit of gaze, as good as new, that I bought laſt Friday of Madam Friponeau, the French mullaner.—Dear Girl, I have ſeen all the fine ſhews of Bath; the Prades, the Squires, and the Circlis, the Craſhit, the Hottogon, and Bloody Buildings, and Harry King's Row; and I have been twice in the bath with miſtreſs, and na'r a ſmoak upon our backs, huſſy.—The firſt time I was mortally afraid, and fluſtered all day, and afterwards made believe that I had got the heddick: But miſtreſs ſaid, if I didn't go, I ſhould take a doſe of bumtaffy; and ſo remembering how it worked Mrs. Gwyllim a pennorth, I choſe rather to go again with her into the bath, and then I met with an axident. I dropt my petticoat, and could not get it up from the bottom—But what did that ſignify?—they mought laff, but they could ſee nothing; for I was up to the ſin in water. To be ſure, it threw me into ſuch a gumbuſtion, that I know not what I ſaid, nor what I did, nor how they got me out, and rapt me in a blanket—Mrs. Tabitha ſcoulded a little when we got home; but ſhe knows as I know what's what—Ah, Laud help you!—There is Sir Yuri Micligut, of Balnaclinch, in the cunty of Kalloway—I took down the name from his gentleman, Mr. O Frizzle, and he has got an eſtate of fifteen hundred a-year—I am ſure he is both rich and generous.—But you noſe, Molly, I was always famous for keeping ſecrets; and ſo he was very ſafe in truſting me with his flegm for miſtreſs; which, to be ſure, is very honourable; for Mr. O Frizzle aſſures me, he values not her portion a braſs varthing—And, indeed, what's poor ten thouſand pounds to a Baron Knight of his fortune? and, truly, I told Mr. O Frizzle that was all that ſhe had to truſt to.—As for John Thomas, he's a moraſs fellor—I vow I thought he would a fit with Mr. O Frizzle, becauſe he axed me to dance with him at Spring Garden—But God he knows I have no thoughts eyther of wan or t'other.

As for houſe news, the worſt is, Chowder has fallen off greatly from his ſtomick—He eats nothing but white meats, and not much of that; and wheezes, and ſeems to be much bloated. The doctors think he is threatened with a dropſy—Parſon Marrowfat, who has got the ſame

diſorder, finds great benefit from the waters; but Chowder ſeems to like them no better than the ſquire; and miſtreſs ſays if his caſe don't take a favourable turn, ſhe will ſartainly carry him to Aberga'nny, to drink goats whey—To be ſure, the poor dear honymil is loſt for want of axerciſe; for which reaſon ſhe intends to give him an airing once a-day upon the Downs, in a poſt-chaiſe.—I have already made very creditable correxions in this here place, where, to be ſure, we have the very ſquintaſence of ſatiety—Mrs. Patcher, my Lady Kilmacullock's woman, and I, are ſworn ſiſters. She has ſhewn me all her ſecrets, and learned me to waſh gaze, and refraſh ruſty filks and bumbeſeens, by boiling them with winegar, chamberlaye, and ſtale beer. My ſhort ſack and apron luck as good as new from the ſhop, and my pumpydoor as freſh as a roſe, by the help of turtle-water—But this is all Greek and Latten to you, Molly.—If we ſhould come to Aberga'nny, you'll be within a day's ride of us; and then we ſhall ſee wan another, pleaſe God.—If not, remember me in your prayers, as I ſhall do by you in mine; and take care of my kitten, and give my kind ſarvice to Saul; and this is all at preſent, from your beloved friend and ſarvent,

Bath, April 26. WINIFRED JENKINS.

To MRS. GWYLLIM, *houſe-keeper at Brambletonhall.*

I AM aſtoniſhed that Dr. Lewis ſhould take upon him to give away Alderney, without my privity and concurrants. What ſignifies my brother's order?—My brother is little better than noncompuſh. He would give away the ſhirt of his back, and the teeth out of his head; nay, as for that matter, he would have ruinated the family with his ridiculous charities, if it had not been for my four quarters.—What between his wilfulneſs and his waſte, his trumps, and his frenzy, I lead the life of an indented ſlave. Alderney gave four gallons a-day ever ſince the calf was ſent to market. There is ſo much milk out of my dairy, and the preſs muſt ſtand ſtill:—But I won't looſe a cheeſe-paring; and the milk ſhall be made good, if the ſarvants ſhould

go without butter. If they muſt needs have butter, let them make it of ſheeps milk; but then my wool will ſuffer for want of grace; ſo that I muſt be a loſer on all ſides.—Well, patience is like a ſtout Welſh poney; it bears a great deal, and trots a great way, but it will tire at the long run.—Before its long, perhaps I may ſhow Matt, that I was not born to be the houſehold drudge to my dying day.—Gwyn rites from Crickhowel, that the price of flannel is fallen three farthings an ell; and that's another good penny out of my pocket.—When I go to market to ſell, my commodity ſtinks; but when I want to buy the commoneſt thing, the owner pricks it up under my noſe, and it can't be had for love nor money—I think every thing runs croſs at Brambletonhall.—You ſay the gander has broke the eggs, which is a phinumenon I don't underſtand; for, when the fox carried off the old gooſe laſt year, he took her place, and hatched the eggs, and partected the goſlings like a tender parent.—Then you tell me the thunder has ſoured two barrels of bear in the ſeller. But how the thunder ſhould get there, when the ſeller was double locked, I can't comprehend. Howſomever, I won't have the bear thrown out, till I ſee it with mine own eyes. Perhaps it will recover—at leaſt it will ſerve for vinegar to the ſarvants.—You may leave off the fires in my brother's chamber and mine, as it is unſartain when we return.—I hope Gwyllim, you'll take care there is no waſte; and have an eye to the maids, and keep them to their ſpinning.—I think they may go very well without bear in hot weather—it ſerves only to inflame the blood, and ſet them agog after the men—water will make them fair, and keep them cool and tamperit. Don't forget to put up in the portmantle, that cums with Williams, along with my riding habit, hat, and feather, the vial of purl-water, and the tincktur for my ſtomach; being as how I am much troubled with flutterencies. This is all at preſent, from

Yours,

Bath, April 26. TABITHA BRAMBLE.

To Dr. Lewis.

Dear Dick,

I have done with the waters; therefore your advice comes a day too late.—I grant that phyſic is no myſtery of your making. I know it is a myſtery in its own nature, and, like other myſteries, requires a ſtrong gulp of faith to make it go down.—Two days ago, I went into the King's Bath, by the advice of our friend Ch——, in order to clear the ſtrainer of the ſkin, for the benefit of a free perſpiration; and the firſt object that ſaluted my eye was a child, full of ſcrophulous ulcers, carried in the arms of one of the guides, under the very noſes of the bathers. I was ſo ſhocked at the ſight, that I retired immediately with indignation and diſguſt—Suppoſe the matter of thoſe ulcers, floating on the water, comes in contact with my ſkin, when the pores are all open, I would aſk you what muſt be the conſequence?—Good Heavens, the very thought makes my blood run cold! We know not what ſores may be running into the water while we are bathing, and what ſort of matter we may thus imbibe; the king's evil, the ſcurvy, the cancer, and the pox; and, no doubt, the heat will render the *virus* the more volatile and penetrating. To purify myſelf from all ſuch contamination, I went to the Duke of Kingſton's private bath, and there I was almoſt ſuffocated for want of free air, the place was ſo ſmall, and the ſteam ſo ſtifling.

After all, if the intention is no more than to waſh the ſkin, I am convinced that ſimple element is more effectual than any water impregnated with ſalt and iron; which, being aſtringent, will certainly contract the pores, and leave a kind of cruſt upon the ſurface of the body. But I am now as much afraid of drinking as of bathing; for, after a long converſation with the doctor, about the conſtruction of the pump and the ciſtern, it is very far from being clear with me, that the patients in the pump-room don't ſwallow the ſcourings of the bathers. I can't help ſuſpecting, that there is, or may be, ſome regurgitation from the bath into the ciſtern of the pump. In that caſe, what a delicate beverage is every day quaffed by the

drinkers, medicated with the ſweat, and dirt, and dandriff, and the abominable diſcharges of various kinds, from twenty different diſeaſed bodies, parboiling in the kettle below. In order to avoid this filthy compoſition, I had recourſe to the ſpring that ſupplies the private baths on the Abbey-green; but I at once perceived ſomething extraordinary in the taſte and ſmell; and, upon inquiry I find, that the Roman baths in this quarter were found covered by an old burying ground belonging to the Abbey, through which, in all probability, the water drains in its paſſage; ſo that, as we drink the decoction of living bodies at the pump-room, we ſwallow the ſtrainings of rotten bones and carcaſes at the private bath—I vow to God the very idea turns my ſtomach!—Determined, as I am, againſt any farther uſe of the Bath waters, this conſideration would give me little diſturbance, if I could find any thing more pure, or leſs pernicious, to quench my thirſt; but although the natural ſprings of excellent water are ſeen guſhing ſpontaneous on every ſide from the hills that ſurround us, the inhabitants in general make uſe of well-water, ſo impregnated with nitre, or alum, or ſome other villainous mineral, that it is equally ungrateful to the taſte, and miſchievous to the conſtitution. It muſt be owned, indeed, that here, in Milſham-ſtreet, we have a precarious and ſcanty ſupply from the hill, which is collected in an open baſon in the Circus, liable to be defiled with dead dogs, cats, rats, and every ſpecies of naſtineſs, which the raſcally populace may throw into it from mere wantonneſs and brutality.

Well, there is no nation that drinks ſo hoggiſhly as the Engliſh.—What paſſes for wine among us is not the juice of the grape. It is an adulterous mixture, brewed up of nauſeous ingredients, by dunces, who are bunglers in the art of poiſon-making; yet we, and our forefathers, are, and have been, poiſoned by this curſed drench, without taſte or flavour.—The only genuine and wholeſome beverage in England is London porter, and Dorcheſter table-beer; but as for your ale and your gin, your cyder and your perry, and all the traſhy family of made wines, I deteſt them as infernal compoſitions, contrived for the deſtruction of the human ſpecies.—But what have I to

do with the human ſpecies? except a very few friends, I care not if the whole was——

Hark ye, Lewis, my miſanthropy increaſes every day.—The longer I live, I find the folly and the fraud of mankind grow more and more intolerable.—I wiſh I had not come from Brambletonhall: After having lived in ſolitude ſo long, I cannot bear the hurry and impertinence of the multitude; beſides, every thing is ſophiſticated in theſe crowded places. Snares are laid for our lives in every thing we eat or drink; the very air we breathe is loaded with contagion. We cannot even ſleep, without riſk of infection. I ſay infection—This place is the rendezvous of the diſeaſed—You won't deny that many diſeaſes are infectious; even the conſumption itſelf is highly infectious. When a perſon dies of it in Italy, the bed and bedding are deſtroyed; the other furniture is expoſed to the weather, and the apartment white waſhed, before it is occupied by any other living ſoul. You'll allow, that nothing receives infection ſooner, or retains it longer, than blankets, feather-beds, and mattreſſes—'Sdeath! how do I know what miſerable objects have been ſtewing in the bed where I now lie!—I wonder, Dick, you did not put me in mind of ſending for my own mattreſſes—But, if I had not been an aſs, I ſhould not have needed a remembrancer.—There is always ſome plaguy reflection that riſes up in judgment againſt me, and ruffles my ſpirits—therefore, let us change the ſubject.—

I have other reaſons for abridging my ſtay at Bath.—You know ſiſter Tabby's complexion—If Mrs. Tabitha Bramble had been of any other race, I ſhould certainly have looked upon her as the moſt———But the truth is, ſhe has found means to intereſt my affection; or rather, ſhe is beholden to the force of prejudice, commonly called the ties of blood. Well, this amiable maiden has actually commenced a flirting correſpondence with an Iriſh baronet of ſixty-five. His name is Sir Ulic Mackilligut. He is ſaid to be much out at elbows; and I believe, has received falſe intelligence with reſpect to her fortune. Be that as it may, the connection is exceedingly ridiculous, and begins already to excite whiſpers.—For my part, I have no intention to diſpute her free agency; though I ſhall fall upon ſome expedient to unde-

ceive her paramour as to the point which he has principally in view. But I don't think her conduct is a proper example for Liddy, who has alſo attracted the notice of ſome coxcombs in the rooms; and Jery tells me, he ſuſpects a ſtrapping fellow, the knight's nephew, of ſome deſign upon the girl's heart. I ſhall, therefore, keep a ſtrict eye over her aunt and her, and even ſhift the ſcene, if I find the matter grow more ſerious.—You perceive what an agreeable taſk it muſt be, to a man of my kidney, to have the cure of ſuch ſouls as theſe.—But, hold, you ſhall not have another peeviſh word (till the next occaſion) from

Yours,

Bath, April 28. MATT. BRAMBLE.

To SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, *Bart. of Jeſus College, Oxon.*

DEAR KNIGHT,

I THINK thoſe people are unreaſonable, who complain that Bath is a contracted circle, in which the ſame dull ſcenes perpetually revolve, without variation.—I am, on the contrary, amazed to find ſo ſmall a place ſo crowded with entertainment and variety. London itſelf can hardly exhibit one ſpecies of diverſion to which we have not ſomething analogous at Bath, over and above thoſe ſingular advantages that are peculiar to the place. Here, for example, a man has daily opportunities of ſeeing the moſt remarkable characters of the community. He ſees them in their natural attitudes and true colours, deſcended from their pedeſtals, and diveſted of their formal draperies, undiſguiſed by art and affectation.—Here we have miniſters of ſtate, judges, generals, biſhops, projectors, philoſophers, wits, poets, players, *chemiſts*, *fiddlers*, and *buffoons*. If he makes any conſiderable ſtay in the place, he is ſure of meeting with ſome particular friend whom he did not expect to ſee; and to me there is nothing more agreeable than ſuch caſual rencounters.—Another entertainment, peculiar to Bath, ariſes from the general mixture of all degrees aſſembled in our public rooms, without diſ-

tinction of rank or fortune. This is what my uncle reprobates, as a monſtrous jumble of heterogeneous principles; a vile mob of noiſe and impertinence, without decency and ſubordination. But this chaos is to me a ſource of infinite amuſement.

I was extremely diverted, laſt ball-night, to ſee the Maſter of the Ceremonies leading with great ſolemnity, to the upper end of the room, an antiquated Abigail, dreſſed in her lady's caſt clothes; whom he (I ſuppoſe) miſtook for ſome counteſs juſt arrived at the Bath. The ball was opened by a Scotch Lord, with a mulatto heireſs from St. Chriſtopher's; and the gay Colonel Tinſel danced all the evening with the daughter of an eminent tinman from the borough of Southwark.—Yeſterday morning, at the pump-room, I ſaw a broken-winded Wapping landlady ſqueeze through a circle of peers, to ſalute her brandy-merchant, who ſtood by the window, propp'd upon crutches; and a paralytic attorney of Shoe-lane, in ſhuffling up to the bar, kicked the ſhins of the Chancellor of England, while his lordſhip, in a cut bob, drank a glaſs of water at the pump. I cannot account for my being pleaſed with theſe incidents any other way than by ſaying they are truly ridiculous in their own nature, and ſerve to heighten the humour in the farce of life, which I am determined to enjoy as long as I can.

Thoſe follies that move my uncle's ſpleen excite my laughter. He is as tender as a man without a ſkin, who cannot bear the ſlighteſt touch without flinching. What tickles another would give him torment; and yet he has what we may call lucid intervals, when he is remarkably facetious.—Indeed, I never knew a hypochondriac ſo apt to be infected with good humour. He is the moſt riſible miſanthrope I ever met with. A lucky joke, or any ludicrous incident, will ſet him a-laughing immoderately, even in one of his moſt gloomy paroxyſms; and, when the laugh is over, he will curſe his own imbecility. In converſing with ſtrangers, he betrays no marks of diſquiet —He is ſplenetic with his familiars only; and not even with them, while they keep his attention employed; but, when his ſpirits are not exerted externally, they ſeem to recoil, and prey upon himſelf.—He has renounced the waters with execration; but he begins to find a more ef-

ſtacious, and, certainly, a much more palatable remedy, in the pleaſures of ſociety. He has diſcovered ſome old friends among the invalids of Bath; and, in particular, renewed his acquaintance with the celebrated James Quin, who certainly did not come here to drink water. You cannot doubt but that I had the ſtrongeſt curioſity to know this original; and it was gratified by Mr. Bramble, who has had him twice at our houſe to dinner.

So far as I am able to judge, Quin's character is rather more reſpectable than it has been generally repreſented. His bons mots are in every witling's mouth; but many of them have a rank flavour, which one would be apt to think was derived from a natural groſſneſs of idea. I ſuſpect, however, that juſtice has not been done the author, by the collectors of thoſe *Quiniana*; who have let the beſt of them ſlip through their fingers, and only retained ſuch as were ſuited to the taſte and organs of the multitude. How far he may relax in his hours of jollity, I cannot pretend to ſay; but his general converſation is conducted by the niceſt rules of propriety; and Mr. James Quin is certainly one of the beſt bred men in the kingdom. He is not only a moſt agreeable companion, but (as I am credibly informed) a very honeſt man; highly ſuſceptible of friendſhip, warm, ſteady, and even generous in his attachments; diſdaining flattery, and incapable of meanneſs and diſſimulation. Were I to judge, however, from Quin's eye alone, I ſhould take him to be proud, inſolent, and cruel.—There is ſomething remarkably ſevere and forbidding in his aſpect; and, I have been told, he was ever diſpoſed to inſult his inferiors and dependents. Perhaps that report has influenced my opinion of his looks—You know we are the fools of prejudice. Howſoever that may be, I have as yet ſeen nothing but his favourable ſide; and my uncle, who frequently confers with him in a corner, declares he is one of the moſt ſenſible men he ever knew—He ſeems to have a reciprocal regard for old Squaretoes, whom he calls by the familiar name of Matthew, and often reminds of their old tavern adventures: On the other hand, Matthew's eyes ſparkle whenever Quin makes his appearance—Let him be never ſo jarring and diſcordant, Quin puts him in tune; and, like treble and baſs in the ſame concert, they

make excellent muſic together. T'other day, the converſation turning upon Shakſpeare, I could not help ſaying, with ſome emotion, that I would give an hundred guineas to ſee Mr. Quin act the part of Falſtaff; upon which, turning to me with a ſmile, "And I would give a thouſand, young gentleman (ſaid he), that I could gratify your longing." My uncle and he are perfectly agreed in their eſtimate of life, which, Quin ſays, would ſtink in his noſtrils, if he did not ſteep it in claret.

I want to ſee this phenomenon in his cups; and have almoſt prevailed upon uncle to give him a ſmall turtle at the Bear. In the mean time, I muſt entertain you with an incident that ſeems to confirm the judgment of thoſe two cynic philoſophers. I took the liberty to differ in opinion from Mr. Bramble, when he obſerved, that the mixture of people in the entertainments of this place was deſtructive of all order and urbanity; that it rendered the plebeians inſufferably arrogant and troubleſome, and vulgariſed the deportment and ſentiments of thoſe who moved in the upper ſpheres of life. He ſaid, ſuch a prepoſterous coalition would bring us into contempt with all our neighbours; and was worſe in fact than debaſing the gold coin of the nation. I argued, on the contrary, that thoſe plebeians who diſcovered ſuch eagerneſs to imitate the dreſs and equipage of their ſuperiors, would likewiſe, in time, adopt their maxims and their manners, be poliſhed by their converſation, and refined by their example; but when I appealed to Mr. Quin, and aſked if he did not think that ſuch an unreſerved mixture would improve the whole maſs?—"Yes (ſaid he), as a plate of marmalade would improve a pan of ſir-reverence."

I owned I was not much converſant in high life, but I had ſeen what were called polite aſſemblies in London and elſewhere; that thoſe of Bath ſeemed to be as decent as any; and that, upon the whole, the individuals that compoſed it, would not be found deficient in good manners and decorum. "But let us have recourſe to experience (ſaid I)—Jack Holder, who was intended for a parſon, has ſucceeded to an eſtate of two thouſand a-year, by the death of his elder brother. He is now at the Bath, driving about in a phaeton and four, with French horns. He has treated with turtle and claret at all the ta-

verns in Bath and Briſtol, till his gueſts are gorged with good cheer: He has bought a dozen ſuits of fine clothes, by the advice of the Maſter of the Ceremonies, under whoſe tuition he has entered himſelf: He has loſt ſome hundreds at billiards to ſharpers, and taken one of the nymphs of Avon-ſtreet into keeping; but, finding all theſe channels inſufficient to drain him of his current caſh, his counſellor has engaged him to give a general tea-drinking to-morrow at Wiltſhire's room. In order to give it the more eclat, every table is to be furniſhed with ſweet-meats and noſegays; which, however, are not to be touched till notice is given by the ringing of a bell, and then the ladies may help themſelves without reſtriction. This will be no bad way of trying the company's breeding—"

"I will abide by that experiment (cried my uncle), and if I could find a place to ſtand ſecure without the vortex of the tumult, which I know will enſue, I would certainly go thither and enjoy the ſcene." Quin propoſed that we ſhould take our ſtation in the muſic gallery; and we took his advice. Holder had got thither before us, with his horns perdue; but we were admitted. The tea-drinking paſſed as uſual; and the company having riſen from the tables, were ſauntering in groups in expectation of the ſignal for attack, when the bell beginning to ring, they flew with eagerneſs to the deſert, and the whole place was inſtantly in commotion. There was nothing but juſtling, ſcrambling, pulling, ſnatching, ſtruggling, ſcolding, and ſcreaming. The noſegays were torn from one another's hands and boſoms; the glaſſes and china went to wreck; the tables and floor were ſtrewed with comfits. Some cried, ſome ſwore, and the tropes and figures of Billingſgate were uſed without reſerve in all their native zeſt and flavour; nor were thoſe flowers of rhetoric unattended with ſignificant geſticulation. Some ſnapped their fingers, ſome forked them out, ſome clapped their hands, and ſome their backſides; at length they fairly proceeded to pulling caps, and every thing ſeemed to preſage a general battle; when Holder ordered his horns to ſound a charge, with a view to animate the combatants, and inflame the conteſt; but this manœuvre produced an effect quite contrary to what he expected. It

was a note of reproach that roused them to an immediate ſenſe of their diſgraceful ſituation. They were aſhamed of their abſurd deportment, and ſuddenly deſiſted. They gathered up their caps, ruffles, and handkerchiefs; and great part of them retired in ſilent mortification.

Quin laughed at this adventure; but my uncle's delicacy was hurt. He hung his head in manifeſt chagrin, and ſeemed to repine at the triumph of his judgment—Indeed his victory was more complete than he imagined; for, as we afterwards learned, the two amazons who ſignaliſed themſelves moſt in the action, did not come from the purlieus of Puddledock, but from the courtly neighbourhood of St. James's Palace. One was a baroneſs, and the other a wealthy knight's dowager—My uncle ſpoke not a word, till we had made our retreat good to the coffeehouſe; where, taking off his hat, and wiping his forehead, "I bleſs God (ſaid he) that Mrs. Tabitha Bramble did not take the field to-day!" "I would pit her for a cool hundred (cried Quin) againſt the beſt ſhake-bag of the whole main." The truth is, nothing could have kept her at home but the accident of her having taken phyſic before ſhe knew the nature of the entertainment. She has been for ſome days furbiſhing up an old ſuit of black velvet, to make her appearance as Sir Ulic's partner at the next ball.

I have much to ſay of this amiable kinſwoman; but ſhe has not been properly introduced to your acquaintance. She is remarkably civil to Mr. Quin; of whoſe ſarcaſtic humour ſhe ſeems to ſtand in awe; but her caution is no match for her impertinence. "Mr. Gwynn (ſaid ſhe the other day), I was once vaſtly entertained with your playing the Ghoſt of Gimlet at Drury-lane, when you roſe up through the ſtage, with a white face and red eyes, and ſpoke of *quails upon the frightful porcupine*. Do, pray, ſpout a little the Ghoſt of Gimlet." "Madam (ſaid Quin, with a glance of ineffable diſdain), the Ghoſt of Gimlet is laid, never to riſe again." Inſenſible of this check, ſhe proceeded: "Well, to be ſure, you looked and talked ſo like a real ghoſt; and then the cock crowed ſo natural—I wonder how you could teach him to crow ſo exact in the very nick of time; but I ſuppoſe he's game—An't he game, Mr. Gwynn?" "Dung-

hill, Madam." "Well, dunghill or not dunghill, he has got ſuch a clear counter-tenor, that I wiſh I had ſuch another at Brambletonhall, to wake the maids of a morning. Do you know where I could find one of his brood?" "Probably in the workhouſe of St. Giles's pariſh, Madam; but I proteſt I know not his particular mew." My uncle, frying with vexation, cried, "Good God, ſiſter, how you talk! I have told you twenty times that this gentleman's name is not Gwynn—" "Hoity, toity, brother of mine (ſhe replied), no offence, I hope—Gwynn is an honourable name, of true old Britiſh extraction—I thought the gentleman had been come of Mrs. Helen Gwynn, who was of his own profeſſion; and if ſo be that were the caſe, he might be of King Charles's breed, and have royal blood in his veins—" "No, Madam (anſwered Quin, with great ſolemnity), my mother was not a whore of ſuch diſtinction—True it is, I am ſometimes tempted to believe myſelf of royal deſcent; for my inclinations are often arbitrary.—If I was an abſolute prince at this inſtant, I believe I ſhould ſend for the head of your cook in a charger—She has committed felony on the perſon of that John Dory; which is mangled in a cruel manner, and even preſented without ſauce—*O tempora! O mores!*"

This good humoured ſally turned the converſation into a leſs diſagreeable channel—But, leſt you ſhould think my ſcribble as tedious as Mrs. Tabby's clack, I ſhall not add another word, but that I am as uſual,

Yours,

Bath, April 30. J. MELFORD.

To DR. LEWIS.

DEAR LEWIS,

I RECEIVED your bill upon Wiltſhire, which was punctually honoured; but, as I don't chooſe to keep ſo much caſh by me in a common lodging-houſe, I have depoſited 250*l.* in the bank of Bath, and ſhall take their bills for it on London, when I leave this place, where the ſeaſon

draws to an end—You muſt know, that now being afoot, I am reſolved to give Liddy a glimpſe of London. She is one of the beſt hearted creatures I ever knew, and gains upon my affection every day.—As for Tabby, I have dropped ſuch hints to the Iriſh baronet, concerning her fortune, as, I make no doubt, will cool the ardour of his addreſſes. Then her pride will take the alarm; and the rancour of ſtale maidenhood being chafed, we ſhall hear nothing but ſlander and abuſe of Sir Ulic Mackilligut—This rupture, I foreſee, will facilitate our departure from Bath; where, at preſent, Tabby ſeems to enjoy herſelf with peculiar ſatisfaction. For my part, I deteſt it ſo much, that I ſhould not have been able to ſtay ſo long in the place, if I had not diſcovered ſome old friends, whoſe converſation alleviates my diſguſt.—Going to the coffee-houſe one forenoon, I could not help contemplating the company, with equal ſurpriſe and compaſſion—We conſiſted of thirteen individuals; ſeven lamed by the gout, rheumatiſm, or palſy; three maimed by accident; and the reſt either deaf or blind. One hobbled, another hopped, a third dragged his legs after him like a wounded ſnake, a fourth ſtraddled betwixt a pair of long crutches, like the mummy of a felon hanging in chains; a fifth was bent into an horizontal poſition, like a mounted teleſcope, ſhoved in by a couple of chairmen; and a ſixth was the buſt of a man, ſet upright in a wheel machine, which the waiter moved from place to place.

Being ſtruck with ſome of their faces, I conſulted the ſubſcription-book; and, perceiving the names of ſeveral old friends, began to conſider the group with more attention. At length I diſcovered Rear-Admiral Balderick, the companion of my youth, whom I had not ſeen ſince he was appointed lieutenant of the Severn. He was metamorphoſed into an old man, with a wooden leg and a weather-beaten face; which appeared the more ancient from his gray locks, that were truly venerable.—Sitting down at the table, where he was reading a newſpaper, I gazed at him for ſome minutes, with a mixture of pleaſure and regret, which made my heart guſh with tenderneſs; then, taking him by the hand, "Ah, Sam (ſaid I), forty years ago I little thought—" I was too much moved to proceed. "An old friend, ſure enough! (cried he,

ſqueezing my hand, and ſurveying me eagerly through his glaſſes) I know the looming of the veſſel, though ſhe has been hard ſtrained ſince we parted; but I can't heave up the name—" The moment I told him who I was, he exclaimed, "Ha! Matt, my old fellow-cruiſer, ſtill afloat!" and, ſtarting up, hugged me in his arms. His tranſport, however, boded me no good; for, in ſaluting me, he thruſt the ſpring of his ſpectacles into my eye, and, at the ſame time, ſet his wooden ſtump upon my gouty toe; an attack that made me ſhed tears in ſad earneſt.—After the hurry of our recognition was over, he pointed out two of our common friends in the room: The buſt was what remained of Colonel Cockril, who had loſt the uſe of his limbs in making an American campaign; and the teleſcope proved to be my college chum, Sir Reginald Bentley; who, with his new title, and unexpected inheritance, commenced fox-hunter, without having ſerved his apprenticeſhip to the myſtery; and, in conſequence of following the hounds through a river, was ſeized with an inflammation in his bowels, which has contracted him into his preſent attitude.

Our former correſpondence was forthwith renewed, with the moſt hearty expreſſions of mutual good-will; and, as we had met ſo unexpectedly, we agreed to dine together that very day at the tavern. My friend Quin, being luckily unengaged, obliged us with his company; and, truly, this was the moſt happy day I have paſſed theſe twenty years. You and I, Lewis, having been always together, never taſted friendſhip in this high gout, contracted from long abſence. I cannot expreſs the half of what I felt at this caſual meeting of three or four companions, who had been ſo long ſeparated, and ſo roughly treated by the ſtorms of life. It was a renovation of youth; a kind of reſuſcitation of the dead, that realized thoſe intereſting dreams in which we ſometimes retrieve our ancient friends from the grave. Perhaps, my enjoyment was not the leſs pleating for being mixed with a ſtrain of melancholy, produced by the remembrance of paſt ſcenes, that conjured up the ideas of ſome endearing connections, which the hand of death has actually diſſolved.

The ſpirits and good humour of the company ſeemed

to triumph over the wreck of their conſtitutions. They had even philoſophy enough to joke upon their own calamities; ſuch is the power of friendſhip, the ſovereign cordial of life—I afterwards found, however, that they were not without their moments and even hours of diſquiet. Each of them apart, in ſucceeding conferences, expatiated upon his own particular grievances; and they were all malcontents at bottom—Over and above their perſonal diſaſters, they thought themſelves unfortunate in the lottery of life. Balderick complained, that all the recompence he had received for his long and hard ſervice was the half pay of a rear-admiral. The colonel was mortified to ſee himſelf overtopped by upſtart generals, ſome of whom he had once commanded; and, being a man of a liberal turn, could ill put up with a moderate annuity, for which he had ſold his commiſſion. As for the baronet, having run himſelf conſiderably in debt, on a conteſted election, he has been obliged to relinquiſh his ſeat in parliament, and his ſeat in the country at the ſame time, and put his eſtate to nurſe: But his chagrin, which is the effect of his own miſconduct, does not affect me half ſo much as that of the other two, who have acted honourable and diſtinguiſhed parts on the great theatre, and are now reduced to lead a weary life in this ſtew-pan of idleneſs and inſignificance. They have long left off uſing the waters, after having experienced their inefficacy. The diverſions of the place they are not in a condition to enjoy. How then do they make ſhift to paſs their time? In the forenoon they crawl out to the rooms or the coffeehouſe, where they take a hand at whiſt, or deſcant upon the General Advertiſer; and their evenings they murder in private parties, among peeviſh invalids, and inſipid old women—This is the caſe with a good number of individuals, whom nature ſeems to have intended for better purpoſes.

About a dozen years ago, many decent families, reſtricted to ſmall fortunes, beſides thoſe that came hither on the ſcore of health, were tempted to ſettle at Bath, where they could then live comfortably, and even make a genteel appearance, at a ſmall expence: But the madneſs of the times has made the place too hot for them, and they are now obliged to think of other migrations—Some

re already fled to the mountains of Wales, and others re retired to Exeter. Thither, no doubt, they will be lowed by the flood of luxury and extravagance, which ll drive them from place to place to the very Land's id; and there, I ſuppoſe, they will be obliged to ſhip emſelves to ſome other country. Bath is become a mere k of profligacy and extortion. Every article of houſe-eping is raiſed to an enormous price; a circumſtance longer to be wondered at, when we know that every tty retainer of fortune piques himſelf upon keeping a ble, and thinks 'tis for the honour of his character to ink at the knavery of his ſervants, who are in a confe-racy with the market-people, and of conſequence pay hatever they demand. Here is now a muſhroom of ulence, who pays a cook ſeventy guineas a week for miſhing him with one meal a day. This portentous enzy is become ſo contagious, that the very rabble and fuſe of mankind are infected. I have known a negro-iver, from Jamaica, pay over-night, to the maſter of ne of the rooms, ſixty-five guineas for tea and coffee to e company, and leave Bath next morning, in ſuch ob-urity, that not one of his gueſts had the ſlighteſt idea of s perſon, or even made the leaſt inquiry about his ame. Incidents of this kind are frequent; and every ay teems with freſh abſurdities, which are too groſs to ake a thinking man merry.—But I feel the ſpleen creep-g on me apace; and therefore will indulge you with a flation, that you may have no unneceſſary cauſe to curſe our correſpondence with,

Dear Dick,

Yours ever,

ath, May 5. MATT. BRAMBLE.

To Miſs LÆTITIA WILLIS, *at Glouceſter.*

MY DEAR LETTY,

WROTE you at great length by the poſt, the twenty-ſixth f laſt month, to which I refer you for an account of our roceedings at Bath; and I expect your anſwer with im-

patience. But having this opportunity of a private hand, I ſend you two dozen of Bath rings; ſix of the beſt of which I deſire you will keep for yourſelf, and diſtribute the reſt among the young ladies, our common friends, as you ſhall think proper—I don't know how you will approve of the mottoes; ſome of them are not much to my own liking; but I was obliged to take ſuch as I could find ready manufactured—I am vexed that neither you nor I have received any farther information of a certain perſon—Sure it can't be wilful neglect!—O my dear Willis! I begin to be viſited by ſtrange fancies, and to have ſome melancholy doubts; which, however, it would be ungenerous to harbour without further inquiry—My uncle, who has made me a preſent of a very fine ſet of garnets, talks of treating us with a jaunt to London; which, you may imagine, will be highly agreeable: But I like Bath ſo well, that I hope he won't think of leaving it till the ſeaſon is quite over; and yet, betwixt friends, ſomething has happened to my aunt, which will probably ſhorten our ſtay in this place.

Yeſterday, in the forenoon, ſhe went by herſelf to a breakfaſting in one of the rooms; and, in half an hour, returned in great agitation, having Chowder along with her in the chair. I believe ſome accident muſt have happened to that unlucky animal, which is the great ſource of all her troubles. Dear Letty! what a pity it is, that a woman of her years and diſcretion ſhould place her affection upon ſuch an ugly ill-conditioned cur, that ſnarls and ſnaps at every body. I aſked John Thomas, the footman who attended her, what was the matter? and he did nothing but grin. A famous dog doctor was ſent for, and undertook to cure the patient, provided he might carry him home to his own houſe; but his miſtreſs would not part with him out of her own ſight—She ordered the cook to warm clothes, which ſhe applied to his bowels with her own hand. She gave up all thoughts of going to the ball in the evening; and when Sir Ulic came to drink tea, refuſed to be ſeen; ſo that he went away to look for another partner. My brother Jery whiſtles and dances. My uncle ſometimes ſhrugs up his ſhoulders, and ſometimes burſts out a-laughing. My aunt ſobs and ſcolds by turns; and her woman Win. Jenkins, ſtares and

wonders with a fooliſh face of curioſity; and for my part, I am as curious as ſhe, but aſhamed to aſk queſtions.

Perhaps time will diſcover the myſtery; for if it was any thing that happened in the rooms, it can't be long concealed—All I know is, that laſt night, at ſupper, Miſs Bramble ſpoke very diſdainfully of Sir Ulic Mackilligut, and aſked her brother if he intended to keep us ſwelteringall the ſummer at Bath? "No, ſiſter Tabitha (ſaid he, with an arch ſmile), we ſhall retreat before the dog-days begin; though I make no doubt, that, with a little temperance and diſcretion, our conſtitutions might be kept cool enough all the year, even at Bath." As I don't know the meaning of this inſinuation, I won't pretend to make any remarks upon it at preſent: Hereafter, perhaps, I may be able to explain it more to your ſatisfaction—In the mean time, I beg you will be punctual in your correſpondence, and continue to love your ever faithful

Bath, May 6. LYDIA MELFORD.

To Sir WATKIN PHILLIPS, *Bart. of Jeſus College, Oxon.*

So then Mrs. Blackerby's affair has proved a falſe alarm, and I have ſaved my money? I wiſh, however, her declaration had not been ſo premature; for though my being thought capable of making her a mother, might have given me ſome credit, the reputation of an intrigue with ſuch a cracked pitcher does me no honour at all—In my laſt I told you I had hopes of ſeeing Quin in his hours of elevation at the tavern, which is the temple of mirth and good fellowſhip, where he, as prieſt of Comus, utters the inſpirations of wit and humour—I have had that ſatisfaction. I have dined with his club at the Three Tuns, and had the honour to ſit him out. At half an hour paſt eight in the evening, he was carried home with ſix good bottles of claret under his belt; and it being then Friday, he gave orders that he ſhould not be diſturbed till Sunday at noon—You muſt not imagine that this doſe had any other effect upon his converſation, but that of making it

more extravagantly entertaining—He had loſt the uſe of his limbs, indeed, ſeveral hours before we parted, but he retained all his other faculties in perfection; and as he gave vent to every whimſical idea as it roſe, I was really aſtoniſhed at the brilliancy of his thoughts, and the force of his expreſſion. Quin is a real voluptuary in the articles of eating and drinking; and ſo confirmed an epicure, in the common acceptation of the term, that he cannot put up with ordinary fare. This is a point of ſuch importance with him, that he always takes upon himſelf the charge of catering; and a man admitted to his meſs is always ſure of eating delicate victuals, and drinking excellent wine—He owns himſelf addicted to the delights of the ſtomach, and often jokes upon his own ſenſuality; but there is nothing ſelfiſh in this appetite—He finds that good cheer unites good company; exhilarates the ſpirits, opens the heart, baniſhes all reſtraint from converſation, and promotes the happieſt purpoſes of ſocial life. But Mr. James Quin is not a ſubject to be diſcuſſed in the compaſs of one letter; I ſhall therefore, at preſent, leave him to his repoſe, and call in another of a very different complexion.

You deſire to have further acquaintance with the perſon of our aunt, and promiſe yourſelf much entertainment from her connection with Sir Ulic Mackilligut; but in this hope you are baulked already; that connection is diſſolved. The Iriſh baronet is an old hound, that, finding her carrion, has quitted the ſcent. I have already told you, that Mrs. Tabitha Bramble is a maiden of forty-five. In her perſon, ſhe is tall, raw-boned, awkward, flat-cheſted, and ſtooping; her complexion is ſallow and freckled; her eyes are not gray, but greeniſh, like thoſe of a cat, and generally inflamed; her hair is of a ſandy or rather duſty hue; her forehead low; her noſe long, ſharp, and, towards the extremity, always red in cool weather; her lips ſkinny, her mouth extenſive, her teeth ſtraggling and looſe, of various colours and conformation; and her long neck ſhrivelled into a thouſand wrinkles—In her temper, ſhe is proud, ſtiff, vain, imperious, prying, malicious, greedy, and uncharitable. In all likelihood, her natural auſterity has been ſoured by diſappointment in love; for her long celibacy is by no means owing to her

diſlike of matrimony: On the contrary, ſhe has left no ſtone unturned, to avoid the reproachful epithet of old maid.

Before I was born, ſhe had gone ſuch lengths in the way of flirting with a recruiting officer, that her reputation was a little ſinged. She afterwards made advances to the curate of the pariſh, who dropped ſome diſtant hints about the next preſentation to the living, which was in her brother's gift; but finding that was already promiſed to another, he flew off at a tangent; and Mrs. Tabby, in revenge, found means to deprive him of his cure. Her next lover was a lieutenant of a man of war, a relation of the family, who did not underſtand the refinements of the paſſion, and expreſſed no averſion to grapple with couſin Tabby in the way of marriage; but before matters could be properly adjuſted, he went out on a cruiſe, and was killed in an engagement with a French frigate. Our aunt, though baffled ſo often, did not yet deſpair—She laid all her ſnares for Dr. Lewis, who is the *fides Achates* of my uncle. She even fell ſick upon the occaſion, and prevailed with Matt. to interpoſe in her behalf with his friend; but the doctor being a ſhy cock, would not be caught with chaff, and flatly rejected the propoſal: So that Mrs. Tabitha was content to exert her patience once more, after having endeavoured in vain to effect a rupture betwixt the two friends; and now ſhe thinks proper to be very civil to Lewis, who is become neceſſary to her in the way of his profeſſion.

Theſe, however, are not the only efforts ſhe has made towards a nearer conjunction with our ſex. Her fortune was originally no more than a thouſand pounds; but ſhe gained an acceſſion of five hundred, by the death of a ſiſter, and the lieutenant left her three hundred in his will. Theſe ſums ſhe has more than doubled, by living free of all expence, in her brother's houſe, and dealing in cheeſe and Welſh flannel, the produce of his flocks and dairy. At preſent her capital is increaſed to about four thouſand pounds; and her avarice ſeems to grow every day more and more rapacious: But even this is not ſo intolerable, as the perverſeneſs of her nature, which keeps the whole family in diſquiet and uproar. She is one of thoſe geniuſes who find ſome diabolical enjoyment in being dreaded and deteſted by their fellow-creatures.

I once told my uncle, I was ſurpriſed that a man of his diſpoſition could bear ſuch a domeſtic plague, when it could be ſo eaſily removed—The remark made him ſore, becauſe it ſeemed to tax him with want of reſolution—Wrinkling up his noſe, and drawing down his eye-brows, "A young fellow (ſaid he), when he firſt thruſts his ſnout into the world, is apt to be ſurpriſed at many things which a man of experience knows to be ordinary and unavoidable—This precious aunt of yours is become inſenſibly a part of my conſtitution—Damn her, ſhe's a *noli me tangere* in my fleſh, which I cannot bear to be touched or tampered with." I made no reply; but ſhifted the converſation. He really has an affection for this original, which maintains its ground in defiance of common ſenſe, and in deſpite of that contempt which he muſt certainly feel for her character and underſtanding. Nay, I am convinced, that ſhe has likewiſe a moſt violent attachment to his perſon; though her love never ſhows itſelf but in the ſhape of diſcontent; and ſhe perſiſts in tormenting him out of ſheer tenderneſs—The only object within doors upon which ſhe beſtows any marks of affection, in the uſual ſtyle, is her dog Chowder, a filthy cur from Newfoundland, which ſhe had in a preſent from the wife of a ſkipper in Swanſey—One would imagine ſhe had diſtinguiſhed this beaſt with her favour on account of his uglineſs and ill-nature; if it was not, indeed, an inſtinctive ſympathy between his diſpoſition and her own. Certain it is, ſhe careſſes him without ceaſing; and even haraſſes the family in the ſervice of this curſed animal, which, indeed, has proved the proximate cauſe of her breach with Sir Ulic Mackilligut.

You muſt know, ſhe yeſterday wanted to ſteal a march of poor Liddy, and went to breakfaſt in the room, without any other companion than her dog, in expectation of meeting with the baronet, who had agreed to dance with her in the evening—Chowder no ſooner made his appearance in the room, than the Maſter of the Ceremonies, incenſed at his preſumption, ran up to drive him away, and threatened him with his foot; but the other ſeemed to deſpiſe his authority, and, diſplaying a formidable caſe of long, white, ſharp teeth, kept the puny monarch at bay—While he ſtood under ſome trepidation, fronting his antagoniſt, and bawling to the waiter, Sir Ulic Mackilligut

came to his aſſiſtance; and ſeeming ignorant of the connection between this intruder and his miſtreſs, gave the former ſuch a kick in the jaws, as ſent him howling to the door—Mrs. Tabitha, incenſed at this outrage, ran after him, ſqualling in a tone equally diſagreeable; while the baronet followed her on one ſide, making apologies for his miſtake; and Derrick, on the other, making remonſtrances upon the rules and regulations of the place.

Far from being ſatisfied with the knight's excuſes, ſhe ſaid ſhe was ſure he was no gentleman; and when the Maſter of the Ceremonies offered to hand her into the chair, ſhe rapped him over the knuckles with her fan. My uncle's footman being ſtill at the door, ſhe and Chowder got into the ſame vehicle, and were carried off amidſt the jokes of the chairmen and other populace—I had been riding out on Clerkendown, and happened to enter juſt as the *fracas* was over—The baronet, coming up to me with an affected air of chagrin, recounted the adventure; at which I laughed heartily, and then his countenance cleared up. "My dear ſoul (ſaid he), when I ſaw a ſort of a wild baiſt, ſnarling with open mouth at the Maſter of the Ceremonies, like the red cow going to devour Tom Thumb, I could not do leſs than go to the aſſiſtance of the little man; but I never dreamt the baiſt was one of Mrs. Bramble's attendants—O! if I had, he might have made his breakfaſt upon Derrick, and welcome—but, you know, my dear friend, how natural it is for us Iriſhmen to blunder, and to take the wrong ſow by the ear—However, I will confeſs judgment, and cry her mercy; and, 'tis to be hoped, a penitent ſinner may be forgiven." I told him, that as the offence was not voluntary on his ſide, it was to be hoped he would not find her implacable.

But, in truth, all this concern was diſſembled. In his approaches of gallantry to Mrs. Tabitha, he had been miſled by a miſtake of at leaſt ſix thouſand pounds in the calculation of her fortune; and in this particular he was juſt undeceived. He, therefore, ſeized the firſt opportunity of incurring her diſpleaſure decently, in ſuch a manner as would certainly annihilate the correſpondence; and he could not have taken a more effectual method, than that of beating her dog. When he preſented himſelf at our door, to pay his reſpects to the offended fair,

he was refuſed admittance; and given to underſtand, that he ſhould never find her at home for the future. She was not ſo inacceſſible to Derrick, who came to demand ſatisfaction for the inſult ſhe had offered to him, even in the verge of his own court. She knew it was convenient to be well with the Maſter of the Ceremonies, while ſhe continued to frequent the rooms; and, having heard he was a poet, began to be afraid of making her appearance in a ballad or lampoon. She therefore made excuſes for what ſhe had done, imputing it to the flutter of her ſpirits; and ſubſcribed handſomely for his poems: So that he was perfectly appeaſed, and overwhelmed her with a profuſion of compliment. He even ſolicited a reconciliation with Chowder; which, however, the latter declined; and he declared, that if he could find a precedent in the annals of the Bath, which he would carefully examine for that purpoſe, her favourite ſhould be admitted to the next public breakfaſting—But, I believe, ſhe will not expoſe herſelf or him to the riſk of a ſecond diſgrace—Who will ſupply the place of Mackilligut in her affections, I cannot foreſee; but nothing in the ſhape of a man can come amiſs. Though ſhe is a violent church-woman, of the moſt intolerant zeal, I believe in my conſcience ſhe would have no objection, at preſent, to treat on the ſcore of matrimony with an Anabaptiſt, Quaker, or Jew; and even ratify the treaty at the expence of her own converſion. But, perhaps, I think too hardly of this kinſwoman; who, I muſt own, is very little beholden to the good opinion of

Yours,

Bath, May 6. J. MELFORD.

To DR. LEWIS.

You aſk me, why I don't take the air a-horſeback, during this fine weather?—In which of the avenues of this paradiſe would you have me take that exerciſe? Shall I commit myſelf to the high-roads of London or Briſtol, to be ſtifled with duſt, or preſſed to death in the midſt of poſt-chaiſes, flying-machines, waggons, and coal-horſes;

beſides the troops of fine gentlemen that take to the high-way, to ſhow their horſemanſhip; and the coaches of fine ladies, who go thither to ſhow their equipages? Shall I attempt the Downs, and fatigue myſelf to death in climbing up an eternal aſcent, without any hopes of reaching the ſummit?—Know, then, I have made divers deſperate leaps at thoſe upper regions; but always fell backward into this vapour-pit, exhauſted and diſpirited by thoſe ineffectual efforts; and here we poor valetudinarians pant and ſtruggle, like ſo many Chineſe gudgeons, gaſping in the bottom of a punch-bowl. By Heaven, it is a kind of enchantment! If I do not ſpeedily break the ſpell, and eſcape, I may chance to give up the ghoſt in this nauſeous ſtew of corruption.—It was but two nights ago that I had like to have made my public exit, at a minute's warning. One of my greateſt weakneſſes, is that of ſuffering myſelf to be over-ruled by the opinion of people whoſe judgment I deſpiſe—I own, with ſhame and confuſion of face, that importunity of any kind I cannot reſiſt. This want of courage and conſtancy is an original flaw in my nature, which you muſt have often obſerved with compaſſion, if not with contempt. I am afraid ſome of our boaſted virtues may be traced up to this defect.

Without further preamble, I was perſuaded to go to a ball, on purpoſe to ſee Liddy dance a minuet with a young petulant jackanapes, the only ſon of a wealthy undertaker from London, whoſe mother lodges in our neighbourhood, and has contracted an acquaintance with Tabby. I ſat a couple of long hours, half ſtifled, in the midſt of a noiſome crowd; and could not help wondering, that ſo many hundreds of thoſe that rank as rational creatures, could find entertainment in ſeeing a ſucceſſion of inſipid animals, deſcribing the ſame dull figure for a whole evening, on an area not much bigger than a tailor's ſhop-board. If there had been any beauty, grace, activity, magnificent dreſs, or variety of any kind, howſoever abſurd, to engage the attention, and amuſe the fancy, I ſhould not have been ſurpriſed; but there was no ſuch object—it was a tireſome repetition of the ſame languid frivolous ſcene, performed by actors that ſeemed to ſleep in all their motions.—The continual ſwimming of thoſe phantoms before my eyes, gave me a ſwimming of the

head, which was alſo affected by the fouled air, circulating through ſuch a number of rotten human bellows—I therefore retreated towards the door, and ſtood in the paſſage to the next room, talking to my friend Quin; when, an end being put to the minuets, the benches were removed to make way for the country dances, and the multitude riſing at once, the whole atmoſphere was put in commotion. Then, all of a ſudden, came ruſhing upon me an Egyptian gale, ſo impregnated with peſtilential vapours, that my nerves were overpowered, and I dropt ſenſeleſs upon the floor.

You may eaſily conceive what a clamour and confuſion this accident muſt have produced in ſuch an aſſembly.—I ſoon recovered, however, and found myſelf in an eaſy chair, ſupported by my own people.—Siſter Tabby, in her great tenderneſs, had put me to the torture, ſqueezing my head under her arm, and ſtuffing my noſe with ſpirit of hartſhorn, till the whole inſide was excoriated. I no ſooner got home, than I ſent for Dr. Ch—, who aſſured me I needed not be alarmed, for my ſwooning was entirely occaſioned by an accidental impreſſion of fetid effluvia upon nerves of uncommon ſenſibility. I know not how other people's nerves are conſtructed; but one would imagine they muſt be made of very coarſe materials, to ſtand the ſhock of ſuch a horrid aſſault.

It was, indeed, *a compound of villainous ſmells*, in which the moſt violent ſtinks and the moſt powerful perfumes contended for the maſtery. Imagine to yourſelf a high exalted eſſence of mingled odours, ariſing from putrid gums, impoſthumated lungs, ſour flatulencies, rank armpits, ſweating feet, running ſores and iſſues; plaſters, ointments, and embrocations, Hungary water, ſpirit of lavender, aſſafœtida drops, muſk, hartſhorn, and ſal volatile; beſides a thouſand frowzy ſteams, which I could not analyſe. Such, O Dick! is the fragrant ether we breathe in the polite aſſemblies of Bath—Such is the atmoſphere I have exchanged for the pure, elaſtic, animating air of the Welſh mountains—*O Rus, quando te aſpiciam!*—I wonder what the devil poſſeſſed me—but few words are beſt: I have taken my reſolution—You may well ſuppoſe I don't intend to entertain the company with a ſecond exhibition.—I have promiſed, in an

evil hour, to proceed to London, and that promiſe ſhall be performed; but my ſtay in the metropolis ſhall be brief. I have, for the benefit of my health, projected an expedition to the north, which, I hope, will afford ſome agreeable paſtime. I have never travelled farther that way than Scarborough; and, I think, it is a reproach upon me, as a Britiſh freeholder, to have lived ſo long without making an excurſion to the other ſide of the Tweed. Beſides, I have ſome relations ſettled in Yorkſhire, to whom it may not be improper to introduce my nephew and his ſiſter.—At preſent I have nothing to add, but that Tabby is happily diſentangled from the Iriſh baronet; and that I will not fail to make you acquainted, from time to time, with the ſequel of our adventures; a mark of conſideration which, perhaps, you would willingly diſpenſe with in

Your humble ſervant,

Bath, May 8. MATT. BRAMBLE.

To SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, *of Jeſus College, Oxon.*

DEAR PHILLIPS,

A FEW days ago we were terribly alarmed by my uncle's fainting at a ball—He has been ever ſince curſing his own folly, for going thither at the requeſt of an impertinent woman. He declares he will ſooner viſit a houſe infected with the plague, than truſt himſelf in ſuch a nauſeous ſpital for the future, for he ſwears the accident was occaſioned by the ſtench of the crowd; and that he would never deſire a ſtronger proof of our being made of very groſs materials, than our having withſtood the annoyance by which he was ſo much diſcompoſed. For my part, I am very thankful for the coarſeneſs of my organs, being in no danger of ever falling a ſacrifice to the delicacy of my noſe. Mr. Bramble is extravagantly delicate in all his ſenſations, both of ſoul and body. I was informed by Dr. Lewis, that he once fought a duel with an officer of the horſe guards, for turning aſide to the park wall on a neceſſary occaſion,

when he was paſſing with a lady under his protection. His blood riſes at every inſtance of inſolence and cruelty, even where he himſelf is no way concerned; and ingratitude makes his teeth chatter. On the other hand, the recital of a generous, humane, or grateful action, never fails to draw from him tears of approbation, which he is often greatly diſtreſſed to conceal.

Yeſterday one Paunceford gave tea on particular invitation.—This man after having been long buffeted by Adverſity, went abroad; and Fortune, reſolved to make him amends for her former coyneſs, ſet him all at once up to the very ears in affluence. He has now emerged from obſcurity, and blazes out in all the tinſel of the times. I don't find that he is charged with any practices that the law deems diſhoneſt, or that his wealth has made him arrogant or inacceſſible; on the contrary, he takes great pains to appear affable and gracious. But, they ſay, he is remarkable for ſhrinking from his former friendſhips, which were generally too plain and home-ſpun to appear amidſt his preſent brilliant connections; and that he ſeems uneaſy at ſight of ſome old benefactors, whom a man of honour would take pleaſure to acknowledge.—Be that as it may, he had ſo effectually engaged the company at Bath, that, when I went with my uncle to the coffee-houſe in the evening, there was not a ſoul in the room but one perſon, ſeemingly in years, who ſat by the fire, reading one of the papers. Mr. Bramble, taking his ſtation cloſe by him, "There is ſuch a crowd and confuſion of chairs in the paſſage to Simpſon's (ſaid he), that we could hardly get along.—I wiſh thoſe minions of fortune would fall upon more laudable ways of ſpending their money. I ſuppoſe, Sir, you like this kind of entertainment as little as I do?" "I can't ſay I have any great reliſh for ſuch entertainments," anſwered the other, without taking his eyes off the paper—"Mr. Serle (reſumed my uncle), I beg pardon for interrupting you; but I can't reſiſt the curioſity I have to know if you received a card on this occaſion?"

The man ſeemed ſurpriſed at this addreſs, and made ſome pauſe, as doubtful what anſwer he ſhould make. "I know my curioſity is impertinent (added my uncle), but I have a particular reaſon for aſking the favour."—

"If that be the caſe (replied Mr. Serle), I ſhall gratify you without heſitation, by owning, that I have had no card. But, give me leave, Sir, to aſk, in my turn, what reaſon you think I have to expect ſuch an invitation from the gentleman who gives tea?" "I have my own reaſons (cried Mr. Bramble, with ſome emotion), and am convinced more than ever, that this Paunceford is a contemptible fellow." "Sir (ſaid the other, laying down the paper), I have not the honour to know you, but your diſcourſe is a little myſterious, and ſeems to require ſome explanation. The perſon you are pleaſed to treat ſo cavalierly is a gentleman of ſome conſequence in the community; and, for aught you know, I may alſo have my particular reaſons for defending his character——" "If I was not convinced of the contrary (obſerved the other), I ſhould not have gone ſo far—" "Let me tell you, Sir (ſaid the ſtranger, raiſing his voice), you have gone too far in hazarding ſuch reflections—."

Here he was interrupted by my uncle; who aſked peeviſhly, if he was Don Quixote enough at this time of day, to throw down his gauntlet as champion for a man who had treated him with ſuch ungrateful neglect? "For my part (added he), I ſhall never quarrel with you again upon this ſubject; and what I have ſaid now has been ſuggeſted as much by my regard for you, as by my contempt of him—" Mr. Serle then, pulling off his ſpectacles, eyed uncle very earneſtly, ſaying, in a mitigated tone, "Surely I am much obliged—Ah Mr. Bramble! I now recollect your features, though I have not ſeen you theſe many years." "We might have been leſs ſtrangers to one another (anſwered the ſquire), if our correſpondence had not been interrupted, in conſequence of a miſunderſtanding occaſioned by this very—. But no matter—Mr. Serle, I eſteem your character; and my friendſhip, ſuch as it is, you may freely command." "The offer is too agreeable to be declined (ſaid he); I embrace it very cordially; and, as the firſt fruits of it, requeſt that you will change this ſubject, which with me, is a matter of peculiar delicacy."

My uncle owned he was in the right, and the diſcourſe took a more general turn. Mr. Serle paſſed the evening with us at our lodgings; and appeared to be intelligent,

and even entertaining, but his diſpoſition was rather of a melancholy hue. My uncle ſays he is a man of uncommon parts, and unqueſtioned probity; that his fortune, which was originally ſmall, has been greatly hurt by a romantic ſpirit of generoſity, which he has often diſplayed, even at the expence of his diſcretion, in favour of worthleſs individuals—That he had reſcued Paunceford from the loweſt diſtreſs, when he was bankrupt both in means and reputation—That he had eſpouſed his intereſts with a degree of enthuſiaſm, broke with ſeveral friends, and even drawn his ſword againſt my uncle, who had particular reaſons for queſtioning the moral character of the ſaid Paunceford; That, without Serle's countenance and aſſiſtance, the other never could have embraced the opportunity, which has raiſed him to this pinnacle of wealth: That Paunceford, in the firſt tranſports of his ſucceſs, had written, from abroad, letters to different correſpondents, owning his obligations to Mr. Serle, in the warmeſt terms of acknowledgment, and declaring he conſidered himſelf only as a factor for the occaſions of his beſt friend: That, without doubt, he had made declarations of the ſame nature to his benefactor himſelf, though this laſt was always ſilent and reſerved on the ſubject; but, for ſome years, thoſe tropes and figures of rhetoric had been diſuſed: that upon his return to England, he had been laviſh in his careſſes to Mr. Serle, invited him to his houſe, and preſſed him to make it his own: That he had overwhelmed him with general profeſſions, and affected to expreſs the warmeſt regard for him, in company of their common acquaintance; ſo that every body believed his gratitude was as liberal as his fortune; and ſome went ſo far as to congratulate Mr. Serle on both.

All this time Paunceford carefully and artfully avoided particular diſcuſſions with his old patron, who had too much ſpirit to drop the moſt diſtant hint of balancing the account of obligation: That, nevertheleſs, a man of his feelings could not but reſent this ſhocking return for all his kindneſs; and, therefore, he withdrew himſelf from the connection, without coming to the leaſt explanation, or ſpeaking a ſyllable on the ſubject to any living ſoul; ſo that now their correſpondence is reduced

to a ſlight ſalute with the hat, when they chance to meet in any public place; an accident that rarely happens, for their walks lie different ways. Mr. Paunceford lives in a palace, feeds upon dainties, is arrayed in ſumptuous apparel, appears in all the pomp of equipage, and paſſes his time among the nobles of the land. Serle lodges in Stall-ſtreet, up two pair of ſtairs backwards, walks a-foot in a Bath rug, eats for twelve ſhillings a-week, and drinks water as a preſervative againſt the gout and gravel.—Mark the viciſſitude. Paunceford once reſided in a garret; where he ſubſiſted upon ſheep's trotters and cow-heel, from which commons he was tranſlated to the table of Serle, that ever abounded with good cheer, until want of economy and retention reduced him to a ſlender annuity in his decline of years, that ſcarce affords the bare neceſſaries of life.—Paunceford, however, does him the honour to ſpeak of him ſtill with uncommon regard; and to declare what pleaſure it would give him to contribute in any ſhape to his convenience: "But you know (he never fails to add), he's a ſhy kind of a man—And then ſuch a perfect philoſopher, that he looks upon all ſuperfluities with the moſt ſovereign contempt."

Having given you this ſketch of 'Squire Paunceford, I need not make any comment on his character, but leave it at the mercy of your own reflection; from which, I dare ſay, it will meet with as little quarter as it has found with.

Yours always,

Bath, May 10. J. MELFORD.

To MRS. MARY JONES, *at Brambletonhall.*

DEAR MOLLY,

WE are all upon the ving—Hey for London, girl!—Fecks! we have been long enough here; for we're all turned tipſy turvy—Miſtreſs has excarded Sir Ulic for kicking of Chowder; and I have ſent O Frizzle away, with a flea in his ear—I've ſhewn him how little I minded his tinſy and his long tail—A fellor, who would think

for to go for to offer to take up with a dirty trollep under my noſe—I ketched him in the very fect, coming out of the houſe-maid's garret.—But I have gi'en the dirty ſlut a ſiſerary. O Molly! the ſarvants at Bath are devils in garnet—They lite the candle at both ends.—Here's nothing but ginketting, and waſting, and thieving, and tricking, and trigging; and then they are never content.—They won't ſuffer the ſquire and miſtreſs to ſtay any longer, becauſe they have been already above three weeks in the houſe, and they look for a couple of ginneys a-piece at our going away; and this is a parquiſite they expect every month in the ſeaſon, being as how no family has a right to ſtay longer than four weeks in the ſame lodgings; and ſo the cuck ſwears ſhe will pin the diſh-clout to miſtreſs's tail, and the houſe-maid vows ſhe'll put cow-itch in maſter's bed, if ſo be he don't diſcamp without furder ado—I don't blame them for making the moſt of their market, in the way of vails and parquiſites; and I defy the devil to ſay I am a tail-carrier, or ever brought a poor ſarvant into trouble—But then they oft to have ſome conſcience, in vronging thoſe that be ſarvants like themſelves.—For you muſt no, Molly, I miſſed three quarters of blond lace, and a remnant of muſlin, and my ſilver thimble, which was the gift of true love; they were all in my work baſket, that I left upon the table in the ſarvant's hall, when miſtreſs's bell rung; but if they had been under lock and kay, 'twould have been all the ſame, for there are double kays to all the locks in Bath; and they ſay as how the very teeth an't ſafe in your head, if you ſleep with your mouth open—And ſo, ſays I to myſelf, *them things could not go without hands, and ſo I'll watch their waters*; and ſo I did with a vitneſs—for then it was I found Bett conſarned with O Frizzle. And as the cuck had thrown her ſluſh at me, becauſe I had taken part with Chowder, when he fit with the turnſpit, I reſolved to make a clear kitchen, and throw ſome of her fat into the fire. I ketched the charewoman going out with her load in the morning, before ſhe thought I was up, and brought her to miſtreſs with her whole cargo—Marry, what do'ſt think ſhe had got in the name of God?—Her buckets were foaming full of our beſt beer, and her lap was ſtuffed with a cold tongue, part of a buttock of beef, half a

turkey, and a ſwinging lump of butter, and the matter of ten moulded kandles, that had ſcarce ever been lit. The cuck brazened it out, and ſaid, it was her rite to rummage the pantry, and ſhe was ready for to go before the mare; that he had been her potticary many years, and would never think of hurting a poor ſarvant, for giving away the ſcraps of the kitchen.—I went another way to work with Madam Betty, becauſe ſhe had been ſaucy, and called me ſkandelus names; and ſaid O Frizzle could'nt abide me, and twenty other odorous falſehoods. I got a varrant from the mare, and her box being ſarched by the conſtable, my things came out ſure enuff; beſides a full pound of vax candles, and a nite-cap of miſtreſs, that I could ſware to on my cruperal oaf—O! then Madam Mopſtick came upon her merrybones; and as the ſquire wouldn't hare of a purſecution, ſhe eſcaped a ſkewering; but, the longeſt day ſhe has to live, ſhe'll remember your

Humble ſervant,

Bath, May 15. WINEFRED JENKINS.

If the hind ſhould come again, before we begone, pray ſend me the ſhift and apron, with the vite gallow manky ſhoes, which you'll find in my pillober.—Service to Saul.

To SIR WATKIN PHILIPS, *Bart. of Jeſus College, Oxon.*

YOU are in the right, dear Philips; I don't expect regular anſwers to every letter—I know a college life is too circumſcribed to afford materials for ſuch quick returns of communication. For my part, I am continually ſhifting the ſcene, and ſurrounded with new objects, ſome of which are ſtriking enough. I ſhall therefore conclude my journal for your amuſement; and though, in all appearance, it will not treat of very important or intereſting particulars, it may prove, perhaps, not altogether uninſtructive and unentertaining.

The muſic and entertainments of Bath are over for this ſeaſon; and all our gay birds of paſſage have taken their

flight to Briſtol-well, Tunbridge, Brighthelmſtone, Scarborough, Harrowgate, &c. Not a ſoul is ſeen in this place, but a few broken-winded parſons, waddling like ſo many crows along the North Parade. There is always a great ſhow of the clergy at Bath; none of your thin, puny, yellow, hectic figures, exhauſted with abſtinence and hard ſtudy, labouring under the *morbi eruditorum*; but great overgrown dignitaries and rectors, with rubicund noſes and gouty ankles, or broad bloated faces, dragging along great ſwag bellies, the emblems of ſloth and indigeſtion.——

Now we are upon the ſubject of parſons, I muſt tell you a ludicrous adventure, which was achieved the other day by Tom Eaſtgate, whom you may remember on the foundation of Queen's. He had been very aſſiduous to pin himſelf upon George Prankley, who was a gentleman commoner of Chriſt-Church, knowing the ſaid Prankley was heir to a conſiderable eſtate, and would have the advowſon of a good living, the incumbent of which was very old and infirm. He ſtudied his paſſions, and flattered them ſo effectually, as to become his companion and counſellor: and at laſt obtained of him a promiſe of the preſentation, when the living ſhould fall. Prankley, on his uncle's death, quitted Oxford, and made his firſt appearance in the faſhionable world at London; from whence he came lately to Bath, where he has been exhibiting himſelf among the bucks and gameſters of the place. Eaſtgate followed him hither; but he ſhould not have quitted him for a moment, at his firſt emerging into life. He ought to have known he was a fantaſtic, fooliſh, fickle fellow, who would forget his college attachments the moment they ceaſed appealing to his ſenſes. Tom met with a cold reception from his old friend; and was, moreover, informed, that he had promiſed the living to another man, who had a vote in the county, where he propoſed to offer himſelf a canditate at the next general election. He now remembered nothing of Eaſtgate, but the freedoms he had uſed to take with him, while Tom had quietly ſtood his butt, with an eye to the benefice; and thoſe freedoms he began to repeat in common-place ſarcaſms on his perſon and his cloth, which he uttered in the public coffeehouſe, for the entertainment of the

company. But he was egregiouſly miſtaken in giving his own wit credit for that tameneſs of Eaſtgate, which had been entirely owing to prudential conſiderations. Theſe being now removed, he retorted his repartee with intereſt, and found no great difficulty in turning the laugh upon the aggreſſor; who, loſing his temper, called him names, and aſked, *If he knew whom he talked to?* After much altercation, Prankley, ſhaking his cane, bid him hold his tongue, otherwiſe he would duſt his caſſock for him. "I have no pretenſions to ſuch a valet (ſaid Tom); but if you ſhould do me that office, and overheat yourſelf, I have here a good oaken towel at your ſervice."

Prankley was equally incenſed and confounded at this reply. After a moment's pauſe, he took him aſide towards the window, and, pointing to the clump of firs on Clerkendown, aſked in a whiſper, if he had ſpirit enough to meet him there, with a caſe of piſtols, at ſix o'clock to-morrow morning? Eaſtgate anſwered in the affirmative; and, with a ſteady countenance, aſſured him, he would not fail to give him the rendezvous at the hour he mentioned. So ſaying, he retired; and the challenger ſtaid ſome time in manifeſt agitation. In the morning Eaſtgate, who knew his man, and had taken his reſolution, went to Prankley's lodgings, and rouſed him by five o'clock.

The ſquire, in all probability, curſed his punctuality in his heart, but he affected to talk big; and having prepared his artillery over-night, they croſſed the water at the end of the South Parade. In their progreſs up the hill, Prankley often eyed the parſon, in hopes of perceiving ſome reluctance in his countenance; but as no ſuch marks appeared, he attempted to intimidate him by word of mouth. "If theſe flints do their office (ſaid he), I'll do thy buſineſs in a few minutes." "I deſire you will do your beſt (replied the other); for my part, I come not here to trifle. Our lives are in the hands of God; and one of us already totters on the brink of eternity." This remark ſeemed to make ſome impreſſion upon the ſquire, who changed countenance, and with a faltering accent obſerved, "That it ill became a clergyman to be concerned in quarrels and bloodſhed." "Your inſolence to me (ſaid Eaſtgate) I ſhould have bore with patience, had not

you caſt the moſt infamous reflections upon my order, the honour of which I think myſelf in duty bound to maintain, even at the expence of my heart's blood; and ſurely it can be no crime to put out of the world a profligate wretch, without any ſenſe of principle, morality, or religion." "Thou may'ſt take away my life (cried Prankley, in great perturbation), but don't go to murder my character—What! haſt got no conſcience?" "My conſcience is perfectly quiet (replied the other); and now, Sir, we are upon the ſpot—Take your ground as near as you pleaſe; prime your piſtol; and the Lord, of his infinite mercy, have compaſſion upon your miſerable ſoul!"

This ejaculation he pronounced in a loud ſolemn tone, with his hat off, and his eyes lifted up; then drawing a large horſe piſtol, he preſented, and put himſelf in a poſture of action. Prankley took his diſtance, and endeavoured to prime; but his hand ſhook with ſuch violence, that he found this operation impracticable. His antagoniſt, ſeeing how it was with him, offered his aſſiſtance, and advanced for that purpoſe; when the poor ſquire, exceedingly alarmed at what he had heard and ſeen, deſired the action might be deferred till next day, as he had not ſettled his affairs. "I ha'n't made my will (ſaid he); my ſiſters are not provided for; and I juſt now recollect an old promiſe, which my conſcience tells me I ought to perform—I'll firſt convince thee, that I'm not a wretch without principle, and then thou ſhalt have an opportunity to take my life, which thou ſeemeſt to thirſt after ſo eagerly."

Eaſtgate underſtood the hint; and told him, that one day ſhould break no ſquares; adding, "God forbid that I ſhould be the means of hindering you from acting the part of an honeſt man, and a dutiful brother." By virtue of this ceſſation, they returned peaceably together. Prankley forthwith made out the preſentation of the living, and delivered it to Eaſtgate, telling him, at the ſame time, he had now ſettled his affairs, and was ready to attend him to the fir grove; but Tom declared he could not think of lifting his hand againſt the life of ſo great a benefactor—He did more: When they next met at the coffeehouſe, he aſked pardon of Mr. Prankley, if in his paſſion he had ſaid any thing to give him offence; and the ſquire was ſo

gracious as to forgive him with a cordial ſhake of the hand, declaring that he did not like to be at variance with an old college companion. Next day, however, he left Bath abruptly; and then Eaſtgate told me all theſe particulars, not a little pleaſed with the effects of his own ſagacity, by which he has ſecured a living worth 160l. per annum.

Of my uncle I have nothing at preſent to ſay; but that we ſet out to-morrow for London *en famille*. He and the ladies, with the maid and Chowder in a coach; I and the man-ſervant a-horſeback. The particulars of our journey you ſhall have in my next, provided no accident happens to prevent

Yours ever,

Bath, May 17. J. MELFORD.

To DR. LEWIS.

DEAR DICK,

I SHALL to-morrow ſet out for London, where I have beſpoke lodgings at Mrs. Norton's in Golden-ſquare. Although I am no admirer of Bath, I ſhall leave it with regret; becauſe I muſt part with ſome old friends, whom, in all probability, I ſhall never ſee again. In the courſe of coffeehouſe converſation, I had often heard very extraordinary encomiums paſſed on the performances of Mr. T—, a gentleman reſiding in this place, who paints landſcapes for his amuſement. As I have no great confidence in the taſte and judgment of coffeehouſe connoiſſeurs, and never received much pleaſure from this branch of the art, thoſe general praiſes made no impreſſion at all on my curioſity; but, at the requeſt of a particular friend, I went yeſterday to ſee the pieces which had been ſo warmly commended—I muſt own I am no judge of painting, though very fond of pictures. I don't imagine that my ſenſes would play me ſo falſe, as to betray me into admiration of any thing that was very bad; but, true it is, I have often overlooked capital beauties, in pieces of extraordinary merit. If I am not totally devoid of taſte,

however, this young gentleman of Bath is the beſt land-ſcape painter now living: I was ſtruck with his performances in ſuch a manner as I had never been by painting before. His trees not only have a richneſs of foliage, and warmth of colouring, which delights the view; but alſo a certain magnificence in the diſpoſition, and ſpirit in the expreſſion, which I cannot deſcribe. His management of the *chiaro oſcuro*, or light and ſhadow, eſpecially gleams of ſunſhine, is altogether wonderful, both in the contrivance and execution; and he is ſo happy in his perſpective, and marking his diſtances at ſea, by a progreſſive ſeries of ſhips, veſſels, capes, and promontories, that I could not help thinking I had a diſtant view of thirty leagues upon the back-ground of the picture. If there is any taſte for ingenuity left in a degenerate age, faſt ſinking into barbariſm, this artiſt, I apprehend, will make a capital figure, as ſoon as his works are known.

Two days ago, I was favoured with a viſit by Mr. Fitz-owen: who, with great formality, ſolicited my vote and intereſt at the general election. I ought not to have been ſhocked at the confidence of this man; though it was remarkable, conſidering what had paſſed between him and me on a former occaſion.—Theſe viſits are mere matter of form, which a candidate makes to every elector, even to thoſe who, he knows, are engaged in the intereſt of his competitor, leſt he ſhould expoſe himſelf to the imputation of pride, at a time when it is expected he ſhould appear humble. Indeed, I know nothing ſo abject as the behaviour of a man canvaſſing for a ſeat in parliament. This mean proſtration (to borough electors eſpecially) has, I imagine, contributed in a great meaſure to raiſe that ſpirit of inſolence among the vulgar, which, like the devil, will be found very difficult to lay. Be that as it may, I was in ſome confuſion at the effrontery of Fitz-owen; but I ſoon recollected myſelf, and told him, I had not yet determined for whom I ſhould give my vote, nor whether I ſhould give it for any. The truth is, I look upon both candidates in the ſame light; and ſhould think myſelf a traitor to the conſtitution of my country, if I voted for either. If every elector would bring the ſame conſideration home to his conſcience, we ſhould not have ſuch reaſon to exclaim againſt the venality of p———ts. But we are

all a pack of venal and corrupted raſcals; ſo loſt to all ſenſe of honeſty, and all tenderneſs of character, that, in a little time, I am fully perſuaded, nothing will be infamous but virtue and public ſpirit.

G. H——, who is really an enthuſiaſt in patriotiſm, and repreſented the capital in ſeveral ſucceſſive parliaments, declared to me t'other day, with the tears in his eyes, that he had lived above thirty years in the city of London, and dealt in the way of commerce with all the citizens of note in their turns; but that, as he ſhould anſwer to God, he had never, in the whole courſe of his life, found above three or four whom he could call thoroughly honeſt; a declaration, which was rather mortifying than ſurpriſing to me, who have found ſo few men of worth in the courſe of my acquaintance, that they ſerve only as exceptions; which, in the grammarian's phraſe, confirm and prove a general canon—I know you will ſay, G. H—— ſaw imperfectly through the miſt of prejudice, and I am rankled by the ſpleen—Perhaps you are partly in the right; for I have perceived that my opinion of mankind, like mercury in the thermometer, riſes and falls according to the variations of the weather.

Pray ſettle accounts with Barnes; take what money of mine is in his hands, and give him acquittance.—If you think Davis has ſtock or credit enough to do juſtice to the farm, give him a diſcharge for the rent that is due: This will animate his induſtry; for I know that nothing is ſo diſcouraging to a farmer, as the thoughts of being in arrears with his landlord. He becomes diſpirited, and neglects his labour; and ſo the farm goes to wreck. Tabby has been clamouring for ſome days about the lamb's ſkin, which Williams the hind begged of me when he was laſt at Bath. Prithee take it back, paying the fellow the full value of it, that I may have ſome peace in my own houſe; and let him keep his own counſel, if he means to keep his place—O! I ſhall never preſume to deſpiſe or cenſure any poor man for ſuffering himſelf to be henpecked; conſcious how I myſelf am obliged to truckle to a domeſtic demon; even though (bleſſed be God) ſhe is not yoked with me for life, in the matrimonial waggon—She has quarrelled with the ſervants of the houſe about vails; and ſuch intolerable ſcolding enſued on both ſides, that

I have been fain to appeaſe the cook and chambermaid by ſtealth. Can't you find ſome poor gentleman of Wales, to take this precious commodity off the hands of

Yours,

Bath, May 19. M. BRAMBLE.

To DR. LEWIS.

DOCTOR LEWS,

GIVE me leaf to tell you, methinks you mought employ your talons better, than to encourage ſervants to pillage their maſters—I find by Gwyllim, that Villiams has got my ſkin; for which he is an impotent raſcal. He has not only got my ſkin, but, moreover, my butter-milk to fatten his pigs; and, I ſuppoſe, the next thing he gets, will be my pad to carry his daughter to church and fair: Roger gets this, and Roger gets that; but I'd have you to know, I won't be rogered at this rate by any ragmatical fellow in the kingdom—And I am ſurpriſed, Doctor Lews, you would offer to put my affairs in compoſition with the refuge and ſkim of the hearth. I have toiled and moyled to a good purpuſs, for the advantage of Matt's family, if I can't ſafe as much owl as will make me an under-petticoat. As for the butter-milk, ne'er a pig in the pariſh ſhall thruſt his ſnout in it, with my good-will. There's a famous phyſician at the Hot Well, that preſcribes it to his patience, when the caſe is conſumptive; and the Scots and Iriſh have begun to drink it already, in ſuch quantities, that there is not a drop left for the hogs in the whole neighbourhood of Briſtol. I'll have our butter-milk barrelled up, and ſent twice a-week to Aberginny, where it may be ſold for a halfpenny the quart; and ſo Roger may carry his pigs to another market—I hope, Doctor, you will not go to put any more ſuch phims in my brother's head, to the prejudice of my pockat; but rather give me ſome raiſins (which hitherto you have not done) to ſubſcribe myſelf

Your humble ſervant,

Bath, May 19. TAB. BRAMBLE.

To SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, *of Jeſus College, Oxon.*

DEAR PHILLIPS,

WITHOUT waiting for your anſwer to my laſt, I proceed to give you an account of our journey to London, which has not been wholly barren of adventure. Tueſday laſt, the ſquire took his place in a hired coach and four, accompanied by his ſiſter and mine, and Mrs. Tabby's maid, Winifred Jenkins, whoſe province it was to ſupport Chowder on a cuſhion in her lap. I could ſcarce refrain from laughing, when I looked into the vehicle, and ſaw that animal ſitting oppoſite to my uncle, like any other paſſenger. The ſquire, aſhamed of his ſituation, bluſhed to the eyes; and, calling to the poſtillions to drive on, pulled the glaſs up in my face. I, and his ſervant John Thomas, attended them on horſeback.

Nothing worth mentioning occurred, till we arrived on the edge of Marlborough Downs. There one of the fore horſes fell, in going down hill at a round trot; and the poſtillion behind, endeavouring to ſtop the carriage, pulled it on one ſide into a deep rut, where it was fairly overturned. I had rode on about two hundred yards before; but, hearing a loud ſcream, galloped back and diſmounted, to give what aſſiſtance was in my power. When I looked into the coach, I could ſee nothing diſtinctly, but the nether end of Jenkins, who was kicking her heels and ſqualling with great vociferation. All of a ſudden, my uncle thurſt up his bare pate, and bolted through the window, as nimble as a graſhopper, having made uſe of poor Win's poſteriors as a ſtep to riſe in his aſcent—— The man (who had likewiſe quitted his horſe) dragged this forlorn damſel, more dead than alive, through the ſame opening. Then Mr. Bramble, pulling the door off its hinges with a jerk, laid hold on Liddy's arm, and brought her to the light, very much frighted, but little hurt. It fell to my ſhare to deliver our aunt Tabitha, who had loſt her cap in the ſtruggle; and, being rather more than half frantic with rage and terror, was no bad repreſentation of one of the ſiſter furies that guard the gates of hell—She expreſſed no ſort of concern for her brother,

who ran about in the cold, without his periwig, and worked with the moſt aſtoniſhing agility, in helping to diſentangle the horſes from the carriage: But ſhe cried, in a tone of diſtraction, "Chowder! Chowder! my dear Chowder! my poor Chowder is certainly killed!"

This was not the caſe—Chowder, after having tore my uncle's leg in the confuſion of the fall, had retreated under the ſeat, and from thence the footman drew him by the neck; for which good office he bit his fingers to the bone. The fellow, who is naturally ſurly, was ſo provoked at this aſſault, that he ſaluted his ribs with a hearty kick, exclaiming, "Damn the naſty ſon of a bitch, and them he belongs to!" A benediction, which was by no means loſt upon the implacable virago his miſtreſs—Her brother, however, prevailed upon her to retire into a peaſant's houſe, near the ſcene of action, where his head and her's were covered, and poor Jenkins had a fit—Our next care was to apply ſome ſticking plaſter to the wound in his leg, which exhibited the impreſſion of Chowder's teeth; but he never opened his lips againſt the delinquent—Mrs. Tabby, alarmed at this ſcene, "You ſay nothing, Matt (cried ſhe), but I know your mind—I know the ſpite you have to that poor unfortunate animal! I know you intend to take his life away!" "You are miſtaken, upon my honour! (replied the ſquire, with a ſarcaſtic ſmile) I ſhould be incapable of harbouring any ſuch cruel deſign againſt an object ſo amiable and inoffenſive; even if he had not the happineſs to be your favourite."

John Thomas was not ſo delicate. The fellow, whether really alarmed for his life, or inſtigated by the deſire of revenge, came in, and bluntly demanded, that the dog ſhould be put to death; on the ſuppoſition, that, if ever he ſhould run mad hereafter, he, who had been bit by him, would be infected. My uncle calmly argued upon the abſurdity of his opinion, obſerving, that he himſelf was in the ſame predicament, and would certainly take the precaution he propoſed, if he was not ſure he ran no riſk of infection. Nevertheleſs Thomas continued obſtinate; and, at length, declared, that if the dog was not ſhot immediately, he himſelf would be his executioner—This declaration opened the flood-gates of

Tabby's eloquence, which would have ſhamed the firſt-rate oratreſs of Billingſgate. The footman retorted in the ſame ſtyle; and the ſquire diſmiſſed him from his ſervice, after having prevented me from giving him a good horſe-whipping for his inſolence.

The coach being adjuſted, another difficulty occurred —Mrs. Tabitha abſolutely refuſed to enter it again, unleſs another driver could be found to take the place of the poſtillion; who, ſhe affirmed, had overturned the carriage from malice aforethought—After much diſpute, the man reſigned his place to a ſhabby country fellow, who undertook to go as far as Marlborough, where they could be better provided; and at that place we arrived about one o'clock, without farther impediment. Mrs. Bramble, however, found new matter of offence; which indeed ſhe had a particular genius for extracting at will from almoſt every incident in life.—We had ſcarce entered the room at Marlborough, where we ſtaid to dine, when ſhe exhibited a formal complaint againſt the poor fellow who had ſuperſeded the poſtillion. She ſaid he was ſuch a beggarly raſcal, that he had ne'er a ſhirt to his back; and had the impudence to ſhock her ſight by ſhowing his bare poſteriors, for which act of indelicacy he deſerved to be ſet in the ſtocks. Mrs. Winifred Jenkins confirmed the aſſertion, with reſpect to his nakedneſs, obſerving, at the ſame time, that he had a ſkin as fair as alabaſter.

"This is a heinous offence, indeed (cried my uncle), let us hear what the fellow has to ſay in his own vindication." He was accordingly ſummoned, and made his appearance, which was equally queer and pathetic—He ſeemed to be about twenty years of age, of a middling ſize, with bandy legs, ſtooping ſhoulders, high forehead, ſandy locks, pinking eyes, flat noſe, and long chin—but his complexion was of a ſickly yellow: His looks denoted famine; and the rags that he wore could hardly conceal what decency requires to be covered—My uncle, having ſurveyed him attentively, ſaid, with an ironical expreſſion in his countenance, "An't you aſhamed, fellow, to ride poſtillion without a ſhirt to cover your backſide from the view of the ladies in the coach?" "Yes, I am, an' pleaſe your noble honour (anſwered the man); but neceſſity has no law, as the ſaying is—And more than that, it

was an accident—My breeches cracked behind, after I had got into the ſaddle—" "You're an impudent varlet (cried Mrs. Tabby), for preſuming to ride before perſons of faſhion without a ſhirt—" "I am ſo, an' pleaſe your worthy ladyſhip (ſaid he); but I'm a poor Wiltſhire lad —I ha'n't a ſhirt in the world, that I can call my own, nor a rag of clothes, an' pleaſe your ladyſhip, but what you ſee—I have no friend nor relation upon earth to help me out—I have had the fever and ague theſe ſix months, and ſpent all I had in the world upon doctors, and to keep ſoul and body together; and ſaving your ladyſhip's good preſence, I ha'n't broke bread theſe four and twenty hours—"

Mrs. Bramble, turning from him, ſaid ſhe had never ſeen ſuch a filthy tatterdemalion, and bid him begone; obſerving, that he would fill the room full of vermin—Her brother darted a ſignificant glance at her, as ſhe retired with Liddy into another apartment; and then aſked the man if he was known to any perſon in Marlborough? When he anſwered, that the landlord of the inn had known him from his infancy, mine hoſt was immediately called, and, being interrogated on the ſubject, declared, that the young fellow's name was Humphry Clinker: That he had been a love-begotten babe, brought up in the work-houſe, and put out apprentice by the pariſh to a country blackſmith, who died before the boy's time was out: That he had for ſome time worked under his oſtler, as a helper and extra poſtillion, till he was taken ill of the ague, which diſabled him from getting his bread: That, having ſold or pawned every thing he had in the world for his cure and ſubſiſtence, he became ſo miſerable and ſhabby, that he diſgraced the ſtable, and was diſmiſſed; but that he never heard any thing to the prejudice of his character in other reſpects. "So that the fellow being ſick and deſtitute (ſaid my uncle), you turned him out to die in the ſtreets." "I pay the poor's rate (replied the other), and I have no right to maintain idle vagrants, either in ſickneſs or health; beſides, ſuch a miſerable object would have brought a diſcredit upon my houſe—"

"You perceive (ſaid the ſquire, turning to me) our landlord is a Chriſtian of bowels—Who ſhall preſume to

cenſure the morals of the age,' when the very publicans exhibit ſuch examples of humanity?—Heark ye, Clinker, you are a moſt notorious offender—You ſtand convicted of ſickneſs, hunger, wretchedneſs, and want—But, as it does not belong to me to puniſh criminals, I will only take upon me the taſk of giving you a word of advice—Get a ſhirt with all convenient diſpatch, that your nakedneſs may not henceforward give offence to travelling gentle women, eſpecially maidens in years."

So ſaying, he put a guinea into the hand of the poor fellow, who ſtood ſtaring at him in ſilence, with his mouth wide open, till the landlord puſhed him out of the room.

In the afternoon, as our aunt ſtept into the coach, ſhe obſerved, with ſome marks of ſatisfaction, that the poſtillion, who rode next to her, was not a ſhabby wretch like the ragamuffin who had drove them into Marlborough. Indeed, the difference was very conſpicuous: This was a ſmart fellow, with a narrow brimmed hat, with gold cording, a cut bob, a decent blue jacket, leather breeches, and a clean linen ſhirt, puffed above the waiſtband. When we arrived at the caſtle on Spinhill, where we lay, this new poſtillion was remarkably aſſiduous in bringing in the looſe parcels; and at length diſplayed the individual countenance of Humphry Clinker, who had metamorphoſed himſelf in this manner, by relieving from pawn part of his own clothes, with the money he had received from Mr. Bramble.

Howſoever pleaſed the reſt of the company were with ſuch a favourable change in the appearance of this poor creature, it ſoured on the ſtomach of Mrs. Tabby, who had not yet digeſted the affront of his naked ſkin—She toſſed her noſe in diſdain, ſaying, ſhe ſuppoſed her brother had taken him into favour, becauſe he had inſulted her with his obſcenity; that a fool and his money were ſoon parted; but that if Matt intended to take the fellow with him to London, ſhe would not go a foot further that way—My uncle ſaid nothing with his tongue, though his looks were ſufficiently expreſſive; and next morning Clinker did not appear, ſo that we proceeded without farther altercation to Salthill, where we propoſed to dine—There, the firſt perſon that came to the ſide of the coach,

and began to adjuſt the foot-board, was no other than Humphry Clinker—When I handed out Mrs. Bramble, ſhe eyed him with a furious look, and paſſed into the houſe—My uncle was embarraſſed, and aſked him peeviſhly what had brought him hither? The fellow ſaid, his honour had been ſo good to him, that he had not the heart to part with him;—that he would follow him to the world's end, and ſerve him all the days of his life, without fee or reward—"

Mr. Bramble did not know whether to chide or laugh at this declaration—He foreſaw much contradiction on the ſide of Tabby; and, on the other hand, he could not but be pleaſed with the gratitude of Clinker, as well as with the ſimplicity of his character—"Suppoſe I was inclined to take you into my ſervice (ſaid he), what are your qualifications? what are you good for?" "An' pleaſe your honour (anſwered this original), I can read and write, and do the buſineſs of the ſtable indifferent weli—I can dreſs a horſe and ſhoe him, and bleed and rowl him; and, as for the practice of ſow-gelding, I won't turn my back on e'er a he in the county of Wilts —Then I can make hogs puddings and hob-nails, mend kettles, and tin ſauce-pans—" Here uncle burſt out a-laughing; and inquired what other accompliſhments he was maſter of—"I know ſomething of ſingle ſtick and pſalmody (proceeded Clinker), I can play upon the Jew's harp, ſing Black-ey'd Suſan, Arthur O'Bradley, and divers other ſongs; I can dance a Welſh jig, and Nancy Dawſon; wreſtle a fall with any lad of my inches, when I'm in heart; and under correction, I can find a hare when your honour wants a bit of game." "Foregad! thou art a complete fellow (cried my uncle, ſtill laughing), I have a good mind to take thee into my family—Prithee, go and try if thou can'ſt make peace with my ſiſter—Thou haſt given her much offence, by ſhowing her thy naked tail."

Clinker accordingly followed us into the room, cap in hand, where, addreſſing himſelf to Mrs. Tabitha, "May it pleaſe your ladyſhip's worſhip (cried he), to pardon and forgive my offences, and, with God's aſſiſtance, I ſhall take care that my tail ſhall never riſe up in judgment againſt me, to offend your ladyſhip again—Do, pray, good,

ſweet, beautiful lady, take compaſſion on a poor ſinner—God bleſs your noble countenance; I am ſure you are too handſome and generous to bear malice—I will ſerve you on my bended knees, by night and by day, by land and by water; and all for the love and pleaſure of ſerving ſuch an excellent lady."

This compliment and humiliation had ſome effect upon Tabby; but ſhe made no reply; and Clinker, taking ſilence for conſent, gave his attendance at dinner. The fellow's natural awkwardneſs, and the flutter of his ſpirits, were productive of repeated blunders in the courſe of his attendance—At length, he ſpilt part of a cuſtard upon her right ſhoulder; and, ſtarting back, trode upon Chowder, who ſet up a diſmal howl—Poor Humphry was ſo diſconcerted at this double miſtake, that he dropt the china diſh, which broke into a thouſand pieces; then, falling down upon his knees, remained in that poſture gaping, with a moſt ludicrous aſpect of diſtreſs—Mrs. Bramble flew to the dog, and ſnatching him in her arms, preſented him to her brother, ſaying, "This is all a concerted ſcheme againſt this unfortunate animal, whoſe only crime is its regard for me—Here it is; kill it at once; and then you'll be ſatisfied."

Clinker, hearing theſe words, and taking them in the literal acceptation, got up in ſome hurry, and, ſeizing a knife from the ſideboard, cried, "Not here, an' pleaſe your ladyſhip—It will daub the room—Give him to me, and I'll carry him into the ditch by the roadſide—" To this propoſal he received no other anſwer, than a hearty box on the ear, that made him ſtagger to the other ſide of the room. "What (ſaid ſhe to her brother)! am I to be affronted by every mangy hound that you pick up in the highway? I inſiſt upon your ſending this raſcallion about his buſineſs immediately—" "For God's ſake, ſiſter, compoſe yourſelf (ſaid my uncle), and conſider, that the poor fellow is innocent of any intention to give you offence—" "Innocent as the babe unborn—" (cried Humphry). "I ſee it plainly (exclaimed this implacable maiden), he acts by your direction; and you are reſolved to ſupport him in his impudence—This is a bad return for all the ſervices I have done you; [illegible] you in your ſickneſs, managing your [illegible]

from ruining yourſelf by your own imprudence—But now you ſhall part with that raſcal or me, upon the ſpot, without farther loſs of time; and the world ſhall ſee whether you have more regard for your own fleſh and blood, or for a beggarly foundling taken from the dung-hill—"

Mr. Bramble's eyes began to gliſten, and his teeth to chatter. "If ſtated fairly (ſaid he, raiſing his voice), the queſtion is, whether I have ſpirit to ſhake off an intolerable yoke, by one effort of reſolution, or meanneſs enough to do an act of cruelty and injuſtice, to gratify the rancour of a capricious woman—Hark ye, Mrs. Tabitha Bramble, I will now propoſe an alternative in my turn—Either diſcard your four-footed favourite, or give me leave to bid you eternally adieu—For I am determined, that he and I ſhall live no longer under the ſame roof; and now *to dinner with what appetite you may*"— Thunderſtruck at this declaration, ſhe ſat down in a corner; and, after a pauſe of ſome minutes, "Sure I don't underſtand you, Matt (ſaid ſhe)!" "And yet I ſpoke in plain Engliſh—" anſwered the ſquire with a peremptory look. "Sir (reſumed this virago, effectually humbled), it is your prerogative to command, and my duty to obey. I can't diſpoſe of the dog in this place; but if you'll allow him to go in the coach to London, I give you my word, he ſhall never trouble you again—"

Her brother, entirely diſarmed by this mild reply, declared, ſhe could aſk him nothing in reaſon that he would refuſe; adding, "I hope, ſiſter, you have never found me deficient in natural affection." Mrs. Tabitha immediately roſe, and, throwing her arms about his neck, kiſſed him on the cheek: He returned her embrace with great emotion. Liddy ſobbed, Win Jenkins cackled, Chowder capered, and Clinker ſkipped about, rubbing his hands for joy of this reconciliation.

Concord being thus reſtored, we finiſhed our meal with comfort; and in the evening arrived at London, without having met with any other adventure. My aunt ſeems to be much mended by the hint ſhe received from her brother. She has been graciouſly pleaſed to remove her diſpleaſure from Clinker, who is now retained as a footman, and, in a day or two, will make his appearance in a new

ſuit of livery; but as he is little acquainted with London, we have taken an occaſional valet, whom I intend hereafter to hire as my own ſervant.—We lodge in Golden-ſquare, at the houſe of one Mrs. Norton, a decent ſort of a woman, who takes great pains to make us all eaſy. My uncle propoſes to make a circuit of all the remarkable ſcenes of this metropolis, for the entertainment of his pupils; but as both you and I are already acquainted with moſt of thoſe he will viſit, and with ſome others he little dreams of, I ſhall only communicate what will be in ſome meaſure new to your obſervation. Remember me to our jeſuitical friends, and believe me ever,

Dear knight,

Yours affectionately,

London, May 24. J. MELFORD.

To DR. LEWIS.

DEAR DOCTOR,

LONDON is literally new to me; new in its ſtreets, houſes, and even in its ſituation: As the Iriſhman ſaid, "London is now gone out of town."—What I left open fields, producing hay and corn, I now find covered with ſtreets and ſquares, and palaces and churches. I am credibly informed, that, in the ſpace of ſeven years, eleven thouſand new houſes have been built in one quarter of Weſtminſter, excluſive of what is daily added to other parts of this unwieldy metropolis. Pimlico and Knightsbridge are now almoſt joined to Chelſea and Kenſington; and, if this infatuation continues for half a century, I ſuppoſe the whole county of Middleſex will be covered with brick.

It muſt be allowed, indeed, for the credit of the preſent age, that London and Weſtminſter are much better paved and lighted than they were formerly. The new ſtreets are ſpacious, regular, and airy, and the houſes generally convenient. The bridge at Blackfriars is a noble monument of taſte and public ſpirit—I wonder how they ſtumbled upon a work of ſuch magnificence and utility.

But, notwithſtanding theſe improvements, the capital is become an overgrown monſter, which, like a dropſical head, will in time leave the body and extremities without nouriſhment and ſupport. The abſurdity will appear in its full force, when we conſider, that one-ſixth part of the natives of this whole extenſive kingdom is crowded within the bills of mortality. What wonder that our villages are depopulated, and our farms in want of day-labourers! the abolition of ſmall farms is but one cauſe of the decreaſe of population. Indeed, the incredible increaſe of horſes and black cattle, to anſwer the purpoſes of luxury, requires a prodigious quantity of hay and graſs, which are raiſed and managed without much labour; but a number of hands will always be wanted for the different branches of agriculture, whether the farms be large or ſmall—The tide of luxury has ſwept all the inhabitants from the open country—The pooreſt ſquire, as well as the richeſt peer, muſt have his houſe in town, and make a figure with an extraordinary number of domeſtics. The plough boys, cow herds, and lower hinds, are debauched and ſeduced by the appearance and diſcourſe of thoſe coxcombs in livery, when they make their ſummer excurſions. They deſert their dirt and drudgery, and ſwarm up to London, in hopes of getting into ſervice, where they can live luxurioufly, and wear fine clothes, without being obliged to work; for idleneſs is natural to man—Great numbers of theſe, being diſappointed in their expectation, become thieves and ſharpers; and London being an immenſe wilderneſs, in which there is neither watch nor ward of any ſignification, nor any order or police, affords them lurking places as well as prey.

There are many cauſes that contribute to the daily increaſe of this enormous maſs; but they may be all reſolved into the grand ſource of luxury and corruption. About five-and-twenty years ago, very few even of the moſt opulent citizens of London kept any equipage, or even any ſervants in livery. Their tables produced nothing but plain boiled and roaſted, with a bottle of port and a tankard of beer. At preſent, every trader in any degree of credit, every broker and attorney, maintains a couple of footmen, a coachman, and poſtillion. He has his town-houſe and his country-houſe, his coach, and his

poſt-chaiſe. His wife and daughters appear in the richeſt ſtuffs, beſpangled with diamonds. They frequent the court, the opera, the theatre, and the maſquerade. They hold aſſemblies at their own houſes; they make ſumptuous entertainments, and treat with the richeſt wines of Bourdeaux, Burgundy, and Champagne. The ſubſtantial tradeſman, who wont to paſs his evenings at the alehouſe for fourpence halfpenny, now ſpends three ſhillings at the tavern, while his wife keeps card-tables at home; ſhe muſt alſo have fine clothes, her chaiſe, or pad, with country lodgings, and go three times a-week to public diverſions. Every clerk, apprentice, and even waiter of a tavern or coffee-houſe, maintains a gelding by himſelf or in partnerſhip, and aſſumes the air and apparel of a petit-maitre.—The gayeſt places of public entertainment are filled with faſhionable figures, which, upon inquiry, will be found to be journeymen tailors, ſerving-men, and Abigails, diſguiſed like their betters.

In ſhort, there is no diſtinction or ſubordination left. The different departments of life are jumbled together—The hod-carrier, the low mechanic, the tapſter, the publican, the ſhop-keeper, the pettifogger, the citizen, and courtier, *all tread upon the kibes of one another;* actuated by the demons of profligacy and licentiouſneſs, they are ſeen every where, rambling, riding, rolling, ruſhing, joſtling, mixing, bouncing, cracking, and craſhing in one vile ferment of ſtupidity and corruption—All is tumult and hurry.—One would imagine they were impelled by ſome diſorder of the brain, that will not ſuffer them to be at reſt. The foot-paſſengers run along as if they were purſued by bailiffs. The porters and chairmen trot with their burdens. People, who keep their own equipages, drive through the ſtretts at full ſpeed. Even citizens, phyſicians, and apothecaries glide in their chariots like lightning. The hackney coachmen make their horſes ſmoke, and the pavement ſhakes under them; and I have actually ſeen a waggon paſs through Piccadilly at the hand-gallop. In a word, the whole nation ſeems to be running out of their wits.

The diverſions of the times are not ill-ſuited to the genius of this incongruous monſter, called *the public.*—Give it noiſe, confuſion, glare, and glitter, it has no idea

of elegance and propriety.—What are the amuſements at Ranelagh? One half of the company are following one another's tails, in an eternal circle, like ſo many blind aſſes in an olive-mill, where they can neither diſcourſe, diſtinguiſh, nor be diſtinguiſhed; while the other half are drinking hot water, under the denomination of tea, till nine or ten o'clock at night, to keep them awake for the reſt of the evening. As for the orcheſtra, the vocal muſic eſpecially, it is well for the performers that they cannot be heard diſtinctly.—Vauxhall is a compoſition of baubles, overcharged with paltry ornaments, ill conceived, and poorly executed, without any unity of deſign, or propriety of diſpoſition. It is an unnatural aſſemblage of objects, fantaſtically illuminated in broken maſſes, ſeemingly contrived to dazzle the eyes and divert the imagination of the vulgar. Here a wooden lion, there a ſtone ſtatue; in one place a range of things like coffee-houſe boxes covered a-top, in another a parcel of ale-houſe benches, in a third a puppet-ſhow repreſentation of a tin caſcade, in a fourth a gloomy cave of a circular form, like a ſepulchral vault, half-lighted, in a fifth a ſcanty ſlip of graſs-plot, that would not afford paſture ſufficient for an aſs's colt. The walks, which Nature ſeems to have intended for ſolitude, ſhade, and ſilence, are filled with crowds of noiſy people, ſucking up the nocturnal rheums of an aguiſh climate; and through theſe gay ſcenes a few lamps glimmer like ſo many farthing candles.

When I ſee a number of well-dreſſed people, of both ſexes, ſitting on the covered benches, expoſed to the eyes of the mob, and, which is worſe, to the cold, raw, night air, devouring ſliced beef, and ſwilling port, and punch, and cyder, I can't help compaſſionating their temerity, while I deſpiſe their want of taſte and decorum; but, when they courſe along thoſe damp and gloomy walks, or crowd together upon the wet gravel, without any other cover than the cope of heaven, liſtening to a ſong, which one half of them cannot poſſibly hear, how can I help ſuppoſing they are actually poſſeſſed by a ſpirit more abſurd and pernicious than any thing we meet with in the precincts of Bedlam? In all probability, the proprietors of this, and other public gardens of inferior note, in the ſkirts of the metropolis, are, in ſome ſhape, connected

with the faculty of phyſic, and the company of undertakers; for, conſidering that eagerneſs in the purſuit of what is called pleaſure, which now predominates through every rank and denomination of life, I am perſuaded that more gouts, rheumatiſms, catarrhs, and conſumptions, are caught in theſe nocturnal paſtimes, *ſub dio*, than from all the riſks and accidents to which a life of toil and danger is expoſed.

Theſe, and other obſervations which I have made in this excurſion, will ſhorten my ſtay in London, and ſend me back with a double reliſh to my ſolitude and mountains; but I ſhall return by a different route from that which brought me to town. I have ſeen ſome old friends, who conſtantly reſided in this virtuous metropolis, but they are ſo changed in manners and diſpoſition, that we hardly know or care for one another.—In our journey from Bath, my ſiſter Tabby provoked me into a tranſport of paſſion; during which, like a man who has drank himſelf pot-valiant, I talked to her in ſuch a ſtyle of authority and reſolution, as produced a moſt bleſſed effect. She and her dog have been remarkably quiet and orderly ever ſince this expoſtulation. How long this agreeable calm will laſt, Heaven above knows.—I flatter myſelf the exerciſe of travelling has been of ſervice to my health; a circumſtance which encourages me to proceed in my projected expedition to the north. But I muſt, in the mean time, for the benefit and amuſement of my pupils, explore the depth of this chaos, this miſhapen and monſtrous capital, without head or tail, members or proportion.

Thomas was ſo inſolent to my ſiſter on the road, that I was obliged to turn him off abruptly, betwixt Chippenham and Marlborough, where our coach was overturned. The fellow was always ſullen and ſelfiſh; but if he ſhould return to the country, you may give him a character for honeſty and ſobriety; and, provided he behaves with proper reſpect to the family, let him have a couple of guineas in the name of

Yours always,

London, May 29. MATT. BRAMBLE.

To MISS LÆTITIA WILLIS, *at Glouceſter.*

MY DEAR LETTY,

INEXPRESSIBLE was the pleaſure I received from yours of the 25th, which was laſt night put into my hands by Mrs. Brentwood, the milliner, from Glouceſter.—I rejoice to hear that my worthy governeſs is in good health, and, ſtill more, that ſhe no longer retains any diſpleaſure towards her poor Liddy. I am ſorry you have loſt the ſociety of the agreeable Miſs Vaughan; but, I hope, you won't have cauſe much longer to regret the departure of your ſchool-companions, as I make no doubt but your parents will, in a little time, bring you into the world, where you are ſo well qualified to make a diſtinguiſhed figure. When that is the caſe, I flatter myſelf you and I ſhall meet again, and be happy together, and even improve the friendſhip which we contracted in our tender years.—This at leaſt I can promiſe, it ſhall not be for the want of my utmoſt endeavours, if our intimacy does not continue for life.

About five days ago we arrived in London, after an eaſy journey from Bath; during which, however, we were overturned, and met with ſome other little incidents, which had like to have occaſioned a miſunderſtanding betwixt my uncle and aunt; but now, thank God, they are happily reconciled; we live in harmony together, and every day make parties to ſee the wonders of this vaſt metropolis, which, however, I cannot pretend to deſcribe; for I have not as yet ſeen one hundredth part of its curioſities, and I am quite in a maze of admiration.

The cities of London and Weſtminſter are ſpread out to an incredible extent. The ſtreets, ſquares, rows, lanes, and alleys, are innumerable. Palaces, public buildings, and churches, riſe in every quarter; and, among theſe laſt, St. Paul's appears with the moſt aſtoniſhing preeminence. They ſay it is not ſo large as St. Peter's at Rome; but, for my own part, I can have no idea of any earthly temple more grand and magnificent.

But even theſe ſuperb objects are not ſo ſtriking as the crowds of people that ſwarm in the ſtreets. I at firſt

imagined, that ſome great aſſembly was juſt diſmiſſed, and wanted to ſtand aſide till the multitude ſhould paſs; but this human tide continues to flow without interruption or abatement, from morn till night. Then there is ſuch an infinity of gay equipages, coaches, chariots, chaiſes, and other carriages, continually rolling and ſhifting before your eyes, that one's head grows giddy looking at them; and the imagination is quite confounded with ſplendour and variety. Nor is the proſpect by water leſs grand and aſtoniſhing than that by land: You ſee three ſtupendous bridges, joining the oppoſite banks of a broad, deep, and rapid river; ſo vaſt, ſo ſtately, ſo elegant, that they ſeem to be the work of the giants: Betwixt them, the whole ſurface of the Thames is covered with ſmall veſſels, barges, boats, and wherries, paſſing to and fro; and below the three bridges, ſuch a prodigious foreſt of maſts, for miles together, that you would think all the ſhips in the univerſe were here aſſembled. All that you read of wealth and grandeur, in the Arabian Nights Entertainment, and the Perſian Tales, concerning Bagdad, Diarbekir, Damaſcus, Iſpahan, and Samarkand, is here realized.

Ranelagh looks like the enchanted palace of a genie, adorned with the moſt exquiſite performances of painting, carving, and gilding, enlightened with a thouſand golden lamps, that emulate the noon-day ſun; crowded with the great, the rich, the gay, the happy, and the fair; glittering with cloth of gold and ſilver, lace, embroidery, and precious ſtones. While theſe exulting ſons and daughters of felicity tread this round of pleaſure, or regale in different parties, and ſeparate lodges, with fine imperial tea and other delicious refreſhments, their ears are entertained with the moſt raviſhing delights of muſic, both inſtrumental and vocal. There I heard the famous Tenducci, a thing from Italy—It looks for all the world like a man, though they ſay it is not. The voice, to be ſure, is neither man's nor woman's; but it is more melodious than either; and it warbled ſo divinely, that, while I liſtened, I really thought myſelf in paradiſe.

At nine o'clock, in a charming moon-light evening, we embarked at Ranelagh for Vauxhall, in a wherry, ſo light and ſlender, that we looked like ſo many fairies

ſailing in a nut-ſhell. My uncle, being apprehenſive of catching cold upon the water, went round in the coach, and my aunt would have accompanied him, but he would not ſuffer me to go by water if ſhe went by land; and therefore ſhe favoured us with her company, as ſhe perceived I had a curioſity to make this agreeable voyage. After all, the veſſel was ſufficiently loaded; for, beſides the waterman, there was my brother Jery, and a friend of his, one Mr. Barton, a country gentleman, of a good fortune, who had dined at our houſe—The pleaſure of this little excurſion was, however, damped, by my being ſadly frighted at our landing; where there was a terrible confuſion of wherries, and a crowd of people bawling, and ſwearing, and quarrelling; nay, a parcel of ugly-looking fellows came running into the water, and laid hold on our boat with great violence, to pull it aſhore; nor would they quit their hold till my brother ſtruck one of them over the head with his cane. But this flutter was fully recompenſed by the pleaſures of Vauxhall; which I no ſooner entered, than I was dazzled and confounded with the variety of beauties that ruſhed all at once upon my eye. Image to yourſelf, my dear Letty, a ſpacious garden, part laid out in delightful walks, bounded with high hedges and trees, and paved with gravel; part exhibiting a wonderful aſſemblage of the moſt pictureſque and ſtriking objects, pavilions, lodges, groves, grottoes, lawns, temples, and caſcades; porticoes, colonnades, and rotundas; adorned with pillars, ſtatues, and painting: The whole illuminated with an infinite number of lamps, diſpoſed in different figures of ſuns, ſtars, and conſtellations; the place crowded with the gayeſt company, ranging through thoſe bliſsful ſhades, or ſupping in different lodges, on cold collations, enlivened with mirth, freedom, and good humour, and animated by an excellent band of muſic. Among the vocal performers, I had the happineſs to hear the celebrated Mrs. ——, whoſe voice was ſo loud and ſo ſhrill that it made my head ache through exceſs of pleaſure.

In about half an hour after we arrived, we were joined by my uncle, who did not ſeem to reliſh the place. People of experience and infirmity, my dear Letty, ſee with very different eyes from thoſe that ſuch as you and

I make uſe of—Our evening's entertainment was interrupted by an unlucky accident. In one of the remoteſt walks we were ſurpriſed with a ſudden ſhower, that ſet the whole company a running, and drove us in heaps, one upon another, into the rotunda; where my uncle, finding himſelf wet, began to be very peeviſh and urgent to be gone. My brother went to look for the coach, and found it with much difficulty; but as it could not hold us all, Mr. Barton ſtaid behind. It was ſome time before the carriage could be brought up to the gate, in the confuſion, notwithſtanding the utmoſt endeavours of our new footman, Humphry Clinker, who loſt his ſcratch periwig, and got a broken head in the ſcuffle. The moment we were ſeated, my aunt pulled off my uncle's ſhoes, and carefully wrapped his poor feet in her capuchin; then ſhe gave him a mouthful of cordial, which ſhe always keeps in her pocket, and his clothes were ſhifted as ſoon as we arrived at our lodgings; ſo that, bleſſed be God, he eſcaped a ſevere cold, of which he was in great terror.

As for Mr. Barton, I muſt tell you in confidence, he was a little particular; but, perhaps, I miſtake his complaiſance; and I wiſh I may, for his ſake—You know the condition of my poor heart; which, in ſpite of hard uſage—And yet I ought not to complain; nor will I, till farther information.

Beſides Ranelagh and Vauxhall, I have been at Mrs. Cornely's aſſembly, which, for the rooms, the company, the dreſſes, and decorations, ſurpaſſes all deſcription; but as I have no great turn for card-playing, I have not yet entered thoroughly into the ſpirit of the place: Indeed I am ſtill ſuch a country hoyden, that I could hardly find patience to be put in a condition to appear, yet I was not above ſix hours under the hands of the hair-dreſſer, who ſtuffed my head with as much black wool as would have made a quilted petticoat; and, after all, it was the ſmalleſt head in the aſſembly, except my aunt's—She, to be ſure, was ſo particular with her rumpt gown and petticoat, her ſcanty curls, her lappet-head, deep triple ruffles, and high ſtays, that every body looked at her with ſurpriſe; ſome whiſpered, and ſome tittered; and Lady Griſkin, by whom we were introduced, flatly told her, ſhe was twenty good years behind the faſhion.

Lady Griſkin is a perſon of faſhion, to whom we have the honour to be related. She keeps a ſmall rout at her own houſe, never exceeding ten or a dozen card-tables; but theſe are frequented by the beſt company in town—She has been ſo obliging as to introduce my aunt and me to ſome of her particular friends of quality, who treat us with the moſt familiar good humour: We have once dined with her, and ſhe takes the trouble to direct us in all our motions. I am ſo happy as to have gained her good will to ſuch a degree, that ſhe ſometimes adjuſts my cap with her own hands; and ſhe has given me a kind invitation to ſtay with her all the winter. This, however, has been cruelly declined by my uncle, who ſeems to be (I know not how) prejudiced againſt the good lady; for, whenever my aunt happens to ſpeak in her commendation, I obſerve that he makes wry faces, though he ſays nothing—Perhaps, indeed, theſe grimaces may be the effect of pain ariſing from the gout and rheumatiſm, with which he is ſadly diſtreſſed—To me, however, he is always good-natured and generous, even beyond my wiſh. Since we came hither, he has made me a preſent of a ſuit of clothes, with trimmings and laces, which coſt more money than I ſhall mention; and Jery, at his deſire, has given me my mother's diamond drops, which are ordered to be ſet anew; ſo that it won't be his fault if I do not glitter among the ſtars of the fourth or fifth magnitude. I wiſh my weak head may not grow giddy in the midſt of all this gallantry and diſſipation; though as yet I can ſafely declare, I could gladly give up all theſe tumultuous pleaſures for country ſolitude, and a happy retreat with thoſe we love; among whom my dear Willis will always poſſeſs the firſt place in the breaſt of her

ever affectionate

London, May 31. LYDIA MELFORD.

To SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, BART. *of Jeſus College, Oxon.*

DEAR PHILLIPS,

I SEND you this letter, franked by our old friend Barton; who is as much altered as it was poſſible for a man of his

kidney to be—Inſtead of the careleſs indolent ſloven we knew at Oxford, I found him a buſy talkative politician; a petit-maitre in his dreſs, and a ceremonious courtier in his manners. He has not gall enough in his conſtitution, to be inflamed with the rancour of party, ſo as to deal in ſcurrilous invectives; but, ſince he obtained a place, he is become a warm partizan of the miniſtry, and ſees every thing through ſuch an exaggerating medium, as to me, who am happily of no party, is altogether incomprehenſible—Without all doubt, the fumes of faction not only diſturb the faculty of reaſon, but alſo pervert the organs of ſenſe; and I would lay an hundred guineas to ten, that, if Barton on one ſide, and the moſt conſcientious patriot in the oppoſition on the other, were to draw, upon honour, the picture of the k—— or m———, you and I, who are ſtill uninfected, and unbiaſſed, would find both painters equally diſtant from the truth. One thing, however, muſt be allowed for the honour of Barton, he never breaks out into illiberal abuſe, far leſs endeavours, by infamous calumnies, to blaſt the moral character of any individual on the other ſide.

Ever ſince we came hither, he has been remarkably aſſiduous in his attention to our family; an attention, which, in a man of his indolence and avocations, I ſhould have thought altogether odd, and even unnatural, had not I perceived that my ſiſter Liddy has made ſome impreſſion upon his heart. I can't ſay that I have any objection to his trying his fortune in this purſuit; if an opulent eſtate and a great ſtock of good-nature are ſufficient qualifications in a huſband, to render the marriage-ſtate happy for life, ſhe may be happy with Barton: But, I imagine, there is ſomething elſe required to engage and ſecure the affection of a woman of ſenſe and delicacy; ſomething which Nature has denied our friend—Liddy ſeems to be of the ſame opinion. When he addreſſes himſelf to her in diſcourſe, ſhe ſeems to liſten with reluctance, and induſtriouſly avoids all particular communication; but in proportion to her coyneſs, our aunt is coming. Mrs. Tabitha goes more than half way to meet his advances; ſhe miſtakes, or affects to miſtake, the meaning of his courteſy, which is rather formal and fulſome; ſhe returns his compliments with hyperbolical intereſt, ſhe perſecutes him with her ci-

vilities at table, ſhe appeals to him for ever in converſation, ſhe ſighs, and flirts, and ogles, and by her hideous affectation and impertinence, drives the poor courtier to the very extremity of his complaiſance: In ſhort, ſhe ſeems to have undertaken the ſiege of Barton's heart, and carries on her approaches in ſuch a deſperate manner, that I don't know whether he will not be obliged to capitulate. In the mean time, his averſion to this inamorata ſtruggling with his acquired affability, and his natural fear of giving offence, throws him into a kind of diſtreſs which is extremely ridiculous.

Two days ago, he perſuaded my uncle and me to accompany him to St. James's, where he undertook to make us acquainted with the perſons of all the great men in the kingdom; and, indeed, there was a great aſſemblage of diſtinguiſhed characters, for it was a high feſtival at court. Our conductor performed his promiſe with great punctuality. He pointed out almoſt every individual of both ſexes, and generally introduced them to our notice with a flouriſh of panegyric—Seeing the king approach, "There comes (ſaid he) the moſt amiable ſovereign that ever ſwayed the ſceptre of England; the *deliciæ humani generis*; Auguſtus, in patronizing merit; Titus Veſpaſian, in generoſity; Trajan, in beneficence; and Marcus Aurelius, in philoſophy." "A very honeſt, kind-hearted gentleman (added my uncle); he's too good for the times. A king of England ſhould have a ſpice of the devil in his compoſition." Barton then turning to the Duke of C——, proceeded—"You know the Duke; that illuſtrious hero, who trod rebellion under his feet, and ſecured us in poſſeſſion of every thing we ought to hold dear as Engliſhmen and Chriſtians. Mark what an eye, how penetrating, yet pacific! what dignity in his mien! what humanity in his aſpect.—Even malice muſt own, that he is one of the greateſt officers in Chriſtendom." "I think he be (ſaid Mr. Bramble); but who are theſe young gentlemen that ſtand beſide him?" "Thoſe! (cried our friend), thoſe are his royal nephews; the princes of the blood. Sweet young princes! the ſacred pledges of the Proteſtant line; ſo ſpirited, ſo ſenſible, ſo princely—" "Yes; very ſenſible! very ſpirited! (ſaid my uncle, interrupting him), but ſee the queen! ha, there's the queen! There's the

queen! let me ſee—let me ſee—Where are my glaſſes? ha! there's meaning in that eye—There's ſentiment—There's expreſſion. Well, Mr. Barton, what figure do you call next?" The next perſon he pointed out, was the favourite *yearl*; who ſtood ſolitary by one of the windows —"Behold yon northern ſtar (ſaid he), *ſhorn of his beams*—" "What! the Caledonian luminary, that lately blazed ſo bright in our hemiſphere! methinks, at preſent, it glimmers through a fog; like Saturn without his ring, bleak and dim, and diſtant—Ha, there's the other great phenomenon, the grand penſionary, that weather-cock of patriotiſm that veers about in every point of the political compaſs, and ſtill feels the wind of popularity in his tail. He too, like a portentous comet, has riſen again above the court horizon; but how long he will continue to aſcend, it is not eaſy to foretel, conſidering his great eccentricity —Who are thoſe two ſatellites that attend his motions?" When Barton told him their names, "To their character, (ſaid Mr. Bramble) I am no ſtranger. One of them, without a drop of red blood in his veins, has a cold, intoxicating vapour in his head; and rancour enough in his heart to inoculate and affect a whole nation. The other is (I hear) intended for a ſhare in the ad———n, and the penſionary vouches for his being duly qualified. The only inſtance I ever heard of his ſagacity, was his deſerting his former patron, when he found him declining in power, and in diſgrace with the people. Without principle, talent, or intelligence, he is ungracious as a hog, greedy as a vulture, and thieviſh as a jackdaw; but, it muſt be owned, he is no hypocrite. He pretends to no virtue, and takes no pains to diſguiſe his character—His miniſtry will be attended with one advantage; no man will be diſappointed by his breach of promiſe, as no mortal ever truſted to his word. I wonder how Lord ——— firſt diſcovered this happy genius, and for what purpoſe Lord ——— has now adopted him: But one would think, that as amber has a power to attract dirt, and ſtraws, and chaff, a miniſter is endued with the ſame kind of faculty, to *lick up every knave and blockhead in his way*—" His eulogium was interrupted by the arrival of the old Duke of N——; who, ſqueezing into the circle with a buſy face of importance, thruſt his head into every countenance,

as if he had been in ſearch of ſomebody, to whom he wanted to impart ſomething of great conſequence—My uncle, who had been formerly known to him, bowed as he paſſed, and the Duke, ſeeing himſelf ſaluted ſo reſpectfully by a well-dreſſed perſon, was not ſlow in returning the courteſy—He even came up, and, taking him cordially by the hand, "My dear friend, Mr. A—— (ſaid he), I am rejoiced to ſee you—How long have you been come from abroad?—How did you leave our good friends the Dutch? The king of Pruſſia don't think of another war, ah?—He's a great king! a great conqueror! a very great conqueror: Your Alexanders and Hannibals were nothing at all to him, Sir—Corporals! drummers! droſs! mere traſh—Damn'd traſh, heh?" His Grace being by this time out of breath, my uncle took the opportunity to tell him he had not been out of England, that his name was Bramble, and that he had the honour to ſit in the laſt parliament but one of the late king, as repreſentative for the borough of Dymkymraig. "Odſo! (cried the duke), I remember you perfectly well, my dear Mr. Bramble—You was always a good and loyal ſubject—a ſtaunch friend to adminiſtration—I made your brother an Iriſh Biſhop—" "Pardon me, my lord (ſaid the ſquire), I once had a brother, but he was a captain in the army—" "Ha! (ſaid his Grace), he was ſo—He was indeed! But who was the Biſhop then? Biſhop Blackberry—Sure it was Biſhop Blackberry—Perhaps ſome relation of yours—" "Very likely, my lord (replied my uncle), the Blackberry is the fruit of the Bramble—But, I believe the biſhop is not a berry of our buſh—" "No more he is, no more he is, ha, ha, ha! (exclaimed the duke) there you give me a ſcratch, good Mr. Bramble, ha, ha, ha!—Well, I ſhall be glad to ſee you at Lincoln's-inn-fields—You know the way—Times are altered. Though I have loſt the power, I retain the inclination—Your very humble ſervant, good Mr. Blackberry—" So ſaying, he ſhoved to another corner of the room. "What a fine old gentleman! (cried Mr. Barton) what ſpirits! what a memory!—He never forgets an old friend."—"He does me too much honour (obſerved our ſquire), to rank me among the number—Whilſt I ſat in parliament, I never voted with the miniſtry but three times, when my con-

ſcience told me they were in the right: However, if he ſtill keeps levee, I will carry my nephew thither, that he may ſee, and learn to avoid the ſcene; for I think an Engliſh gentleman never appears to ſuch diſadvantage, as at the levee of a miniſter---Of his grace I ſhall ſay nothing at preſent, but that for thirty years he was the conſtant and common butt of ridicule and execration. He was generally laughed at as an ape in politics, whoſe office and influence ſerved only to render his folly the more notorious; and the oppoſition curſed him, as the indefatigable drudge of a firſt mover, who was juſtly ſtyled and ſtigmatized as the father of corruption: But this ridiculous ape, this venal drudge, no ſooner loſt the places he was ſo ill qualified to fill, and unfurled the banners of faction, than he was metamorphoſed into a pattern of public virtue; the very people who reviled him before, now extolled him to the ſkies, as a wiſe, experienced ſtateſman, chief pillar of the Proteſtant ſucceſſion, and corner-ſtone of Engliſh liberty. I ſhould be glad to know how Mr. Barton reconciles theſe contradictions, without obliging us to reſign all title to the privilege of common ſenſe." "My dear Sir (anſwered Barton), I don't pretend to juſtify the extravagancies of the multitude, who I ſuppoſe were as wild in their former cenſure, as in their preſent praiſe; but I ſhall be very glad to attend you on Thurſday next to his grace's levee; where, I am afraid, we ſhall not be crowded with company; for, you know, there's a wide difference between his preſent office of preſident of the council, and his former poſt of firſt lord commiſſioner of the treaſury."

This communicative friend having announced all the remarkable characters of both ſexes that appeared at court, we reſolved to adjourn, and retired. At the foot of the ſtair-caſe, there was a crowd of lacqueys and chairmen, and in the midſt of them ſtood Humphry Clinker, exalted upon a ſtool, with his hat in one hand, and a paper in the other, in the act of holding forth to the people,---Before we could inquire into the meaning of this exhibition, he perceived his maſter, thruſt the paper into his pocket, deſcended from his elevation, bolted through the crowd, and brought up the carriage to the gate.

My uncle ſaid nothing till we were ſeated, when, af-

ter having looked at me earneſtly for ſome time, he burſt out a laughing, and aſked me if I knew upon what ſubject Clinker was holding forth to the mob?—"If, (ſaid he) the fellow is turned mountebank, I muſt turn him out of my ſervice, otherwiſe he'll make Merry Andrews of us all."—I obſerved, that, in all probability, he had ſtudied phyſic under his maſter, who was a farrier.

At dinner, the ſquire aſked him, if he had ever practiſed phyſic? "Yes, an' pleaſe your honour (ſaid he), among brute beaſts; but I never middle with rational creatures."—"I know not whether you rank in that claſs the audience you was haranguing in the court at St. James's, but I ſhould be glad to know what kind of powders you was diſtributing, and whether you had a good ſale."—"Sale, Sir! (cried Clinker) I hope I ſhall never be baſe enough to ſell for gold and ſilver what freely comes of God's grace. I diſtributed nothing, an' like your honour, but a word of advice to my fellows in ſervitude and ſin."—"Advice! concerning what?"—"Concerning profane ſwearing, an' pleaſe your honour; ſo horrid and ſhocking, that it made my hair ſtand on end."—"Nay, if thou canſt cure them of that diſeaſe, I ſhall think thee a wonderful doctor indeed."—"Why not cure them, my good maſter? the hearts of thoſe poor people are not ſo ſtubborn as your honour ſeems to think. Make them firſt ſenſible that you have nothing in view but their good, then they will liſten with patience, and eaſily be convinced of the ſin and folly of a practice that affords neither profit nor pleaſure."—At this remark our uncle changed colour, and looked round the company, conſcious that *his own withers were not altogether unwrung.* "But, Clinker (ſaid he), if you ſhould have eloquence enough to perſuade the vulgar to reſign thoſe tropes and figures of rhetoric, there will be little or nothing left to diſtinguiſh their converſation from that of their betters."—"But then, your honour knows, their converſation will be void of offence; and, at the day of judgment, there will be no diſtinction of perſons."

Humphry going down ſtairs to fetch up a bottle of wine, my uncle congratulated his ſiſter upon having ſuch a reformer in the family; when Mrs. Tabitha declared, he was a ſober civilized fellow, very reſpectful, and very in-

luſtrious; and ſhe believed, a good Chriſtian into the bargain. One would think Clinker muſt really have ſome very extraordinary talent, to ingratiate himſelf in this manner with a virago of her character, ſo fortified againſt him with prejudice and reſentment; but the truth is, ſince the adventure of Salthill, Mrs. Tabby ſeems to be entirely changed. She has left off ſcolding the ſervants, an exerciſe which was grown habitual, and even ſeemed neceſſary to her conſtitution; and is become ſo indifferent to Chowder, as to part with him in a preſent to Lady Griſkin, who propoſes to bring the breed of him into faſhion. Her ladyſhip is the widow of Sir Timothy Griſkin, a diſtant relation of our family. She enjoys a fortune of five hundred pounds a-year, and makes ſhift to ſpend three times that ſum. Her character before marriage was a little equivocal; but at preſent ſhe lives in the *bon ton*, keeps card-tables, gives private ſuppers to ſelect friends, and is viſited by perſons of the firſt faſhion.—She has been remarkably civil to us all, and cultivates my uncle with the moſt particular regard; but the more ſhe ſtroaks him, the more his briſtles ſeem to riſe—To her compliments he makes very laconic and dry returns.—T'other day ſhe ſent us a pottle of fine ſtrawberries, which he did not receive without ſigns of diſguſt, muttering from the Æneid, *Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*.—She has twice called for Liddy, of a forenoon, to take an airing in the coach; but Mrs. Tabby was always ſo alert (I ſuppoſe by his direction), that ſhe never could have the niece without the aunt's company.—I have endeavoured to ſound Squaretoes on this ſubject, but he carefully avoids all explanation.

I have now, dear Phillips, filled a whole ſheet; and, if you have read it to an end, I dare ſay you are as tired as

Your humble ſervant,

London, June 2. J. MELFORD.

To DR. LEWIS.

YES, Doctor, I have ſeen the Britiſh Muſeum: which is a noble collection, and even ſtupendous, if we conſider

it was made by a private man, a phyſician, who was obliged to make his own fortune at the ſame time; but, great as the collection is, it would appear more ſtriking if it was arranged in one ſpacious ſaloon, inſtead of being divided into different apartments, which it does not entirely fill.—I could wiſh the ſeries of medals was connected, and the whole of the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms completed, by adding to each, at the public expence, thoſe articles that are wanting. It would likewiſe be a great improvement, with reſpect to the library, if the deficiencies were made up by purchaſing all the books of character that are not to be found already in the collection.—They might be claſſed in centuries, according to the dates of their publication, and catalogues printed of them and the manuſcripts, for the information of thoſe that want to conſult or compile from ſuch authorities. I could alſo wiſh, for the honour of the nation, that there was a complete apparatus for a courſe of mathematics, mechanics, and experimental philoſophy; and a good ſalary ſettled upon an able profeſſor, who ſhould give regular lectures on theſe ſubjects.

But this is all idle ſpeculation, which will never be reduced to practice.—Conſidering the temper of the times, it is a wonder to ſee any inſtitution whatſoever eſtabliſhed for the benefit of the public. The ſpirit of party is riſen to a kind of phrenzy, unknown to former ages, or rather degenerated to a total extinction of honeſty and candour.—You know I have obſerved, for ſome time, that the public papers are become the infamous vehicles of the moſt cruel and perfidious defamation.—Every rancorous knave, every deſperate incendiary, that can afford to ſpend half a crown or three ſhillings, may ſkulk behind the preſs of a newſmonger, and have a ſtab at the firſt character in the kingdom, without running the leaſt hazard of detection or puniſhment.

I have made acquaintance with a Mr. Barton, whom Jery knew at Oxford; a good ſort of a man, though moſt ridiculouſly warped in his political principles; but his partiality is the leſs offenſive, as it never appears in the ſtyle of ſcurrility and abuſe. He is a member of parliament, and a retainer to the court; and his whole converſation turns upon the virtues and perfections of the mini-

ſters who are his patrons. T'other day, when he was bedaubing one of thoſe worthies with the moſt fulſome praiſe, I told him I had ſeen the ſame nobleman characteriſed very differently in one of the daily papers; indeed, ſo ſtigmatized, that if one half of what was ſaid of him was true, he muſt be not only unfit to rule, but even unfit to live; that thoſe impeachments had been repeated again and again, with the addition of freſh matter; and that, as he had taken no ſteps towards his own vindication, I began to think there was ſome foundation for the charge. "And pray, Sir (ſaid Mr. Barton), what ſteps would you have him take?—Suppoſe you ſhould proſecute the publiſher, who ſcreens the anonymous accuſer, and bring him to the pillory for a libel; this is ſo far from being counted a puniſhment *in terrorem*, that it will probably make his fortune. The multitude immediately take him into their protection, as a martyr to the cauſe of defamation, which they have always eſpouſed.—They pay his fine, they contribute to the increaſe of his ſtock, his ſhop is crowded with cuſtomers, and the ſale of his paper riſes in proportion to the ſcandal it contains. All this time the proſecutor is inveighed againſt as a tyrant and oppreſſor, for having choſen to proceed by the way of information, which is deemed a grievance: But if he lays an action for damages, he muſt prove the damage; and I leave you to judge, whether a gentleman's character may not be brought into contempt, and all his views in life blaſted by calumny, without his being able to ſpecify the particulars of the damage he has ſuſtained.

"This ſpirit of defamation is a kind of hereſy, that thrives under perſecution. *The liberty of the preſs*, is a term of great efficacy; and, like that of *the Proteſtant religion*, has often ſerved the purpoſes of ſedition.—A miniſter, therefore, muſt arm himſelf with patience, and bear thoſe attacks without repining.—Whatever miſchief they may do in other reſpects, they certainly contribute, in one particular, to the advantage of government; for thoſe defamatory articles have multiplied papers in ſuch a manner, and augmented their ſale to ſuch a degree, that the duty upon ſtamps and advertiſements has made a very conſiderable addition to the revenue."—Certain it is, a gentleman's honour is a very delicate ſubject to be handled by a jury,

compoſed of men who cannot be ſuppoſed remarkable either for ſentiment or impartiality.—In ſuch a caſe, indeed, the defendant is tried, not only by his peers, but alſo by his party; and I really think, that, of all patriots, he is the moſt reſolute, who expoſes himſelf to ſuch detraction for the ſake of his country.—If, from the ignorance or partiality of juries, a gentleman can have no redreſs from law for being defamed in a pamphlet or newſpaper, I know but one other method of proceeding againſt the publiſher, which is attended with ſome riſk, but has been practiſed ſucceſsfully, more than once, in my remembrance.—A regiment of horſe was repreſented, in one of the newſpapers, as having miſbehaved at Dettingen; a captain of that regiment broke the publiſher's bones, telling him, at the ſame time, if he went to law, he ſhould certainly have the like ſalutation from every officer of the corps. Governor ——— took the ſame ſatisfaction on the ribs of an author, who traduced him by name in a periodical paper.—I know a low fellow of the ſame claſs, who, being turned out of Venice for his impudence and ſcurrility, retired to Lugano, a town of the Griſons (a free people, God wot), where he found a printing-preſs, from whence he ſquirted his filth at ſome reſpectable characters in the republic which he had been obliged to abandon. Some of theſe, finding him out of the reach of legal chaſtiſement, employed certain uſeful inſtruments, ſuch as may be found in all countries, to give him the baſtinado; which, being repeated more than once, effectually ſtopped the current of his abuſe.

As for the liberty of the preſs, like every other privilege, it muſt be reſtrained within certain bounds; for if it is carried to a breach of law, religion, and charity, it becomes one of the greateſt evils that ever annoyed the community. If the loweſt ruffian may ſtab your good name with impunity in England, will you be ſo uncandid as to exclaim againſt Italy for the practice of common aſſaſſination? To what purpoſe is our property ſecured, if our moral character is left defenceleſs!—People thus baited, grow deſperate; and the deſpair of being able to preſerve one's character untainted by ſuch vermin, produces a total neglect of fame; ſo that one of the chief incitements to the practice of virtue is effectually deſtroyed.

Mr. Barton's laſt conſideration, reſpecting the ſtamp-duty, is equally wiſe and laudable with another maxim which has been long adopted by our financiers, namely, to connive at drunkenneſs, riot, and diſſipation, becauſe they enhance the receipt of the exciſe; not reflecting, that, in providing this temporary convenience, they are deſtroying the morals, health, and induſtry of the people—Notwithſtanding my contempt for thoſe who flatter a miniſter, I think there is ſomething ſtill more deſpicable in flattering a mob—When I ſee a man of birth, education, and fortune, put himſelf on a level with the dregs of the people, mingle with low mechanics, feed with them at the ſame board, and drink with them in the ſame cup, flatter their prejudices, harangue in praiſe of their virtues, expoſe themſelves to the belchings of the beer, the fumes of their tobacco, the groſſneſs of their familiarity, and the impertinence of their converſation, I cannot help deſpiſing him, as a man guilty of the vileſt proſtitution, in order to effect a purpoſe equally ſelfiſh and illiberal.

I ſhould renounce politics the more willingly, if I could find other topics of converſation diſcuſſed with more modeſty and candour: But the demon of party ſeems to have uſurped every department of life. Even the world of literature and taſte is divided into the moſt virulent factions, which revile, decry, and traduce the works of one another. Yeſterday I went to return an afternoon's viſit to a gentleman of my acquaintance, at whoſe houſe I found one of the authors of the preſent age, who has written with ſome ſucceſs—As I had read one or two of his performances, which gave me pleaſure, I was glad of this opportunity to know his perſon: But his diſcourſe and deportment deſtroyed all the impreſſions which his writings had made in his favour. He took upon him to decide dogmatically upon every ſubject, without deigning to ſhow the leaſt cauſe for his differing from the general opinions of mankind, as if it had been our duty to acquieſce in the *ipſe dixit* of this new Pythagoras. He rejudged the characters of all the principal authors, who had died within a century of the preſent time; and, in this reviſion, paid no ſort of regard to the reputation they had acquired—Milton was harſh and proſaic; Dryden, languid and verboſe; Butler and Swift, without humour; Con-

greve, without wit; and Pope, deſtitute of any ſort of poetical merit—As for his cotemporaries, he could not bear to hear one of them mentioned with any degree of applauſe: They were all dunces, pedants, plagiaries, quacks, and impoſtors; and you could not name a ſingle performance, but what was tame, ſtupid, and inſipid. It muſt be owned, that this writer had nothing to charge his conſcience with on the ſide of flattery; for, I underſtand, he was never known to praiſe one line that was written even by thoſe with whom he lived on terms of good fellowſhip. This arrogance and preſumption, in depreciating authors, for whoſe reputation the company may be intereſted, is ſuch an inſult upon the underſtanding, as I could not bear without wincing.

I deſired to know his reaſons for decrying ſome works, which had afforded me uncommon pleaſure; and, as demonſtration did not ſeem to be his talent, I diſſented from his opinion with great freedom. Having been ſpoiled by the deference and humility of his hearers, he did not bear contradiction with much temper; and the diſpute might have grown warm, had it not been interrupted by the entrance of a rival bard, at whoſe appearance he always quits the place—They are of different cabals, and have been at open war theſe twenty years—If the other was dogmatical, this genius was declamatory; he did not diſcourſe, but harangue; and his orations were equally tedious and turgid. He too pronounced *ex cathedra* upon characters of his cotemporaries; and though he ſcruples not to deal out praiſe even laviſhly, to the loweſt reptile in Grub-ſtreet, who will either flatter him in private, or mount the public roſtrum as his panegyriſt, he damns all the other writers of the age with the utmoſt inſolence and rancour—One is a blunderbuſs, as being a native of Ireland; another a half-ſtarved louſe of literature, from the banks of the Tweed; a third, an aſs, becauſe he enjoys a penſion from government; a fourth, the very angel of dulneſs, becauſe he ſucceeded in a ſpecies of writing in which this Ariſtarchus had failed; a fifth, who preſumed to make ſtrictures upon one of his performances, he holds as a bug in criticiſm, whoſe ſtench is more offenſive than his ſting—In ſhort, except himſelf and his myrmidons, there is not a man of learning or genius in the

three kingdoms. As for the ſucceſs of thoſe who have written without the pale of this confederacy, he imputes it entirely to want of taſte in the public; not conſidering, that to the approbation of that very taſteleſs public, he himſelf owes all the conſequence he has in life.

Thoſe originals are not fit for converſation. If they would maintain the advantage they have gained by their writing, they ſhould never appear but upon paper—For my part, I am ſhocked to find a man have ſublime ideas in his head, and nothing but illiberal ſentiments in his heart.—The human ſoul will be generally found moſt defective in the article of candour—I am inclined to think, no mind was ever wholly exempt from envy; which, perhaps may have been implanted, as an inſtinct eſſential to our nature. I am afraid we ſometimes palliate this vice, under the ſpecious name of emulation. I have known a perſon remarkably generous, humane, moderate, and apparently ſelf-denying, who could not hear even a friend commended, without betraying marks of uneaſineſs; as if that commendation had implied an odious compariſon to his prejudice, and every wreath of praiſe added to the other's character, was a garland plucked from his own temples. This is a malignant ſpecies of jealouſy, of which I ſtand acquitted in my own conſcience—Whether it is a vice, or an infirmity, I leave you to inquire.

There is another point, which I would much rather ſee determined; whether the world was always as contemptible as it appears to me at preſent?—If the morals of mankind have not contracted an extraordinary degree of depravity within theſe thirty years, then muſt I be infected with the common vice of old men, *difficilis, querelus, laudator temporis acti;* or, which is more probable, the impetuous purſuits and avocations of youth have formerly hindered me from obſerving thoſe rotten parts of human nature, which now appear ſo offenſively to my obſervation.

We have been at court, and 'change, and every where; and every where we find food for ſpleen, and ſubject for ridicule—My new ſervant, Humphry Clinker, turns out a great original; and Tabby is a changed creature—She has parted with Chowder; and does nothing but ſmile, like Malvolio in the play—I'll be hanged if ſhe is not

acting a part which is not natural to her diſpoſition, for ſome purpoſe which I have not yet diſcovered.

With reſpect to the characters of mankind, my curioſity is quite ſatisfied: I have done with the ſcience of men, and muſt now endeavour to amuſe myſelf with the novelty of things. I am, at preſent, by a violent effort of the mind, forced from my natural bias; but this power ceaſing to act, I ſhall return to my ſolitude with redoubled velocity. Every thing I ſee, and hear, and feel, in this great reſervoir of folly, knavery, and ſophiſtication, contributes to enhance the value of a country life, in the ſentiments of

Yours always,

London, June 2. MATT. BRAMBLE.

To MRS. MARY JONES, *at Brambletonhall.*

DEAR MARY JONES,

LADY GRISKIN's botler, Mr. Crumb, having got 'Squire Barton to frank me a kiver, I would not neglect to let you know how it is with me, and the reſt of the family.

I could not rite by John Thomas, for becauſe he went away in a huff, at a minute's warning. He and Chowder could not agree, and ſo they fitt upon the road, and Chowder bit his thumb, and he ſwore he would do him a miſchief, and he ſpoke ſaucy to miſtreſs, whereby the 'ſquire turned him off in gudgeon; and by God's providence we picked up another footman, called Umphry Klinker; a good ſole as ever broke bread; which ſhows, that a ſcalded cat may prove a good mouſer; and a hound be ſtanch, thof he has got narro hare on his buttocks; but the proudeſt noſe may be bro't baor to the grindſtone by ſickneſs and misfortunes.

O Molly! what ſhall I ſay of London? All the towns that ever I beheld in my born days are no more than Welſh barrows and crumlecks to this wonderful ſitty! Even Bath itſelf is but a fillitch, in the naam of God—One would think there's no end of the ſtreets, but the Land's

End. Then there's ſuch a power of people, going hurry ſkurry! Such a racket of coxes! Such a noiſe and hali-balloo! So many ſtrange ſites to be ſeen! O gracious! my poor Welſh brain has been ſpinning like a top ever ſince I came hither! And I have ſeen the Park, and the Paleaſs of Saint Gimſes, and the king's and the queen's magiſterial purſing, and the ſweet young princes, and the hillyfents, and pye bald aſs, and all the reſt of the royal family.

Laſt week I went with miſtreſs to the Tower, to ſee the crowns and wild beaſtis; and there was a monſtracious lion, with teeth half a quarter long; and a gentleman bid me not go near him, if I waſn't a maid; being as how he would roar, and tear, and play the dickens—Now I had no mind to go near him; for I cannot abide ſuch dangerous honeymils, not I—but miſtreſs would go; and the beaſt kept ſuch a roaring and bouncing, that I tho't he would a broke his cage, and devoured us all; and the gentleman tittered forſooth; but I'll go to death upon it, I will, that my lady is as good a firchin as the child unborn; and therefore either the gentleman told a phib, or the lion oft to be ſet in the ſtocks for bearing falſe witneſs again his neighbour; for the commandment ſayeth, *Thou ſhalt not bear falſe witneſs again thy neighbour.*

I was afterwards of a party at Sadler's Wells, where I ſaw ſuch tumbling and dancing upon ropes and wires, that I was frightened, and ready to go into a fit—I thought it was all enchantment; and believing myſelf bewitched, began for to cry—You knows as how the witches in Wales fly upon broomſticks, but here was flying without any broomſtick, or thing in the varſal world, and firing of piſtols in the air, and blowing of trumpets, and ſwinging, and rolling of wheel-barrows upon a wire (God bliſs us!) no thicker than a ſewing thread; that, to be ſure, they muſt deal with the devil—A fine gentleman with a pig's tail, and a golden ſord by his ſide, came to comfit me, and offered for to treat me with a pint of wind; but I would not ſtay; and ſo in going through the dark paſſage, he began to ſhow his cloven futt, and went for to be rude; my fellow-ſervant Umphry Klinker bid him to be ſivil, and he gave the young man a dowſe in the chops; but, i'ſackins, Mr. Clinker wa'n't long in his

debt—with a good oaken ſapling he duſted his doublet, for all his golden cheeſe toaſter; and, ſipping me under his arm, carried me huom, I noſe not how, being I was in ſuch a fluſtration—But, thank God! I'm now vaned from all ſuch vanities; for what are all thoſe rarities and vagaries to the glories that ſhall be revealed hereafter! O Molly! let not your poor heart be puffed up with vanity.

I had almoſt forgot to tell you, that I have had my hair cut and pippered, and ſinged, and bolſtered, and buckled in the neweſt faſhion, by a French freezer—*Parley vow Francey—Vee Madmanſell*—I now carries my head higher than arrow private gentlewoman of Vales. Laſt night, coming huom from the meeting, I was taken by lamp light for an iminent poulterer's daughter, a great beauty—But as I was ſaying, this is all vanity and vexation of ſpirit—The pleaſures of London are no better than ſower whey and ſtale cyder, when compared to the joys of the New Geruſalem.

Dear Mary Jones! An' pleaſe God, when I return I'll bring you a new cap; with a turkey-ſhell coom, and a pyehouſe ſermon, that was preached in the tabernacle; and I pray of all love, you will mind your vriting and your ſpelling; for, craving your pardon, Molly, it made me ſuet to diſſeyffer your laſt ſcrabble, which was delivered by the hind at Bath—O, voman! voman! if thou hadſt but the leaſt conſumption of what pleaſure we ſcullers have, when we can cumſter the crabbidſt buck off hand, and ſpell the ethnitch vords, without looking at the Primmer. As for Mr. Klinker, he is qualified to be clerk to a pariſh—But I'll ſay no more—Remember me to Saul—poor ſole! it goes to my hart to think ſhe don't yet know her letters—But all in God's good time—It ſhall go hard, but I will bring her the ABC in gingerbread; and that, you noſe, will be learning to her taſte.

Miſtreſs ſays, we are going a long gurney to the north; but go where we will, I ſhall ever be,

Dear Mary Jones,

Yours with true infection,

London, June 3. WIN. JENKINS.

To SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, *Bart. of Jeſus College, Oxon.*

DEAR WAT,

I MENTIONED in my laſt, my uncle's deſign of going to the Duke of N———'s levee, which deſign has been executed accordingly. His Grace has been ſo long accuſtomed to this kind of homage, that, though the place he now fills does not imply the tenth part of the influence which he exerted in his former office, he has given his friends to underſtand, that they cannot oblige him in any thing more than in contributing to ſupport the ſhadow of that power which he no longer retains in ſubſtance; and therefore he has ſtill public days, on which they appear at his levee.

My uncle and I went thither with Mr. Barton, who, being one of the duke's adherents, undertook to be our introducer. The room was pretty well filled with people, in a great variety of dreſs; but there was no more than one gown and caſſock, though I was told his grace had, while he was miniſter, preferred almoſt every individual that now filled the bench of biſhops in the houſe of Lords; but, in all probability, the gratitude of the clergy is like their charity, which ſhuns the light—Mr. Barton was immediately accoſted by a perſon, well ſtricken in years, tall and raw-boned, with a hook noſe, and an arch leer, that indicated at leaſt as much cunning as ſagacity. Our conductor ſaluted him by the name of Captain C———, and afterwards informed us he was a man of ſhrewd parts, whom the government occaſionally employed in ſecret ſervices—But I have had the hiſtory of him more at large from another quarter—He had been, many years ago, concerned in fraudulent practices, as a merchant, in France; and, being convicted of ſome of them, was ſent to the galleys, from whence he was delivered by the intereſt of the late Duke of Ormond, to whom he had recommended himſelf in a letter, as his nameſake and relation—He was, in the ſequel, employed by our miniſtry as a ſpy; and, in the war of 1740, traverſed all Spain, as well as France, in the diſguiſe of a capuchin, at the extreme hazard of his life, inaſmuch as the Court

of Madrid had actually got ſcent of him, and given orders to apprehend him at St. Sebaſtian's, from whence he had fortunately retired but a few hours before the order arrived. This and other hair-breadth 'ſcapes he pleaded ſo effectually as a merit with the Engliſh miniſtry, that they allowed him a comfortable penſion, which he now enjoys in his old age—He has ſtill acceſs to all the miniſters, and is ſaid to be conſulted by them on many ſubjects, as a man of uncommon underſtanding and great experience—He is in fact a fellow of ſome parts, and invincible aſſurance; and, in his diſcourſe, he aſſumes ſuch an air of ſelf-ſufficiency, as may very well impoſe upon ſome of the ſhallow politicians who now labour at the helm of adminiſtration. But, if he is not belied, this is not the only impoſture of which he is guilty—They ſay, he is at bottom not only a Roman Catholic, but really a prieſt; and, while he pretends to diſcloſe to our ſtate-pilots all the ſprings that move the Cabinet of Verſailles, he is actually picking up intelligence for the ſervice of the French miniſter—Be that as it may, Captain C——— entered into converſation with us in the moſt familiar manner, and treated the duke's character without any ceremony—"This wiſe-acre (ſaid he) is ſtill a-bed; and, I think, the beſt thing he can do is to ſleep on till Chriſtmas; for, when he gets up, he does nothing but expoſe his own folly. Since Grenville was turned out, there has been no miniſter in this nation worth the meal that whitened his periwig—They are ſo ignorant, they ſcarce know a crab from a cauliflower; and then they are ſuch dunces, that there's no making them comprehend the plaineſt propoſition. In the beginning of the war, this poor half-witted creature told me, in a great fright, that thirty thouſand French had marched from Acadia to Cape Breton"—Where did they find tranſports (ſaid I)?" "Tranſports (cried he)! I tell you they marched by land—" "By land to the iſland of Cape Breton!" "What! is Cape Breton an iſland?" "Certainly." "Hah! are you ſure of that?" When I pointed it out in the map, he examined it earneſtly with his ſpectacles; then taking me in his arms, "My dear C——— (cried he)! you always bring us good news—Egad! I'll go directly, and tell the king that Cape Breton is an iſland.—"

He ſeemed diſpoſed to entertain us with more anecdotes of this nature, at the expence of his grace, when he was interrupted by the arrival of the Algerine ambaſſador, a venerable Turk, with a long white beard, attended by his dragoman, or interpreter, and another officer of his houſehold, who had got no ſtockings to his legs. Captain C—— immediately ſpoke with an air of authority to a ſervant in waiting, bidding him go and tell the duke to riſe, as there was a great deal of company come, and, among others, the ambaſſador from Algiers—Then turning to us, "This poor Turk (ſaid he), notwithſtanding his gray beard is a green-horn—He has been ſeveral years reſident at London, and ſtill is ignorant of our political revolutions. This viſit is intended for the prime miniſter of England; but you'll ſee how this wiſe duke will receive it as a mark of attachment to his own perſon—" Certain it is, the duke ſeemed eager to acknowledge the compliment—A door opening, he ſuddenly bolted out, with a ſhaving cloth under his chin, his face frothed up to the eyes with ſoap lather; and, running up to the ambaſſador, grinned hideous in his face—"My dear Mahomet (ſaid he), God love your long beard; I hope the dey will make you a horſe-tail at the next promotion, ha, ha, ha!—Have but a moment's patience, and I'll ſend to you in a twinkling—" So ſaying, he retreated into his den, leaving the Turk in ſome confuſion. After a ſhort pauſe, however, he ſaid ſomething to his interpreter, the meaning of which I had great curioſity to know, as he turned up his eyes while he ſpoke, expreſſing aſtoniſhment, mixed with devotion—We were gratified by means of the communicative Captain C——, who converſed with the dragoman as an old acquaintance. Ibrahim, the ambaſſador, who had miſtaken his grace for the miniſter's fool, was no ſooner undeceived by the interpreter, than he exclaimed to this effect—"Holy prophet! I don't wonder that this nation proſpers, ſeeing it is governed by the counſel of idiots; a ſpecies of men, whom all good muſſulmen revere as the organs of immediate inſpiration!" Ibrahim was favoured with a particular audience of ſhort duration; after which the duke conducted him to the door, and then returned to diffuſe his gracious looks among the crowd of his worſhippers.

As Mr. Barton advanced to preſent me to his grace, it was my fortune to attract his notice before I was announced—He forthwith met me more than half way, and ſeizing me by the hand, "My dear Sir Francis! (cried he) this is ſo kind—I vow to Gad! I am ſo obliged—Such attention to a poor broken miniſter—Well—Pray when does your excellency ſet ſail?—For God's ſake have a care of your health, and eat ſtewed prunes in the paſſage—Next to your own precious health, pray, my dear excellency, take care of the Five Nations—Our good friends the Five Nations—The Toryrories, the Maccolmacks, the Out-o'the-ways, the Crickets, and the Kickſhaws—Let 'em have plenty of blankets, and ſtinkubus, and wampum; and your excellency won't fail to ſcour the kettle, and boil the chain, and bury the tree, and plant the hatchet—Ha, ha, ha!" When he had uttered this rhapſody, with his uſual precipitation, Mr. Barton gave him to underſtand, that I was neither Sir Francis, nor St. Francis; but ſimply Mr. Melford, nephew to Mr. Bramble; who, ſtepping forward, made his bow at the ſame time. "Odſo! no more it is Sir Francis (ſaid this wiſe ſtateſman)—Mr. Melford, I am glad to ſee you—I ſent you an engineer to fortify your dock—Mr. Bramble—your ſervant, Mr. Bramble—How d'ye, good Mr. Bramble? Your nephew is a pretty young fellow—Faith and troth, a very pretty fellow!—His father is my old friend—How does he hold it? Still troubled with that damn'd diſorder, ha?" "No, my Lord (replied my uncle), all his troubles are over—He has been dead theſe fifteen years." "Dead! how—Yes, faith! now I remember: He is dead, ſure enough—Well, and how—does the young gentleman ſtand for Haverford Weſt? or—a—what d'ye—My dear Mr. Milfordhaven, I'll do you all the ſervice in my power—I hope I have ſome credit left—" My uncle then gave him to underſtand that I was ſtill a minor; and that we had no intention to trouble him at preſent for any favour whatſoever—"I came hither with my nephew (added he) to pay our reſpects to your grace; and I may venture to ſay, that his views and mine are at leaſt as diſintereſted as thoſe of any individual in this aſſembly." "My dear Mr. Brambleberry! you do me infinite honour—I ſhall always rejoice to ſee you

and your hopeful nephew, Mr. Milfordhaven—My credit, ſuch as it is, you may command—I wiſh we had more friends of your kidney—"

Then, turning to Captain C——, "Ha, C——! (ſaid he) what news, C——? How does the world wag? ha!" "The world wags much after the old faſhion, my lord (anſwered the captain): The politicians of London and Weſtminſter have begun again to wag their tongues againſt your grace; and your ſhort-lived popularity wags like a feather, which the next puff of antiminiſterial calumny will blow away—" "A pack of raſcals (cried the Duke)—Tories, Jacobites, rebels; one half of them would wag their heels at Tyburn, if they had their deſerts—" So ſaying, he wheeled about; and, going round the levee, ſpoke to every individual, with the moſt courteous familiarity; but he ſcarce ever opened his mouth without making ſome blunder, in relation to the perſon or buſineſs of the party with whom he converſed; ſo that he really looked like a comedian hired to burleſque the character of a miniſter—At length a perſon of a very prepoſſeſſing appearance coming in, his grace ran up, and hugging him in his arms, with the appellation of "My dear Ch—s!" led him forthwith into the inner apartment, or *Sanctum Sanctorum* of this political temple. "That (ſaid Captain C——) is my friend C— T—, almoſt the only man of parts who has any concern in the preſent adminiſtration—Indeed, he would have no concern at all in the matter, if the miniſtry did not find it abſolutely neceſſary to make uſe of his talents upon ſome particular occaſions—As for the common buſineſs of the nation, it is carried on in a conſtant routine by the clerks of the different offices, otherwiſe the wheels of government would be wholly ſtopped amidſt the abrupt ſucceſſion of miniſters, every one more ignorant than his predeceſſor—I am thinking what a fine hovel we ſhould be in, if all the clerks of the treaſury, of the ſecretaries, the war-office, and the admiralty, ſhould take it in their heads to throw up their places in imitation of the great penſioner.—But to return to C— T—; he certainly knows more than all the miniſtry and all the oppoſition, if their heads were laid together, and talks like an angel on a vaſt variety of ſubjects—He would really be a great man,

if he had any conſiſtency or ſtability of character—Then it muſt be owned, he wants courage, otherwiſe he would never allow himſelf to be cowed by the great political bully, for whoſe underſtanding he has juſtly a very great contempt. I have ſeen him as much afraid of that overbearing Hector, as ever ſchool-boy was of his pedagogue; and yet this Hector, I ſhrewdly ſuſpect, is no more than a craven at bottom—Beſides this defect, C— has another, which he is at too little pains to hide—There's no faith to be given to his aſſertions, and no truſt to be put in his promiſes—However, to give the devil his due, he's very good-natured; and even friendly, when cloſe urged in the way of ſolicitation—As for principle, that's out of queſtion.—In a word, he is a wit and an orator, extremely entertaining; and he ſhines very often at the expence even of thoſe miniſters to whom he is a retainer—This is a mark of great imprudence, by which he has made them all his enemies, whatever face they may put upon the matter; and ſooner or later he'll have cauſe to wiſh he had been able to keep his own counſel—I have ſeveral times cautioned him on this ſubject; but 'tis all preaching to the deſert—His vanity runs away with his diſcretion—" I could not help thinking the captain himſelf might have been the better for ſome hints of the ſame nature. His panegyric, excluding principle and veracity, puts me in mind of a conteſt I once overheard, in the way of altercation, betwixt two apple-women in Spring Garden.—One of thoſe viragoes having hinted ſomething to the prejudice of the other's moral character, her antagoniſt, ſetting her hands in her ſides, replied, " Speak out, huſſy—I ſcorn your malice—I own I'm both a whore and a thief; and what more have you to ſay?—Damn you, what more have you to ſay? bating that, which all the world knows, I challenge you to ſay black is the white of my eye"—We did not wait for Mr. T——'s coming forth; but, after Captain C—— had characteriſed all the originals in waiting, we adjourned to a coffee-houſe, where we had buttered muffins and tea to breakfaſt, the ſaid Captain ſtill favouring us with his company—Nay, my uncle was ſo diverted with his anecdotes, that he aſked him to dinner, and treated him with a fine turbot, to which he did ample juſtice—That ſame evening I ſpent at the ta-

vern with ſome friends, one of whom let me into C——'s character, which Mr. Bramble no ſooner underſtood, than he expreſſed ſome concern for the connection he had made, and reſolved to diſengage himſelf from it without ceremony.

We are become members of the ſociety for the encouragement of the arts, and have aſſiſted at ſome of their deliberations, which were conducted with equal ſpirit and ſagacity—My uncle is extremely fond of the inſtitution, which will certainly be productive of great advantages to the public, if, from its democratical form, it does not degenerate into cabal and corruption—You are already acquainted with his averſion to the influence of the multitude, which, he affirms, is incompatible with excellence, and ſubverſive of order—Indeed his deteſtation of the mob has been heightened by fear, ever ſince he fainted in the room at Bath: And this apprehenſion has prevented him from going to the Little Theatre in the Haymarket, and other places of entertainment, to which, however, I have had the honour to attend the ladies.

It grates old Squaretoes to reflect, that it is not in his power to enjoy even the moſt elegant diverſions of the capital, without the participation of the vulgar; for they now thruſt themſelves into all aſſemblies, from a ridotto at St. James's, to a hop at Rotherhithe.

I have lately ſeen our old acquaintance Dick Ivy, who we imagined had died of dram-drinking; but he is lately emerged from the Fleet, by means of a pamphlet which he wrote and publiſhed againſt the government with ſome ſucceſs. The ſale of this performance enabled him to appear in clean linen, and he is now going about ſoliciting ſubſcriptions for his poems; but his breeches are not yet in the moſt decent order.

Dick certainly deſerves ſome countenance for his intrepidity and perſeverance—It is not in the power of diſappointment, nor even of damnation, to drive him to deſpair—After ſome unſucceſsful eſſays in the way of poetry, he commenced brandy-merchant, and I believe his whole ſtock ran out through his own bowels; then he conſorted with a milk-woman, who kept a cellar in Petty France: But he could not make his quarters good; he was diſlodged and driven up ſtairs into the kennel by a corporal

in the ſecond regiment of foot-guards—He was afterwards the laureat of Blackfriars, from whence there was a natural tranſition to the Fleet. As he had formerly miſcarried in panegyric, he now turned his thoughts to ſatire, and really ſeems to have ſome talent for abuſe. If he can hold out till the meeting of parliament, and be prepared for another charge, in all probability Dick will mount the pillory, or obtain a penſion, in either of which events his fortune will be made. Meanwhile he has acquired ſome degree of conſideration with the reſpectable writers of the age; and as I have ſubſcribed for his works, he did me the favour t'other night to introduce me to a ſociety of thoſe geniuſes but I found them exceedingly formal and reſerved—They ſeemed afraid and jealous of one another, and ſat in a ſtate of mutual repulſion, like ſo many particles of vapour, each ſurrounded by its own electriſied atmoſphere. Dick, who has more vivacity than judgment, tried more than once to enliven the converſation; ſometimes making an effort at wit, ſometimes letting off a pun, and ſometimes diſcharging a conundrum; nay, at length he ſtarted a diſpute upon the hackneyed compariſon betwixt blank verſe and rhyme, and the profeſſors opened with great clamour; but, inſtead of keeping to the ſubject, they launched out into tedious diſſertations on the poetry of the ancients; and one of them, who had been a ſchoolmaſter, diſplayed his whole knowledge of proſody, gleaned from Diſputer and Ruddiman. At laſt, I ventured to ſay, I did not ſee how the ſubject in queſtion could be at all elucidated by the practice of the ancients, who certainly had neither blank verſe nor rhyme in their poems, which were meaſured by feet, whereas ours are reckoned by the number of ſyllables. This remark ſeemed to give umbrage to the pedant, who forthwith involved himſelf in a cloud of Greek and Latin quotations, which nobody attempted to diſpel—A confuſed hum of inſipid obſervations and comments enſued; and, upon the whole, I never paſſed a duller evening in my life—Yet, without all doubt, ſome of them were men of learning, wit, and ingenuity. As they are afraid of making free with one another, they ſhould bring each his butt, or whet-ſtone, along with him, for the entertainment of the company—My uncle ſays he never de-

ſires to meet with more than one wit at a time—One wit, like a knuckle of ham in ſoup, gives a zeſt and flavour to the diſh; but more than one ſerves only to ſpoil the pottage—And now I'm afraid I have given you an unconſcionable meſs without any flavour at all; for which, I ſuppoſe, you will beſtow your benedictions upon

Your friend and ſervant,

London, June 5. J. MELFORD.

To DR. LEWIS.

DEAR LEWIS,

YOUR fable of the monkey and the pig is what the Italians call *ben trovata:* But I ſhall not repeat it to my apothecary, who is a proud Scotchman, very thin-ſkinned, and, for aught I know, may have his degree in his pocket—A right Scotchman has always two ſtrings to his bow, and is *in utrumque paratus*—Certain it is, I have not 'ſcaped a ſcouring; but, I believe, by means of that ſcouring, I have 'ſcaped ſomething worſe, perhaps a tedious fit of the gout or rheumatiſm; for my appetite began to flag, and I had certain croakings in the bowels which boded me no good—Nay, I am not yet quite free of theſe remembrancers, which warn me to be gone from this centre of infection.

What temptation can a man of my turn and temperament have, to live in a place where every corner teems with freſh objects of deteſtation and diſguſt? What kind of taſte and organs muſt thoſe people have, who really prefer the adulterated enjoyments of the town to the genuine pleaſures of a country retreat?—Moſt people, I know, are originally ſeduced by vanity, ambition, and childiſh curioſity; which cannot be gratified, but in the *buſy haunts of men:* But, in the courſe of this gratification, their very organs of ſenſe are perverted, and they become habitually loſt to every reliſh of what is genuine and excellent in its own nature.

Shall I ſtate the difference between my town grievances and my country comforts?—At Brambletonhall, I have

elbow-room within doors, and breathe a clear, elaſtic, ſalutary air.—I enjoy refreſhing ſleep, which is never diſturbed by horrid noiſe, nor interrupted, but in a morning, by the ſweet twitter of the martlet at my window.—I drink the virgin lymph, pure and cryſtalline as it guſhes from the rock, or the ſparkling beverage, home-brewed from malt of my own making; or I indulge with cyder, which my own orchard affords, or with claret of the beſt growth, imported for my own uſe, by a correſpondent on whoſe integrity I can depend; my bread is ſweet and nouriſhing, made from my own wheat, grounded in my own mill, and baked in my own oven; my table is, in a great meaſure, furniſhed from my own ground: my five-year old mutton, fed on the fragrant herbage of the mountains, that might vie with veniſon in juice and flavour; my delicious veal, fattened with nothing but the mother's milk, that fills the diſh with gravy; my poultry from the barn-door, that never knew confinement but when they were at rooſt; my rabbits panting from the warren; my game freſh from the moors; my trout and ſalmon ſtruggling from the ſtream; oyſters from their native banks; and herrings, with other ſea-fiſh, I can eat in four hours after they are taken.—My ſallads, roots, and pot-herbs my own garden yields in plenty and perfection, the produce of the natural ſoil, prepared by moderate cultivation. The ſame ſoil affords all the different fruits which England may call her own, ſo that my deſert is every day freſh gathered from the tree; my dairy flows with nectareous tides of milk and cream, from whence we derive abundance of excellent butter, curds, and cheeſe; and the refuſe fattens my pigs, that are deſtined for hams and bacon.—I go to bed betimes, and riſe with the ſun.—I make ſhift to paſs the hours without wearineſs or regret, and am not deſtitute of amuſements within doors, when the weather will not permit me to go abroad—I read, and chat, and play at billiards, cards, or backgammon.—Without doors, I ſuperintend my farm, and execute plans of improvement, the effects of which I enjoy with unſpeakable delight—Nor do I take leſs pleaſure in ſeeing my tenants thrive under my auſpices, and the poor live comfortably by the employment which I provide.—You know I have one or two ſenſible friends, to whom I can open

all my heart; a bleſſing which, perhaps, I might have ſought in vain among the crowded ſcenes of life. There are a few others of more humble parts, whom I eſteem for their integrity; and their converſation I find inoffenſive, though not very entertaining. Finally, I live in the midſt of honeſt men, and truſty dependents, who, I flatter myſelf, have a diſintereſted attachment to my perſon. —You yourſelf, my dear Doctor, can vouch for the truth of theſe aſſertions.

Now, mark the contraſt at London—I am pent up in frowzy lodgings, where there is not room enough to ſwing a cat, and I breathe the ſteams of endleſs putrefaction; and theſe would, undoubtedly, produce a peſtilence, if they were not qualified by the groſs acid of ſea-coal, which is itſelf a pernicious nuiſance to lungs of any delicacy of texture: But even this boaſted corrector cannot prevent thoſe languid ſallow looks, that diſtinguiſh the inhabitants of London from thoſe ruddy ſwains that lead a country life.—I go to bed after midnight, jaded and reſtleſs from the diſſipations of the day—I ſtart every hour from my ſleep, at the horrid noiſe of the watchmen bawling the hour through every ſtreet, and thundering at every door; a ſet of uſeleſs fellows, who ſerve no other purpoſe but that of diſturbing the repoſe of the inhabitants; and, by five o'clock, I ſtart out of bed, in conſequence of the ſtill more dreadful alarm made by the country carts, and noiſy ruſtics bellowing green peaſe under my window. If I would drink water, I muſt quaff the maukiſh contents of an open aqueduct, expoſed to all manner of defilement, or ſwallow that which comes from the river Thames, impregnated with all the filth of London and Weſtminſter. —Human excrement is the leaſt offenſive part of the concrete, which is compoſed of all the drugs, minerals, and poiſons, uſed in mechanics and manufactures, enriched with the putrefying carcaſes of beaſts and men, and mixed with the ſcourings of all the waſh-tubs, kennels, and common ſewers within the bills of mortality.

This is the agreeable potation extolled by the Londoners as the fineſt water in the univerſe.—As to the intoxicating potion ſold for wine, it is a vile, unpalatable, and pernicious ſophiſtication, balderdaſhed with cyder, corn-ſpirit, and the juice of ſloes. In an action at law, laid againſt

a carman for having ſtaved a caſk of port, it appeared, from the evidence of the cooper, that there were not above five gallons of real wine in the whole pipe, which held above an hundred, and even that had been brewed and adulterated by the merchant at Oporto. The bread I eat in London is a deleterious paſte, mixed up with chalk, alum, and bone-aſhes, inſipid to the taſte, and deſtructive to the conſtitution. The good people are not ignorant of this adulteration; but they prefer it to wholeſome bread, becauſe it is whiter than the meal of corn. Thus they ſacrifice their taſte and their health, and the lives of their tender infants, to a moſt abſurd gratification of a misjudging eye; and the miller or the baker is obliged to poiſon them and their families, in order to live by his profeſſion. The ſame monſtrous depravity appears in their veal, which is bleached by repeated bleedings, and other villainous arts, till there is not a drop of juice left in the body, and the poor animal is paralytic before it dies; ſo void of all taſte, nouriſhment, and ſavour, that a man might dine as comfortably on a white fricaſſee of kid-ſkin gloves, or chip-hats from Leghorn.

As they have diſcharged the natural colour from their bread, their butchers meat, and poultry, their cutlets, ragouts, fricaſſees, and ſauces of all kinds—ſo they inſiſt upon having the complexion of their pot-herbs mended, even at the hazard of their lives. Perhaps, you will hardly believe they can be ſo mad as to boil their greens with braſs halfpence, in order to improve their colour; and yet nothing is more true---Indeed, without this improvement in the colour, they have no perſonal merit. They are produced in an artificial ſoil, and taſte of nothing but the dunghills from whence they ſpring. My cabbage, cauliflower, and ſparagus in the country, are as much ſuperior in flavour to thoſe that are ſold in Covent-Garden, as my heath mutton is to that of St. James's market, which, in fact, is neither lamb nor mutton, but ſomething betwixt the two, gorged in the rank fens of Lincoln and Eſſex, pale, coarſe, and frowzy.---As for the pork, it is an abominable carnivorous animal, fed with horſe fleſh and diſtillers grains; and the poultry is all rotten, in conſequence of a fever, occaſioned by the infamous practice of ſewing up the gut, that they may be

the ſooner fattened in coops, in conſequence of this cruel retention.

Of the fiſh I need ſay nothing in this hot weather, but that it comes ſixty, ſeventy, fourſcore, and a hundred miles by land-carriage; a circumſtance ſufficient, without any comment, to turn a Dutchman's ſtomach, even if his noſe was not ſaluted in every alley with the ſweet flavour of *freſh* mackarel, ſelling by retail.—This is not the ſeaſon for oyſters; nevertheleſs, it may not be amiſs to mention, that the right Colcheſter are kept in ſlime pits, occaſionally overflowed by the ſea; and that the green colour, ſo much admired by the voluptuaries of this metropolis, is occaſioned by the vitriolic ſcum, which riſes on the ſurface of the ſtagnant and ſtinking water. Our rabbits are bred and fed in the poulterer's cellar, where they have neither air nor exerciſe; conſequently they muſt be firm in fleſh, and delicious in flavour;—and there is no game to be had for love or money.

It muſt be owned, that Covent Garden affords ſome good fruit; which, however, is always engroſſed by a few individuals of overgrown fortune, at an exorbitant price; ſo that little elſe than the refuſe of the market falls to the ſhare of the community—and that is diſtributed by ſuch filthy hands, as I cannot look at without loathing. It was but yeſterday that I ſaw a dirty barrow-bunter in the ſtreet, cleaning her duſty fruit with her own ſpittle; and who knows but ſome fine lady of St. James's pariſh might admit into her delicate mouth thoſe very cherries, which had been rolled and moiſtened between the filthy, and perhaps ulcerated chops of a St. Giles's huckſter.—I need not dwell upon the pallid contaminated maſh which they call ſtrawberries, ſoiled and toſſed by greaſy paws through twenty baſkets cruſted with dirt; and then preſented with the worſt milk, thickened with the worſt flour, into a bad likeneſs of cream: But the milk itſelf ſhould not paſs unanalyſed, the produce of faded cabbage leaves and ſour draff, lowered with hot water, frothed with bruiſed ſnails, carried through the ſtreets in open pails, expoſed to foul rinſings diſcharged from doors and windows, ſpittle, ſnot, and tobacco-ſquids from foot-paſſengers, overflowings from mud-carts, ſpatterings from coach-wheels, dirt and

traſh chucked into it by roguiſh boys for the joke's ſake, the ſpewings of infants, who have ſlabbered in the tin-meaſure, which is thrown back in that condition among the milk, for the benefit of the next cuſtomer; and, finally, the vermin that drops from the rags of the naſty drab that vends this precious mixture, under the reſpectable denomination of milk-maid.

I ſhall conclude this catalogue of London dainties with that table-beer, guiltleſs of hops and malt, vapid and nauſeous, much fitter to facilitate the operation of a vomit, than to quench thirſt and promote digeſtion; the tallowy rancid maſs called butter, manufactured with candle-greaſe aud kitchen-ſtuff; and their freſh eggs, imported from France and Scotland.—Now, all theſe enormities might be remedied with a very little attention to the article of police, or civil regulation; but the wiſe patriots of London have taken it into their heads, that all regulation is inconſiſtent with liberty; and that every man ought to live in his own way, without reſtraint.—Nay, as there is not ſenſe enough left among them to be diſcompoſed by the nuiſances I have mentioned, they may, for aught I care, wallow in the mire of their own pollution.

A companionable man will, undoubtedly, put up with many inconveniences, for the ſake of enjoying agreeable ſociety. A facetious friend of mine uſed to ſay, the wine could not be bad where the company was agreeable; a maxim which, however, ought to be taken *cum grano ſalis:* But what is the ſociety of London, that I ſhould be tempted for its ſake to mortify my ſenſes, and compound with ſuch uncleanneſs as my ſoul abhors? All the people I ſee are too much engroſſed by ſchemes of intereſt or ambition, to have any room left for ſentiment or friendſhip—Even in ſome of my old acquaintance, thoſe ſchemes and purſuits have obliterated all traces of our former connection.—Converſation is reduced to party diſputes and illiberal altercation—ſocial commerce to formal viſits and card-playing.—If you pick up a diverting original by accident, it may be dangerous to amuſe yourſelf with his oddities—He is generally a tartar at bottom—a ſharper, a ſpy, or a lunatic. Every perſon you deal with endeavours to over-reach you in the way of buſineſs—You are preyed upon by idle mendicants, who beg in the phraſe of bor-

rowing, and live upon the ſpoils of the ſtranger—Your tradeſmen are without conſcience, your friends without affection, and your dependents without fidelity.

My letter would ſwell into a treatiſe, were I to particularize every cauſe of offence that fills up the meaſure of my averſion to this and every other crowded city.—Thank Heaven! I am not ſo far ſucked into the vortex, but that I can diſengage myſelf without any great effort of philoſophy.—From this wild uproar of knavery, folly, and impertinence, I ſhall fly with double reliſh to the ſerenity of retirement, the cordial effuſions of unreſerved friendſhip, the hoſpitality and protection of the rural gods; in a word, the *jucunda oblivia vitæ*, which Horace himſelf had not taſte enough to enjoy.

I have agreed for a good travelling coach and four, at a guinea a-day, for three months certain; and next week we intend to begin our journey to the north, hoping ſtill to be with you by the latter end of October.—I ſhall continue to write from every ſtage where we make any conſiderable halt, as often as any thing occurs which I think can afford you the leaſt amuſement. In the mean time, I muſt beg you will ſuperintend the economy of Barnes, with reſpect to my hay and corn harveſts; aſſured that my ground produces nothing but what you may freely call your own.—On any other terms I ſhould be aſhamed to ſubſcribe myſelf

Your invariable friend,

London, June 8. MATT. BRAMBLE.

To SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, *Bart. of Jeſus College, Oxon.*

DEAR PHILLIPS,

IN my laſt I mentioned my having ſpent an evening with a ſociety of authors, who ſeemed to be jealous and afraid of one another. My uncle was not at all ſurpriſed to hear me ſay I was diſappointed in their converſation. "A man may be very entertaining and inſtructive upon paper (ſaid he), and exceedingly dull in common diſcourſe. I have obſerved, that thoſe who ſhine moſt in private company

are but ſecondary ſtars in the conſtellation of genius. A ſmall ſtock of ideas is more eaſily managed, and ſooner diſplayed, than a great quantity crowded together. There is very ſeldom any thing extraordinary in the appearance and addreſs of a good writer; whereas, a dull author generally diſtinguiſhes himſelf by ſome oddity or extravagance. For this reaſon, I fancy that an aſſembly of Grubs muſt be very diverting."

My curioſity being excited by this hint, I conſulted my friend Dick Ivy, who undertook to gratify it the very next day, which was Sunday laſt.---He carried me to dine with S——, whom you and I have long known by his writings.---He lives in the ſkirts of the town, and every Sunday his houſe is open to all unfortunate brothers of the quill, whom he treats with beef, pudding, and potatoes, port, punch, and Calvert's entire butt-beer.—He has fixed upon the firſt day of the week for the exerciſe of his hoſpitality, becauſe ſome of his gueſts could not enjoy it on any other, for reaſons that I need not explain. I was civilly received, in a plain yet decent habitation, which opened backwards into a very pleaſant garden, kept in excellent order; and, indeed, I ſaw none of the outward ſigns of authorſhip, either in the houſe or the landlord, who is one of thoſe few writers of the age that ſtand upon their own foundation, without patronage, and above dependence. If there was nothing characteriſtic in the entertainer, the company made ample amends for his want of ſingularity.

At two in the afternoon, I found myſelf one of ten meſs-mates ſeated at table; and I queſtion if the whole kingdom could produce ſuch another aſſemblage of originals. Among their peculiarities, I do not mention thoſe of dreſs, which may be purely accidental. What ſtruck me were oddities originally produced by affectation, and afterwards confirmed by habit. One of them wore ſpectacles at dinner, and another his hat flapped; though (as Ivy told me) the firſt was noted for having a ſeaman's eye, when a bailiff was in the wind; and the other was never known to labour under any weakneſs or defect of viſion, except about five years ago, when he was complimented with a couple of black eyes by a player, with whom he had quarrelled in his drink. A third wore a

laced ſtocking, and made uſe of crutches, becauſe, once in his life, he had been laid up with a broken leg, though no man could leap over a ſtick with more agility. A fourth had contracted ſuch an antipathy to the country, that he inſiſted upon ſitting with his back towards the window that looked into the garden; and when a diſh of cauliflower was ſet upon the table, he ſnuffed up volatile ſalts to keep him from fainting: Yet this delicate perſon was the ſon of a cottager, born under a hedge, and had many years run wild among aſſes on a common. A fifth affected diſtraction---When ſpoke to, he always anſwered from the purpoſe---ſometimes he ſuddenly ſtarted up, and rapped out a dreadful oath---ſometimes he burſt out a laughing---then he folded his arms, and ſighed---and then he hiſſed like fifty ſerpents.

At firſt, I really thought he was mad, and, as he ſat near me, began to be under ſome apprehenſions for my own ſafety, when our landlord, perceiving me alarmed, aſſured me aloud, that I had nothing to fear---"The gentleman (ſaid he) is trying to act a part for which he is by no means qualified---if he had all the inclination in the world, it is not in his power to be mad. His ſpirits are too flat to be kindled into frenzy." "'Tis no bad p-p-puff, how-ow-ever (obſerved a perſon in a tarniſhed laced coat); aff-ffected m-madneſs w-will p-paſs for w-wit w-with nine-nine-teen out of t-wenty"---"And affected ſtuttering for humour (replied our landlord); though, God knows, there is no affinity between them." It ſeems, this wag, after having made ſome abortive attempts in plain ſpeaking, had recourſe to this defect, by means of which he frequently extorted the laugh of the company, without the leaſt expence of genius; and that imperfection, which he had at firſt counterfeited, was now become ſo habitual, that he could not lay it aſide.

A certain winking genius, who wore yellow gloves at dinner, had, on his firſt introduction, taken ſuch offence at S——, becauſe he looked and talked, and ate and drank like any other man, that he ſpoke contemptuouſly of his underſtanding ever after, and never would repeat his viſit, until he had exhibited the following proof of his caprice. Wat Wyvil, the poet, having made ſome unſucceſsful advances towards an intimacy with S——, at

laſt gave him to underſtand, by a third perſon, that he had written a poem in his praiſe, and a ſatire againſt his perſon; that, if he would admit him to his houſe, the firſt ſhould be immediately ſent to the preſs; but that, if he perſiſted in declining his friendſhip, he would publiſh the ſatire without delay. S—— replied, that he looked upon Wyvil's panegyric, as, in effect, a ſpecies of infamy, and would reſent it accordingly with a good cudgel; but if he publiſhed the ſatire, he might deſerve his compaſſion, and had nothing to fear from his revenge. Wyvil, having conſidered the alternative, reſolved to mortify S——, by printing the panegyric, for which he received a ſound drubbing. Then he ſwore the peace againſt the aggreſſor, who, in order to avoid a proſecution at law, admitted him to his good graces. It was the ſingularity in S——'s conduct on this occaſion, that reconciled him to the yellow-gloved philoſopher, who owned he had ſome genius, and from that period cultivated his acquaintance.

Curious to know upon what ſubjects the ſeveral talents of my fellow-gueſts were employed, I applied to my communicative friend, Dick Ivy, who gave me to underſtand, that moſt of them were, or had been, underſtrappers, or journeymen, to more creditable authors, for whom they tranſlated, collated, and compiled, in the buſineſs of book-making; and that all of them had, at different times, laboured in the ſervice of our landlord, though they had now ſet up for themſelves in various departments of literature. Not only their talents, but alſo their nations and dialogues were ſo various, that our converſation reſembled the confuſion of tongues at Babel.

We had the Iriſh brogue, the Scotch accent, and foreign idiom, twanged off by the moſt diſcordant vociferation; for, as they all ſpoke together, no man had any chance to be heard, unleſs he could bawl louder than his fellows. It muſt be owned, however, there was nothing pedantic in their diſcourſe; they carefully avoided all learned diſquiſitions, and endeavoured to be facetious; nor did their endeavours always miſcarry—Some droll repartee paſſed, and much laughter was excited; and if any individual loſt his temper ſo far as to tranſgreſs the bounds of decorum, he was effectually checked by the maſter of the feaſt, who exerted a ſort of paternal authority over this irritable tribe.

The moſt learned philoſopher of the whole collection, who had been expelled the univerſity for atheiſm, has made great progreſs in a refutation of Lord Bolingbroke's metaphyſical works, which is ſaid to be equally ingenious and orthodox; but in the mean time, he has been preſented to the grand jury as a public nuiſance, for having blaſphemed in an alehouſe on the Lord's day. The Scotchman gives lectures on the pronunciation of the Engliſh language, which he is now publiſhing by ſubſcription.

The Iriſhman is a political writer, and goes by the name of my Lord Potatoe. He wrote a pamphlet in vindication of a miniſter, hoping his zeal would be rewarded with ſome place or penſion; but finding himſelf neglected in that quarter, he whiſpered about, that the pamphlet was written by the miniſter himſelf, and he publiſhed an anſwer to his own production. In this he addreſſed the author under the title of *your Lordſhip*, with ſuch ſolemnity, that the public ſwallowed the deceit, and bought up the whole impreſſion. The wiſe politicians of the metropolis declared, they were both maſterly performances, and chuckled over the flimſy reveries of an ignorant garreteer, as the profound ſpeculations of a veteran ſtateſman, acquainted with all the ſecrets of the cabinet. The impoſture was detected in the ſequel, and our Hibernian pamphleteer retains no part of his aſſumed importance, but the bare title of *my lord*, and the upper part of the table at the potatoe ordinary in Shoe-lane.

Oppoſite to me ſat a Piedmonteſe, who had obliged the public with a humourous ſatire, intituled, *The Balance of the Engliſh Poets*, a performance which evinced the great modeſty and taſte of the author, and, in particular, his intimacy with the elegancies of the Engliſh language. The ſage, who laboured under the αλεοφοβια, or *horror of green fields*, had juſt finiſhed a treatiſe on practical agriculture, though, in fact, he had never ſeen corn growing in his life, and was ſo ignorant of grain, that our entertainer, in the face of the whole company, made him own, that a plate of hominy was the beſt rice-pudding he had ever eat.

The ſtutterer had almoſt finiſhed his travels through Europe and part of Aſia, without ever budging beyond

the liberties of the King's Bench, except in term time, with a tip-ſtaff for his companion; and as for little Tim Cropdale, the moſt facetious member of the whole ſociety, he had happily wound up the cataſtrophe of a virgin tragedy, from the exhibition of which he promiſed himſelf a large fund of profit and reputation. Tim had made ſhift to live many years by writing novels, at the rate of five pounds a volume; but that branch of buſineſs is now engroſſed by female authors, who publiſh merely for the propagation of virtue, with ſo much eaſe, and ſpirit, and delicacy, and knowledge of the human heart, and all in the ſerene tranquillity of high life, that the reader is not only enchanted by their genius, but reformed by their morality.

After dinner, we adjourned into the garden, where I obſerved, Mr. S—— gave a ſhort ſeparate audience to every individual, in a ſmall remote filbert walk, from whence moſt of them dropped off one after another, without further ceremony; but they were replaced by freſh recruits of the ſame clan, who came to make an afternoon's viſit; and, among others, a ſpruce bookſeller, called Birkin, who rode his own gelding, and made his appearance in a pair of new jemmy boots, with maſſy ſpurs of plate. It was not without reaſon that this midwife of the muſes uſed to exerciſe ahorſeback, for he was too fat to walk afoot, and he underwent ſome ſarcaſms from Tim Cropdale, on his unwieldy ſize and inaptitude for motion. Birkin, who took umbrage at this poor author's petulence, in preſuming to joke upon a man ſo much richer than himſelf, told him, he was not ſo unweildy but that he could move the Marſhalſea court for a writ, and even overtake him with it, if he did not very ſpeedily come and ſettle accounts with him, reſpecting the expence of publiſhing his laſt ode to the King of Pruſſia, of which he had ſold but three, and one of them was to Whitefield the Methodiſt. Tim affected to receive this intimation with good humour, ſaying, he expected in a poſt or two, from Potſdam, a poem of thanks from his Pruſſian Majeſty, who knew very well how to pay poets in their own coin; but, in the mean time, he propoſed that Mr. Birkin and he ſhould run three times round the garden for a bowl of punch, to be drank at Aſhley's in

the evening, and he would run boots againſt ſtockings. The bookſeller, who valued himſelf upon his mettle, was perſuaded to accept the challenge, and he forthwith reſigned his boots to Cropdale, who, when he had put them on, was no bad repreſentation of Captain Piſtol in the play.

Every thing being adjuſted, they ſtarted together with great impetuoſity, and, in the ſecond round, Birkin had clearly the advantage, *larding the lean earth as he puff'd along.* Cropdale had no mind to conteſt the victory further, but in a twinkling diſappeared through the back-door of the garden, which opened into a private lane that had communication with the high road—The ſpectators immediately began to hallo, "Stole away!" and Birkin ſet off in purſuit of him with great eagerneſs; but he had not advanced twenty yards in the lane, when a thorn running into his foot, ſent him hopping back into the garden, roaring with pain, and ſwearing with vexation. When he was delivered from this annoyance by the Scotchman, who had been bred to ſurgery, he looked about him wildly, exclaiming, "Sure, the fellow won't be ſuch a rogue as to run clear away with my boots!" Our landlord, having reconnoitred the ſhoes he had left, which indeed hardly deſerved that name, "Pray (ſaid he), Mr. Birkin, wa'n't your boots made of calf-ſkin?" "Calf-ſkin or cow-ſkin (replied the other), I'll find a ſlip of ſheep-ſkin that will do his buſineſs.—I loſt twenty pounds by his farce, which you perſuaded me to buy.—I am out of pocket five pounds by his damn'd ode; and now this pair of boots, bran new, coſt me thirty ſhillings, as per receipt.—But this affair of the boots is felony—tranſportation.—I'll have the dog indicted at the Old Bailey—I will, Mr. S——. I will be revenged, even though I ſhould loſe my debt in conſequence of his conviction."

Mr. S—— ſaid nothing at preſent, but accommodated him with a pair of ſhoes; then ordered his ſervant to rub him down; and comfort him with a glaſs of rum punch, which ſeemed in a great meaſure to cool the rage of his indignation. "After all (ſaid our landlord), this is no more than a humbug in the way of wit, though it deſerves a more reſpectable epithet, when conſidered as an effort

of invention. Tim being, I ſuppoſe, out of credit with the cordwainer, fell upon this ingenious expedient to ſupply the want of ſhoes; knowing that Mr. Birkin, who loves humour, would himſelf reliſh the joke upon a little recollection. Cropdale literally lives by his wit, which he has exerciſed upon all his friends in their turns. He once borrowed my poney for five or ſix days, to go to Saliſbury, and ſold him in Smithfield at his return. This was a joke of ſuch a ſerious nature, that, in the firſt tranſports of my paſſion, I had ſome thoughts of proſecuting him for horſe-ſtealing; and, even when my reſentment had in ſome meaſure ſubſided, as he induſtriouſly avoided me, I vowed I would take ſatisfaction on his ribs with the firſt opportunity. One day, ſeeing him at ſome diſtance in the ſtreet, coming towards me, I began to prepare my cane for action, and walked in the ſhadow of a porter, that he might not perceive me ſoon enough to make his eſcape; but, in the very inſtant I had lifted up the inſtrument of correction, I found Tim Cropdale metamorphoſed into a miſerable blind wretch, feeling his way with a long ſtick from poſt to poſt, and rolling about two bald unlighted orbs, inſtead of eyes. I was exceedingly ſhocked at having ſo narrowly eſcaped the concern and diſgrace that would have attended ſuch a miſapplication of vengeance; but, next day, Tim prevailed upon a friend of mine to come and ſolicit my forgiveneſs, and offer his note, payable in ſix weeks, for the price of the poney. This gentleman gave me to underſtand, that the blind man was no other than Cropdale, who having ſeen me advancing, and gueſſing my intent, had immediately converted himſelf into the object aforeſaid. I was ſo diverted at the ingenuity of the evaſion, that I agreed to pardon his offence, refuſing his note, however, that I might keep a proſecution for felony hanging over his head, as a ſecurity for his future good behaviour—But Timothy would by no means truſt himſelf in my hands till the note was accepted—Then he made his appearance at my door as a blind beggar, and impoſed in ſuch a manner upon my man, who had been his old acquaintance and pot-companion, that the fellow threw the door in his face, and even threatened to give him the baſtinado. Hearing a noiſe in the hall, I went thither, and immediately recol-

leſſing the figure I had paſſed in the ſtreet, accoſted him by his own name, to the unſpeakable aſtoniſhment of the footman."

Birkin declared he loved a joke as well as another; but aſked if any of the company could tell where Mr. Cropdale lodged, that he might ſend him a propoſal about reſtitution, before the boots ſhould be made away with "I would willingly give him a pair of new ſhoes (ſaid he), and half a guinea into the bargain, for the boots, which fitted me like a glove, and I ſha'n't be able to get the fellows of them till the good weather for riding is over." The ſtuttering wit declared, that the only ſecret which Cropdale ever kept, was the place of his lodgings; but he believed, that, during the heats of ſummer, he commonly took his repoſe upon a bulk, or indulged himſelf, in freſco, with one of the kennel-nymphs, under the portico of St. Martin's church.—"Pox on him! (cried the bookſeller), he might as well have taken my whip and ſpurs—In that caſe, he might have been tempted to ſteal another horſe, and then he would have rid to the devil of courſe."

After coffee, I took my leave of Mr. S——, with proper acknowledgments of his civility, and was extremely well pleaſed with the entertainment of the day, though not yet ſatisfied with reſpect to the nature of this connection betwixt a man of character in the literary world, and a parcel of authorlings, who, in all probability, would never be able to acquire any degree of reputation by their labours. On this head I interrogated my conductor, Dick Ivy, who anſwered me to this effect: "One would imagine S—— had ſome view to his own intereſt, in giving countenance and aſſiſtance to thoſe people, whom he knows to be bad men, as well as bad writers; but, if he has any ſuch view, he will find himſelf diſappointed; for if he is ſo vain as to imagine he can make them ſubſervient to his ſchemes of profit or ambition, they are cunning enough to make him their property in the mean time. There is not one of the company you have ſeen to-day (myſelf excepted) who does not owe him particular obligations. One of them he bailed out of a ſpunging-houſe, and afterwards paid the debt—another he tranſlated into his family, and clothed, when he was turned out half-naked

from gaol, in conſequence of an act for the relief of inſolvent debtors—a third, who was reduced to a woollen night-cap, and lived upon ſheep's trotters, up three pair of ſtairs, backward in Butcher-row, he took into preſent pay and free quarters, and enabled him to appear as a gentleman, without having the fear of ſheriffs officers before his eyes. Thoſe who are in diſtreſs, he ſupplies with money when he has it, and with his credit when he is out of caſh. When they want buſineſs, he either finds employment for them in his own ſervice, or recommends them to bookſellers, to execute ſome project he has formed for their ſubſiſtence. They are always welcome to his table (which, though plain, is plentiful), and to his good offices as far as they will go; and, when they ſee occaſion, they make uſe of his name with the moſt petulant familiarity; nay, they do not even ſcruple to arrogate to themſelves the merit of ſome of his performances, and have been known to ſell their own lucubrations as the produce of his brain. The Scotchman you ſaw at dinner, once perſonated him at an ale-houſe in Weſt Smithfield, and, in the character of S——, had his head broke by a cow-keeper, for having ſpoke diſreſpectfully of the Chriſtian religion; but he took the law of him in his own perſon, and the aſſailant was fain to give him ten pounds to withdraw his action."

I obſerved that all this appearance of liberality on the ſide of Mr. S—— was eaſily accounted for, on the ſuppoſition that they flattered him in private, and engaged his adverſaries in public; and yet I was aſtoniſhed, when I recollected that I often had ſeen this writer virulently abuſed in papers, poems, and pamphlets, and not a pen was drawn in his defence. "But you will be more aſtoniſhed (ſaid he), when I aſſure you, thoſe very gueſts, whom you ſaw at his table to-day, were the authors of great part of that abuſe; and he himſelf is well aware of their particular favours, for they are all eager to detect and betray one another." "But this is doing the devil's work for nothing (cried I). What ſhould induce them to revile their benefactor without provocation?" "Envy (anſwered Dick) is the general incitement; but they are galled by an additional ſcourge of provocation. S—— directs a literary journal, in which their productions are

neceſſarily brought to trial; and though many of them have been treated with ſuch lenity and favour as they little deſerved, yet the ſlighteſt cenſure, ſuch as, perhaps, could not be avoided with any pretenſions to candour and impartiality, has rankled in the hearts of thoſe authors to ſuch a degree, that they have taken immediate vengeance on the critic in anonymous libels, letters, and lampoons. Indeed, all the writers of the age, good, bad, and indifferent, from the moment he aſſumed this office, became his enemies, either profeſſed or in petto, except thoſe of his friends who knew they had nothing to fear from his ſtrictures; and he muſt be a wiſer man than me, who can tell what advantage or ſatisfaction he derives from having brought ſuch a neſt of hornets about his ears."

I owned that was a point which might deſerve conſideration; but ſtill I expreſſed a deſire to know his real motives for continuing his friendſhip to a ſet of raſcals equally ungrateful and inſignificant. He ſaid, he did not pretend to aſſign any reaſonable motive; that, if the truth muſt be told, the man was, in point of conduct, a moſt incorrigible fool; that, though he pretended to have a knack at hitting off characters, he blundered ſtrangely in the diſtribution of his favours, which were generally beſtowed on the moſt undeſerving of thoſe who had recourſe to his aſſiſtance; that, indeed, this preference was not ſo much owing to a want of diſcernment, as to want of reſolution; for he had not fortitude enough to reſiſt the importunity even of the moſt worthleſs; and, as he did not know the value of money, there was very little merit in parting with it ſo eaſily; that his pride was gratified in ſeeing himſelf courted by ſuch a number of literary dependents; that, probably, he delighted in hearing them expoſe and traduce one another; and, finally, from their information, he became acquainted with all the tranſactions of Grub-ſtreet, which he had ſome thoughts of compiling, for the entertainment of the public.

I could not help ſuſpecting, from Dick's diſcourſe, that he had ſome particular grudge againſt S——, upon whoſe conduct he had put the worſt conſtruction it would bear; and, by dint of croſs examination, I found he was not at all ſatisfied with the character which had been given in the Review of his laſt performance, though it had been

treated civilly, in conſequence of the author's application to the critic. By all accounts, S—— is not without weakneſs and caprice; but he is certainly good-humoured and civilized; nor do I find, that there is any thing overbearing, cruel, or implacable in his diſpoſition.

I have dwelt ſo long upon authors, that you will perhaps ſuſpect I intend to enrol myſelf among the fraternity,; but, if I were actually qualified for the profeſſion, it is at beſt but a deſperate reſource againſt ſtarving, as it affords no proviſion for old age and infirmity. Salmon, at the age of fourſcore, is now in a garret, compiling matter, at a guinea a ſheet, for a modern hiſtorian, who, in point of age, might be his grandchild; and Pſalmonazar, after having drudged half a century in the literary mill, in all the ſimplicity and abſtinence of an Aſiatic, ſubſiſts upon the charity of a few bookſellers, juſt ſufficient to keep him from the pariſh—I think Guy, who was himſelf a bookſeller, ought to have appropriated one wing or ward of his hoſpital to the uſe of decayed authors; though, indeed, there is neither hoſpital, college, or workhouſe, within the bills of mortality, large enough to contain the poor of this ſociety, compoſed, as it is, from the refuſe of every other profeſſion.

I know not whether you will find any amuſement in this account of an odd race of mortals, whoſe conſtitution had, I own, greatly intereſted the curioſity of

Yours,

London, June 10. J. MELFORD.

To Miſs LÆTITIA WILLIS, *at Glouceſter.*

MY DEAR LETTY,

THERE is ſomething on my ſpirits, which I ſhould not venture to communicate by the poſt; but having the opportunity of Mrs. Brentwood's return, I ſeize it eagerly, to diſburden my poor heart, which is oppreſſed with fear and vexation.—O Letty! what a miſerable ſituation it is to be without a friend to whom one can apply for counſel and conſolation in diſtreſs! I hinted in my laſt, that

one Mr. Barton had been very particular in his civilities: —I can no longer miſtake his meaning.—He has formally profeſſed himſelf my admirer; and, after a thouſand aſſiduities, perceiving I made but a cold return to his addreſſes, he had recourſe to the mediation of Lady Griſkin, who has acted the part of a very warm advocate in his behalf.—But, my dear Willis, her ladyſhip overacts her part—She not only expatiates on the ample fortune, the great connections, and the unblemiſhed character of Mr. Barton, but ſhe takes the trouble to catechiſe me; and, two days ago, peremptorily told me, that a girl of my age could not poſſibly reſiſt ſo many conſiderations, if her heart was not pre-engaged.

This inſinuation threw me into ſuch a flutter, that ſhe could not but obſerve my diſorder; and, preſuming upon the diſcovery, inſiſted upon my making her the confidante of my paſſion. But, although I had not ſuch command of myſelf as to conceal the emotion of my heart, I am not ſuch a child as to diſcloſe its ſecrets to a perſon who would certainly uſe them to its prejudice. I told her, it was no wonder if I was out of countenance at her introducing a ſubject of converſation ſo unſuitable to my years and inexperience: That I believed Mr. Barton was a very worthy gentleman, and I was much obliged to him for his good opinion; but the affections were involuntary, and mine, in particular, had as yet made no conceſſions in his favour. She ſhook her head with an air of diſtruſt that made me tremble; and obſerved, that, if my affections were free, they would ſubmit to the deciſion of prudence, eſpecially when enforced by the authority of thoſe who had a right to direct my conduct. This remark implied a deſign to intereſt my uncle or my aunt, perhaps my brother, in behalf of Mr. Barton's paſſion; and I am ſadly afraid that my aunt is already gained over. Yeſterday, in the forenoon, he had been walking with us in the park, and ſtopping in our return at a toy-ſhop, he preſented her with a very fine ſnuff-box, and me with a gold etuis, which I reſolutely refuſed, till ſhe commanded me to accept of it on pain of her diſpleaſure: Nevertheleſs, being ſtill unſatisfied with reſpect to the propriety of receiving this toy, I ſignified my doubts to my brother, who ſaid he would conſult my uncle on the ſubject, and

ſeemed to think Mr. Barton had been rather premature in his preſents.

What will be the reſult of this conſultation, Heaven knows; but I am afraid it will produce an explanation with Mr. Barton, who will, no doubt, avow his paſſion, and ſolicit their conſent to a connection which my ſoul abhors; for, my deareſt Letty, it is not in my power to love Mr. Barton, even if my heart was untouched by any other tenderneſs. Not that there is any thing diſagreeable about his perſon, but there is a total want of that nameleſs charm which captivates and controuls the enchanted ſpirit—at leaſt he appears to me to have this defect; but if he had all the engaging qualifications which a man can poſſeſs, they would be excited in vain againſt that conſtancy, which, I flatter myſelf, is the characteriſtic of my nature. No, my dear Willis, I may be involved in freſh troubles, and I believe I ſhall, from the importunities of this gentleman, and the violence of my relations; but my heart is incapable of change.

You know I put no faith in dreams; and yet I have been much diſturbed by one that viſited me laſt night. —I thought I was in a church, where a certain perſon, whom you know, was on the point of being married to my aunt; that the clergyman was Mr. Barton, and that poor forlorn I ſtood weeping in a corner, half naked, and without ſhoes or ſtockings.—Now I know there is nothing ſo childiſh as to be moved by thoſe vain illuſions; but, nevertheleſs, in ſpite of all my reaſon, this hath made a ſtrong impreſſion upon my mind, which begins to be very gloomy. Indeed, I have another more ſubſtantial cauſe of affliction—I have ſome religious ſcruples, my dear friend, which lie heavy on my conſcience.—I was perſuaded to go to the tabernacle, where I heard a diſcourſe that affected me deeply.—I have prayed fervently to be enlightened, but as yet I am not ſenſible of theſe inward motions, theſe operations of grace, which are the ſigns of a regenerated ſpirit; and therefore I begin to be in terrible apprehenſions about the ſtate of my poor ſoul. Some of our family have had very uncommon acceſſions, particularly my aunt and Mrs. Jenkins, who ſometimes ſpeak as if they were really inſpired;—ſo that I am not like to want for either exhortation or example, to purify my

thoughts, and recal them from the vanities of this world, which, indeed, I would willingly reſign, if it was in my power; but, to make this ſacrifice, I muſt be enabled by ſuch aſſiſtance from above as hath not yet been indulged to

Your unfortunate friend,

June 10. LYDIA MELFORD.

To SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, *Bart. of Jeſus College, Oxon.*

DEAR PHILLIPS,

THE moment I received your letter, I began to execute your commiſſion.—With the aſſiſtance of mine hoſt at the Bull and Gate, I diſcovered the place to which your fugitive valet had retreated, and taxed him with his diſhoneſty.—The fellow was in manifeſt confuſion at ſight of me—but he denied the charge with great confidence; till I told him, that, if he would give up the watch, which was a family-piece, he might keep the money and the clothes, and go to the devil his own way, at his leiſure; but, if he rejected this propoſal, I would deliver him forthwith to the conſtable, whom I had provided for that purpoſe, and he would carry him before the juſtice without farther delay. After ſome heſitation, he deſired to ſpeak with me in the next room, where he produced the watch, with all its appendages; and I have delivered it to our landlord, to be ſent you by the firſt ſafe conveyance.—So much for buſineſs.

I ſhall grow vain upon your ſaying you find entertainment in my letters, barren, as they certainly are, of incident and importance; becauſe your amuſement muſt ariſe, not from the matter, but from the manner, which you know is all my own.—Animated, therefore, by the approbation of a perſon whoſe nice taſte and conſummate judgment I can no longer doubt, I will cheerfully proceed with our memoirs.—As it is determined we ſhall ſet out next week for Yorkſhire, I went to-day, in the forenoon, with my uncle, to ſee a carriage belonging to a coachmaker in our neighbourhood.—Turning down a narrow lane, behind Long-acre, we perceived a crowd of people

ſtanding at a door, which, it ſeems, opened into a kind of Methodiſt meeting, and were informed that a footman was then holding forth to the congregation within. Curious to ſee this phenomenon, we ſqueezed into the place with much difficulty; and who ſhould this preacher be, but the identical Humphry Clinker! He had finiſhed his ſermon, and given out a pſalm, the firſt ſtave of which he ſung with peculiar graces.—But, if we were aſtoniſhed to ſee Clinker in the pulpit, we were altogether confounded at finding all the females of our family among the audience—There was Lady Griſkin, Mrs. Tabitha Bramble, Mrs. Winifred Jenkins, my ſiſter Liddy, and Mr. Barton, and all of them joined in the pſalmody with ſtrong marks of devotion.

I could hardly keep my gravity on this ludicrous occaſion; but old Squaretoes was differently affected.—The firſt thing that ſtruck him was the preſumption of his lacquey, whom he commanded to come down, with ſuch an air of authority, as Humphry did not think proper to diſregard. He deſcended immediately, and all the people were in commotion. Barton looked exceedingly ſheepiſh, Lady Griſkin flirted her fan, Mrs. Tabby groaned in ſpirit, Liddy changed countenance, and Mrs. Jenkins ſobbed as if her heart was breaking.—My uncle, with a ſneer, aſked pardon of the ladies for having interrupted their devotions, ſaying, he had particular buſineſs with the preacher, whom he ordered to call a hackney-coach. This being immediately brought up to the end of the lane, he handed Liddy into it, and my aunt and I following him, we drove home, without taking any farther notice of the reſt of the company, who ſtill remained in ſilent aſtoniſhment.

Mr. Bramble, perceiving Liddy in great trepidation, aſſumed a milder aſpect, bidding her be under no concern, for he was not at all diſpleaſed at any thing ſhe had done—"I have no objection (ſaid he) to your being religiouſly inclined; but I don't think my ſervant is a proper ghoſtly director for a devotee of your ſex and character—If, in fact (as I rather believe), your aunt is not the ſole conductreſs of this machine——" Mrs. Tabitha made no anſwer, but threw up the whites of her eyes, as if in the act of ejaculation—Poor Liddy ſaid ſhe had no right

to the title of a devotee; that ſhe thought there was no harm in hearing a pious diſcourſe, even if it came from a footman, eſpecially as her aunt was preſent; but that, if ſhe had erred from ignorance, ſhe hoped he would excuſe it, as ſhe could not bear the thoughts of living under his diſpleaſure. The old gentleman, preſſing her hand, with a tender ſmile, ſaid ſhe was a good girl, and that he did not believe her capable of doing any thing that could give him the leaſt umbrage or diſguſt.

When we arrived at our lodgings, he commanded Mr. Clinker to attend him up ſtairs, and ſpoke to him in theſe words:—"Since you are called upon by the ſpirit to preach and to teach, it is high time to lay aſide the livery of an earthly maſter, and, for my part, I am unworthy to have an apoſtle in my ſervice—" "I hope (ſaid Humphry) I have not failed in my duty to your honour—I ſhould be a vile wretch if I did, conſidering the miſery from which your charity and compaſſion relieved me—but having an inward admonition of the ſpirit—" "An admonition of the devil—(cried the ſquire in a paſſion) What admonition, you blockhead? What right has ſuch a fellow as you to ſet up for a reformer?" "Begging your honour's pardon (replied Clinker), may not the new light of God's grace ſhine upon the poor and the ignorant in their humility, as well as upon the wealthy and the philoſopher in all his pride of human learning?" "What you imagine to be the new light of grace (ſaid his maſter), I take to be a deceitful vapour, glimmering through a crack in your upper ſtory—In a word, Mr. Clinker, I will have no light in my family but what pays the king's taxes, unleſs it be the light of reaſon, which you don't pretend to follow."

"Ah, Sir! (cried Humphry) the light of reaſon is no more, in compariſon to the light I mean, than a farthing candle to the ſun at noon—" "Very true (ſaid my uncle), the one will ſerve to ſhow you your way, and the other to dazzle and confound your weak brain—Hark ye, Clinker, you are either an hypocritical knave, or a wrong-headed enthuſiaſt; and, in either caſe, unfit for my ſervice—If you are a quack in ſanctity and devotion, you will find it an eaſy matter to impoſe upon ſilly women, and others of crazed underſtanding, who will contribute

laviſhly for your ſupport—If you are really ſeduced by the reveries of a diſturbed imagination, the ſooner you loſe your ſenſes entirely, the better for yourſelf and the community. In that caſe ſome charitable perſon might provide you with a dark room and clean ſtraw in Bedlam, where it would not be in your power to infect others with your fanaticiſm; whereas, if you have juſt reflection enough left to maintain the character of a choſen veſſel in the meetings of the godly, you and your hearers will be miſled by a Will-o'the-wiſp, from one error into another, till you are plunged into religious frenzy; and then, perhaps, you will hang yourſelf in deſpair—" "Which the Lord, of his infinite mercy, forbid! (exclaimed the affrighted Clinker). It is very poſſible I may be under the temptation of the devil, who wants to wreck me on the rocks of ſpiritual pride—Your honour ſays I am either a knave or a madman; now, as I'll aſſure your honour I am no knave, it follows that I muſt be mad; therefore, I beſeech your honour, upon my knees, to take my caſe into conſideration, that means may be uſed for my recovery—"

The 'ſquire could not help ſmiling at the poor fellow's ſimplicity, and promiſed to take care of him, provided he would mind the buſineſs of his place, without running after the new light of Methodiſm: But Mrs. Tabitha took offence at his humility, which ſhe interpreted into poorneſs of ſpirit and worldly-mindedneſs—She upbraided him with the want of courage to ſuffer for conſcience-ſake: She obſerved, that if he ſhould loſe his place for bearing teſtimony of the truth, Providence would not fail to find him another, perhaps more advantageous; and, declaring that it could not be very agreeable to live in a family where an inquiſition was eſtabliſhed, retired to another room in great agitation.

My uncle followed her with a ſignificant look; then turning to the preacher, "You hear what my ſiſter ſays—If you cannot live with me upon ſuch terms as I have preſcribed, the vineyard of Methodiſm lies before you, and ſhe ſeems very well diſpoſed to reward your labour." —"I would not willingly give offence to any ſoul upon earth (anſwered Humphry); her ladyſhip has been very good to me ever ſince we came to London; and ſurely

ſhe has a heart turned for religious exerciſes, and both ſhe and Lady Griſkin ſing pſalms and hymns like two cherubims: But, at the ſame time, I am bound to love and obey your honour. It becometh not ſuch a poor ignorant fellow as me to hold diſpute with a gentleman of rank and learning.—As for the matter of knowledge, I am no more than a beaſt in compariſon to your honour, therefore I ſubmit; and, with God's grace, I will follow you to the world's end, if you don't think me too far gone to be out of confinement."

His maſter promiſed to keep him for ſome time longer on trial; then deſired to know in what manner Lady Griſkin and Mr. Barton came to join their religious ſociety. He told him, that her ladyſhip was the perſon who firſt carried my aunt and ſiſter to the tabernacle, whither he attended them, and had his devotion kindled by Mr. W———'s preaching: That he was confirmed in this new way by the preacher's ſermons, which he had bought and ſtudied with great attention: That his diſcourſe and prayers had brought over Mrs. Jenkins and the houſe-maid to the ſame way of thinking; but as for Mr. Barton, he had never ſeen him at ſervice before this day, when he came in company with Lady Griſkin—Humphry moreover owned, that he had been encouraged to mount the roſtrum by the example and ſucceſs of a weaver, who was much followed as a powerful miniſter: That, on his firſt trial, he found himſelf under ſuch ſtrong impulſions, as made him believe he was certainly moved by the ſpirit; and that he had aſſiſted in Lady Griſkin's, and ſeveral private houſes, at exerciſes of devotion.

Mr. Bramble was no ſooner informed that her ladyſhip had acted as the primum mobile of this confederacy, than he concluded ſhe had only made uſe of Clinker as a tool, ſubſervient to the execution of ſome deſign to the true ſecret of which he was an utter ſtranger—He obſerved, that that her ladyſhip's brain was a perfect mill for projects; and that ſhe and Tabby had certainly engaged in ſome ſecret treaty, the nature of which he could not comprehend. I told him I thought it was no difficult matter to perceive the drift of Mrs. Tabitha, which was to enſnare the heart of Barton, and that in all likelihood my Lady Griſkin acted as her auxiliary: That this ſuppoſi-

tion would account for their endeavours to convert him to Methodiſm: an event which would occaſion a connection of ſouls that might be eaſily improved into a matrimonial union.

My uncle ſeemed to be much diverted by the thoughts of this ſcheme's ſucceeding; but I gave him to underſtand, that Barton was pre-engaged: That he had the day before made a preſent of an etuis to Liddy, which her aunt had obliged her to receive, with a view, no doubt, to countenance her own accepting of a ſnuff-box at the ſame time: That my ſiſter having made me acquainted with this incident, I had deſired an explanation of Mr. Barton, who declared his intentions were honourable, and expreſſed his hope that I would have no objections to his alliance: That I had thanked him for the honour he intended our family; but told him, it would be neceſſary to conſult her uncle and aunt, who were her guardians; and their approbation being obtained, I could have no objection to his propoſal; though I was perſuaded that no violence would be offered to my ſiſter's inclinations, in a tranſaction that ſo nearly intereſted the happineſs of her future life: That he had aſſured me, he ſhould never think of availing himſelf of a guardian's authority, unleſs he could render his addreſſes agreeable to the young lady herſelf; and that he would immediately demand permiſſion of Mr. and Mrs. Bramble to make Liddy a tender of his hand and fortune.

The 'ſquire was not inſenſible to the advantages of ſuch a match, and declared he would promote it with all his influence; but when I took notice that there ſeemed to be an averſion on the ſide of Liddy, he ſaid he would ſound her on the ſubject; and, if her reluctance was ſuch as would not be eaſily overcome, he would civilly decline the propoſal of Mr. Barton: For he thought, that, in the choice of a huſband, a young woman ought not to ſacrifice the feelings of her heart for any conſideration upon earth—"Liddy is not ſo deſperate (ſaid he) as to worſhip fortune at ſuch an expence." I take it for granted this whole affair will end in ſmoke; though there ſeems to be a ſtorm brewing in the quarter of Mrs. Tabby, who ſat with all the ſullen dignity of ſilence at dinner, ſeemingly pregnant with complaint and expoſtula-

tion. As ſhe hath certainly marked Barton for her own prey, ſhe cannot poſſibly favour his ſuit to Liddy, and therefore I expect ſomething extraordinary will attend his declaring himſelf my ſiſter's admirer. This declaration will certainly be made in form, as ſoon as the lover can pick up reſolution enough to ſtand the brunt of Mrs. Tabby's diſappointment; for he is, without doubt, aware of her deſigns upon his perſon.—The particulars of the *denouement* you ſhall know in due ſeaſon. Meanwhile, I am,

always yours,

London, June 10. J. MELFORD.

To DR. LEWIS.

DEAR LEWIS,

THE deceitful calm was of ſhort duration. I am plunged again in a ſea of vexation, and the complaints in my ſtomach and bowels are returned; ſo that I ſuppoſe I ſhall be diſabled from proſecuting the excurſion I had planned—What the devil had I to do, to come a plague-hunting with a leaſh of females in my train? Yeſterday my precious ſiſter (who, by the by, has been for ſome time a profeſſed Methodiſt) came into my apartment, attended by Mr. Barton, and deſired an audience with a very ſtately air—"Brother (ſaid ſhe), this gentleman has ſomething to propoſe, which I flatter myſelf will be the more acceptable, as it will rid you of a troubleſome companion." Then Mr. Barton proceeded to this effect—"I am, indeed, extremely ambitious of being allied to your family, Mr. Bramble, and I hope you will ſee no cauſe to interpoſe your authority—" "As for authority (ſaid Tabby, interrupting him with ſome warmth), I know of none that he has a right to uſe on this occaſion—If I pay him the compliment of making him acquainted with the ſtep I intend to take, it is all he can expect in reaſon—This is as much as I believe he would do by me, if he intended to change his own ſituation in life—In a word, brother, I am ſo ſenſible of Mr. Barton's ex-

traordinary merit, that I have been prevailed upon to alter my reſolution of living a ſingle life, and to put my happineſs in his hands, by veſting him with a legal title to my perſon and fortune, ſuch as they are. The buſineſs at preſent is to have the writings drawn; and I ſhall be obliged to you, if you will recommend a lawyer to me for that purpoſe—"

You may gueſs what an effect this overture had upon me, who, from the information of my nephew, expected that Barton was to make a formal declaration of his paſſion for Liddy; I could not help gazing in ſilent aſtoniſhment, alternately at Tabby and her ſuppoſed admirer, which laſt hung his head in the moſt awkward confuſion for a few minutes, and then retired, on pretence of being ſuddenly ſeized with a vertigo. Mrs. Tabitha affected much concern, and would have had him make uſe of a bed in the houſe; but he inſiſted upon going home, that he might have recourſe to ſome drops, which he kept for ſuch emergencies, and his inamorata acquieſced. In the meantime I was exceedingly puzzled at this adventure (though I ſuſpected the truth), and did not know in what manner to demean myſelf towards Mrs. Tabitha, when Jery came in and told me, he had juſt ſeen Mr. Barton alight from his chariot at Lady Griſkin's door. This incident ſeemed to threaten a viſit from her ladyſhip, with which we were honoured accordingly, in leſs than half an hour—"I find (ſaid ſhe) there has been a match of croſs-purpoſes among you, good folks; and I'm come to ſet you to rights—" So ſaying, ſhe preſented me with the following billet:

"Dear Sir,

"I NO ſooner recollected myſelf from the extreme confuſion I was thrown into by that unlucky miſtake of your ſiſter, than I thought it my duty to aſſure you, that my devoirs to Mrs. Bramble never exceeded the bounds of ordinary civility, and that my heart is unalterably fixed upon Miſs Liddy Melford, as I had the honour to declare to her brother, when he queſtioned me upon that ſubject. Lady Griſkin has been ſo good as to charge herſelf, not only with the delivery of this note, but alſo with the taſk of undeceiving Mrs. Bramble, for whom I have the moſt

profound reſpect and veneration, though my affection being otherwiſe engaged, is no longer in the power of,

Sir,

Your very humble ſervant,

RALPH BARTON."

Having caſt my eyes over this billet, I told her ladyſhip that I would no longer retard the friendly office ſhe had undertaken; and I and Jery forthwith retired into another room. There we ſoon perceived the converſation grow very warm betwixt the two ladies; and at length could diſtinctly hear certain terms of altercation, which we could no longer delay interrupting, with any regard to decorum. When we entered the ſcene of contention, we found Liddy had joined the diſputants, and ſtood trembling betwixt them, as if ſhe had been afraid they would have proceeded to ſomething more practical than words—Lady Griſkin's face was like the full moon in a ſtorm of wind, glaring, fiery, and portentous; while Tabby looked grim and ghaſtly, with an aſpect breathing diſcord and diſmay—Our appearance put a ſtop to their mutual revilings; but her ladyſhip turning to me, "Couſin (ſaid ſhe), I can't help ſaying I have met with a very ungrateful return from this lady, for the pains I have taken to ſerve her family." "My family is much obliged to your ladyſhip (cried Tabby with a kind of hyſterical giggle), but we have no right to the good offices of ſuch an honourable go-between." "But for all that, good Mrs. Tabitha Bramble (reſumed the other), I ſhall be content with the reflection, that virtue is its own reward; and it ſhall not be my fault, if you continue to make yourſelf ridiculous—Mr. Bramble, who has no little intereſt of his own to ſerve, will, no doubt, contribute all in his power to promote a match betwixt Mr. Barton and his niece, which will be equally honourable and advantageous; and, I dare ſay Miſs Liddy herſelf will have no objection to a meaſure ſo well calculated to make her happy in life."—"I beg your ladyſhip's pardon (exclaimed Liddy, with great vivacity), I have nothing but miſery to expect from ſuch a meaſure; and I hope my guardians will have too much compaſſion to barter my peace of mind for any conſideration of intereſt or fortune."—"Upon my word, Miſs Liddy! (ſaid

ſhe) you have profited by the example of your good au
—I comprehend your meaning, and will explain it wh
I have a proper opportunity—In the mean time I ſh
take my leave—Madam, your moſt obedient, and devot
humble ſervant," ſaid ſhe, advancing cloſe up to my l
ter, and curteſying ſo low, that I thought ſhe intend
to ſquat herſelf down on the floor—This ſalutation Ta
by returned with equal ſolemnity; and the expreſſion
the two faces, while they continued in this attitude, wou
be no bad ſubject for a pencil like that of the incomp
able Hogarth, if any ſuch ſhould ever appear again in th
times of dulneſs and degeneracy.

Jery accompanied her ladyſhip to her houſe, that
might have an opportunity to reſtore the etuis to Bartc
and adviſe him to give up his ſuit, which was ſo diſagre
able to his ſiſter, againſt whom, however, he return
much irritated—Lady Griſkin had aſſured him, that Li
dy's heart was pre-occupied; and immediately the id
of Wilſon recurring to his imagination, his family pri
took the alarm—He denounced vengeance againſt that a
venturer, and was diſpoſed to be very peremptory wi
his ſiſter; but I deſired he would ſuppreſs his reſentmer
until I ſhould have talked with her in private.

The poor girl, when I earneſtly preſſed her on th
head, owned, with a flood of tears, that Wilſon had a
tually come to the Hot Well at Briſtol, and even intr
duced himſelf into our lodgings as a Jew-pedlar; b
that nothing had paſſed betwixt them, further than h
begging him to withdraw immediately, if he had any r
gard for her peace of mind: That he had diſappeared a
cordingly, after having attempted to prevail upon my l
ter's maid to deliver a letter, which, however, ſhe refu
ed to receive, though ſhe had conſented to carry a me
ſage, importing, that he was a gentleman of a good f
mily, and that, in a very little time, he would avow h
paſſion in that character—She confeſſed, that, althou
he had not kept his word in this particular, he was n
yet altogether indifferent to her affection; but ſolemn
promiſed, ſhe would never carry on any correſponden
with him, or any other admirer, for the future, witho
the privity and approbation of her brother and me.

By this declaration, ſhe made her own peace with J

ry; but the hot-headed boy is more than ever incenſed againſt Wilſon, whom he now conſiders as an impoſtor that harbours ſome infamous deſign upon the honour of his family—As for Barton, he was not a little mortified to find his preſent returned, and his addreſſes ſo unfavourably received; but he is not a man to be deeply affected by ſuch diſappointments; and I know not whether he is not as well pleaſed with being diſcarded by Liddy, as he would have been with a permiſſion to proſecute his pretenſions, at the riſk of being every day expoſed to the revenge or machinations of Tabby, who is not to be ſlighted with impunity—I had not much time to moralize on theſe occurrences; for the houſe was viſited by a conſtable and his gang, with a warrant from Juſtice Buzzard, to ſearch the box of Humphry Clinker, my footman, who was juſt apprehended as a highwayman—This incident threw the whole family into confuſion. My ſiſter ſcolded the conſtable for preſuming to enter the lodgings of a gentleman on ſuch an errand, without having firſt aſked and obtained permiſſion; her maid was frightened into fits, and Liddy ſhed tears of compaſſion for the unfortunate Clinker, in whoſe box, however, nothing was found to confirm the ſuſpicion of robbery.

For my own part, I made no doubt of the fellow's being miſtaken for ſome other perſon, and I went directly to the juſtice, in order to procure his diſcharge; but there I found the matter much more ſerious than I expected—Poor Clinker ſtood trembling at the bar, ſurrounded by thief-takers; and, at a little diſtance, a thick ſquat fellow, a poſtillion, his accuſer, who had ſeized him in the ſtreet, and ſwore poſitively to his perſon, that the ſaid Clinker had, on the 15th day of March laſt, on Blackheath, robbed a gentleman in a poſt-chaiſe, which he (the poſtillion) drove—This depoſition was ſufficient to juſtify his commitment; and he was ſent accordingly to Clerkenwell priſon, whither Jery accompanied him in the coach, in order to recommend him properly to the keeper, that he may want for no convenience which the place affords.

The ſpectators, who aſſembled to ſee this highwayman, were ſagacious enough to diſcern ſomething very villanous in his aſpect; which (begging their pardon) is

the very picture of ſimplicity; and the juſtice himſelf put a very unfavourable conſtruction upon ſome of his anſwers, which, he ſaid, ſavoured of the ambiguity and equivocation of an old offender; but, in my opinion, it would have been more juſt and humane to impute them to the confuſion into which we may ſuppoſe a poor country lad to be thrown on ſuch an occaſion. I am ſtill perſuaded he is innocent; and, in this perſuaſion, I can do no leſs than uſe my utmoſt endeavours that he may not be oppreſſed—I ſhall, to-morrow, ſend my nephew to wait on the gentleman who was robbed, and beg he will have the humanity to go and ſee the priſoner; that, in caſe he ſhould find him quite different from the perſon of the highwayman, he may bear teſtimony in his behalf—Howſoever it may fare with Clinker, this curſed affair will be to me productive of intolerable chagrin—I have already caught a dreadful cold, by ruſhing into the open air from the juſtice's parlour, where I had been ſtewing in the crowd; and though I ſhould not be laid up with the gout, as I believe I ſhall, I muſt ſtay at London for ſome weeks, till this poor devil comes to his trial at Rocheſter; ſo that, in all probability, my northern expedition is blown up.

If you can find any thing in your philoſophical budget, to conſole me in the midſt of theſe diſtreſſes and apprehenſions, pray let it be communicated to

Your unfortunate friend,

London, June 12. MAT. BRAMBLE.

To SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, *Bart. of Jeſus College, Oxon.*

DEAR WAT,

THE farce is finiſhed, and another piece of a graver caſt brought upon the ſtage—Our aunt made a deſperate attack upon Barton, who had no other way of ſaving himſelf, but by leaving her in poſſeſſion of the field, and avowing his pretenſions to Liddy, by whom he has been rejected in his turn. Lady Griſkin acted as his advocate and agent on

this occaſion, with ſuch zeal as embroiled her with Mrs. Tabitha, and a high ſcene of altercation paſſed betwixt theſe two religioniſts, which might have come to action, had not my uncle interpoſed. They are, however, reconciled, in conſequence of an event which has involved us all in trouble and diſquiet. You muſt know, the poor preacher, Humphry Clinker, is now exerciſing his miniſtry among the felons in Clerkenwell priſon.—A poſtillion having ſworn a robbery againſt him, no bail could be taken, and he was committed to goal, notwithſtanding all the remonſtrances and intereſt my uncle could make in his behalf.

All things conſidered, the poor fellow cannot poſſibly be guilty, and yet, I believe, he runs ſome riſk of being hanged.—Upon his examination, he anſwered with ſuch heſitation and reſerve, as perſuaded moſt of the people, who crowded the place, that he was really a knave; and the juſtice's remarks confirmed their opinion. Excluſive of my uncle and myſelf, there was only one perſon who ſeemed inclined to favour the culprit—He was a young man, well dreſſed, and, from the manner in which he croſs-examined the evidence, we took it for granted, that he was a ſtudent in one of the inns of court—He freely checked the juſtice for ſome uncharitable inferences he made to the prejudice of the priſoner, and even ventured to diſpute with his worſhip on certain points of law.

My uncle, provoked at the unconnected and dubious anſwers of Clinker, who ſeemed in danger of falling a ſacrifice to his ſimplicity, exclaimed, "In the name of God, if you are innocent, ſay ſo."—"No (cried he), God forbid that I ſhould call myſelf innocent, while my conſcience is burdened with ſin."—"What then, you did commit this robbery?" reſumed his maſter.—"No, ſure (ſaid he), bleſſed be the Lord, I'm free of that guilt."

Here the juſtice interpoſed, obſerving, that the man ſeemed inclined to make a diſcovery by turning King's evidence, and deſired the clerk to take his confeſſion; upon which Humphry declared, that he looked upon confeſſion to be a popiſh fraud, invented by the whore of Babylon. The Templar affirmed, that the poor fellow was *non compos*, and exhorted the juſtice to diſcharge him as a lunatic. "You know very well (added he), that

the robbery in queſtion was not committed by the priſoner."

The thief-takers grinned at one another; and Mr. Juſtice Buzzard replied with great emotion, "Mr. Martin, I deſire you will mind your own buſineſs; I ſhall convince you one of theſe days that I underſtand mine." In ſhort, there was no remedy; the mittimus was made out, and poor Clinker ſent to priſon in a hackney-coach, guarded by the conſtable, and accompanied by your humble ſervant. By the way, I was not a little ſurpriſed to hear this retainer to juſtice bid the priſoner to keep up his ſpirits, for that he did not at all doubt but that he would get off for a few weeks confinement.—He ſaid, his worſhip knew very well that Clinker was innocent of the fact, and that the real highwayman, who robbed the chaiſe, was no other than that very individual Mr. Martin, who had pleaded ſo ſtrenuouſly for honeſt Humphry.

Confounded at this information, I aſked, "Why then is he ſuffered to go about at his liberty, and this poor innocent fellow treated as a malefactor?"—"We have exact intelligence of all Mr. Martin's tranſactions (ſaid he); but as yet there is no evidence ſufficient for his conviction; and, as for this young man, the juſtice could do no leſs than commit him, as the poſtillion ſwore point blank to his identity."—"So, if this raſcally poſtillion ſhould perſiſt in the falſity to which he has ſworn (ſaid I), this innocent lad may be brought to the gallows."

The conſtable obſerved, that he would have time enough to prepare for his trial, and might prove an *alibi*; or, perhaps, Martin might be apprehended, and convicted for another fact, in which caſe, he might be prevailed upon to take this affair upon himſelf; or, finally, if theſe chances ſhould fail, and the evidence ſtand good againſt Clinker, the jury might recommend him to mercy, in conſideration of his youth, eſpecially if this ſhould appear to be the firſt fact of which he had been guilty.

Humphry owned he could not pretend to recollect where he had been on the day when the robbery was committed, much leſs prove a circumſtance of that kind ſo far back as ſix months, though he knew he had been ſick of the fever and ague, which, however, did not prevent him from going about.—Then, turning up his eyes,

he ejaculated, "The Lord's will be done! if it be my fate to ſuffer, I hope I ſhall not diſgrace the faith, of which, though unworthy, I make profeſſion."

When I expreſſed my ſurpriſe, that the accuſer ſhould perſiſt in charging Clinker, without taking the leaſt notice of the real robber, who ſtood before him, and to whom, indeed, Humphry bore not the ſmalleſt reſemblance, the conſtable (who was himſelf a thief taker) gave me to underſtand, that Mr. Martin was the beſt qualified for buſineſs of all the gentlemen on the road he had ever known; that he had always acted on his own bottom, without partner or correſpondent, and never went to work but when he was cool and ſober; that his courage and preſence of mind never failed him; that his addreſs was genteel, and his behaviour void of all cruelty and inſolence; that he never encumbered himſelf with watches, or trinkets, nor even with bank-notes, but always dealt for ready money, and that in the current coin of the kingdom; and that he could diſguiſe himſelf and his horſe in ſuch a manner, that, after the action, it was impoſſible to recognize either the one or the other—"This great man (ſaid he) has reigned paramount in all the roads within fifty miles of London above fifteen months, and has done more buſineſs in that time than all the reſt of the profeſſion put together; for thoſe who paſs through his hands are ſo delicately dealt with, that they have no deſire to give him the leaſt diſturbance; but, for all that, his race is almoſt run—He is now fluttering about juſtice, like a moth about a candle—There are ſo many lime-twigs laid in his way, that I'll bet a cool hundred he ſwings before Chriſtmas."

Shall I own to you, that this portrait, drawn by a ruffian, heightened by what I myſelf had obſerved in his deportment, has intereſted me warmly in the fate of poor Martin, whom Nature ſeems to have intended for a uſeful and honourable member of that community upon which he now preys for ſubſiſtence? It ſeems he lived ſome time as a clerk to a timber merchant, whoſe daughter Martin having privately married, he was diſcarded, and his wife turned out of doors. She did not long ſurvive her marriage; and Martin, turning fortune-hunter, could not ſupply his occaſions any other way, than by

taking to the road, in which he has travelled hitherto with uncommon ſucceſs—He pays his reſpects regularly to Mr. Juſtice Buzzard, the thief-catcher general of this metropolis, and ſometimes they ſmoke a pipe together very lovingly, when the converſation generally turns upon the nature of evidence—The juſtice has given him fair warning to take care of himſelf, and he has received his caution in good part—Hitherto he has baffled all the vigilance, art, and activity of Buzzard and his emiſſaries, with ſuch conduct as would have done honour to the genius of a Cæſar or a Turenne; but he has one weakneſs, which has proved fatal to all the heroes of the tribe, namely, an indiſcreet devotion to the fair ſex, and, in all probability, he will be attacked on this defenceleſs quarter.

Be that as it may, I ſaw the body of poor Clinker conſigned to the goaler of Clerkenwell, to whoſe indulgence I recommended him ſo effectually, that he received him in the moſt hoſpitable manner, though there was a neceſſity for equipping him with a ſuit of irons, in which he made a very rueful appearance. The poor creature ſeemed as much affected by my uncle's kindneſs, as by his own misfortune. When I aſſured him, that nothing ſhould be left undone for procuring his enlargement, and making his confinement eaſy in the mean time, he fell down upon his knees, and kiſſing my hand, which he bathed with his tears, "O ſquire! (cried he, ſobbing), what ſhall I ſay?—I can't—no, I can't ſpeak—my poor heart is burſting with gratitude to you and my dear—dear—generous—noble benefactor."

I proteſt, the ſcene became ſo pathetic, that I was fain to force myſelf away, and returned to my uncle, who ſent me in the afternoon with his compliments to one Mr. Mead, the perſon who had been robbed on Blackheath. As I did not find him at home, I left a meſſage, in conſequence of which he called at our lodging this morning, and very humanely agreed to viſit the priſoner. By this time Lady Griſkin had come to make her formal compliments of condolence to Mrs. Tabitha, on this domeſtic calamity; and that prudent maiden, whoſe paſſion was now cooled, thought proper to receive her ladyſhip ſo civilly, that a reconciliation immediately enſued. Theſe

two ladies reſolved to comfort the poor priſoner in their own perſons, and Mr. Mead and I ſquired them to Clerkenwell, my uncle being detained at home by ſome ſlight complaints in his ſtomach and bowels.

The turnkey, who received us at Clerkenwell, looked remarkably ſullen; and when we inquired for Clinker, "I don't care if the devil had him (ſaid he); here has been nothing but canting and praying ſince the fellow entered the place—Rabbit him! the tap will be ruined—we han't ſold a caſk of beer, nor a dozen of wine, ſince he paid his garniſh—the gentlemen get drunk with nothing but your damn'd religion—For my part, I believe as how your man deals with the devil.—Two or three as bold hearts as ever took the air upon Hounſlow, have been blubbering all night; and if the fellow an't ſpeedily removed by habeas corpus, or otherwiſe, I'll be damn'd if there's a grain of true ſpirit left within theſe walls—we ſhan't have a ſoul to do credit to the place, or to make his exit like a true born Engliſhman—damn my eyes! there will be nothing but ſniveling in the cart—we ſhall all die like ſo many pſalm-ſinging weavers."

In ſhort, we found that Humphry was, at that very inſtant, haranguing the felons in the chapel; and that the goaler's wife and daughter, together with my aunt's woman, Win. Jenkins, and our houſe-maid, were among the audience, which we immediately joined. I never ſaw any thing ſo ſtrongly picturеſque as this congregation of felons clanking their chains, in the midſt of whom ſtood orator Clinker, expatiating, in a tranſport of fervour, on the torments of hell, denounced in ſcripture againſt evil-doers, comprehending murderers, robbers, thieves, and whoremongers. The variety of attention exhibited in the faces of thoſe ragamuffins, formed a groupe that would not have diſgraced the pencil of a Raphael. In one it denoted admiration; in another, doubt; in a third, diſdain; in a fourth, contempt; in a fifth, terror; in a ſixth, deriſion; and in a ſeventh, indignation. As for Mrs. Winifred Jenkins, ſhe was in tears, overwhelmed with ſorrow; but whether for her own ſins, or the misfortune of Clinker, I cannot pretend to ſay. The other females ſeemed to liſten with a mixture of wonder and devotion. The goaler's wife declared he

was a ſaint in trouble, ſaying, ſhe wiſhed from her heart, there was ſuch another good ſoul, like him, in every goal in England.

Mr. Mead, having earneſtly ſurveyed the preacher, declared his appearance was ſo different from that of the perſon who robbed him on Blackheath, that he could freely make oath he was not the man: But Humphry himſelf was by this time pretty well rid of all apprehenſions of being hanged; for he had been the night before ſolemnly tried and acquitted by his fellow-priſoners, ſome of whom he had already converted to Methodiſm. He now made proper acknowledgments for the honour of our viſit, and was permitted to kiſs the hands of the ladies, who aſſured him, he might depend upon their friendſhip and protection. Lady Griſkin, in her great zeal, exhorted his fellow-priſoners to profit by the precious opportunity of having ſuch a ſaint in bonds among them, and turn over a new leaf for the benefit of their poor ſouls; and, that her admonition might have the greater effect, ſhe reinforced it with her bounty.

While ſhe and Mrs. Tabby returned in the coach with the two maid-ſervants, I waited on Mr. Mead to the houſe of Juſtice Buzzard, who, having heard his declaration, ſaid, his oath could be of no uſe at preſent, but that he would be a material evidence for the priſoner at his trial: So that there ſeems to be no remedy but patience for poor Clinker; and indeed the ſame virtue, or medicine, will be neceſſary for us all, the ſquire, in particular, who had ſet his heart upon his excurſion to the northward.

While we were viſiting honeſt Humphry in Clerkenwell priſon, my uncle received a much more extraordinary viſit at his own lodgings. Mr. Martin, of whom I have made ſuch honourable mention, deſired permiſſion to pay him his reſpects, and was admitted accordingly. He told him, that having obſerved him, at Mr. Buzzard's, a good deal diſturbed by what had happened to his ſervant, he had come to aſſure him he had nothing to apprehend for Clinker's life; for, if it it was poſſible that any jury could find him guilty upon ſuch evidence, he, Martin himſelf, would produce in court a perſon whoſe depoſition would bring him off as clear as the ſun at noon.

—Sure, the fellow would not be ſo romantic as to take the robbery upon himſelf!—He ſaid the poſtillion was an infamous fellow, who had been a dabbler in the ſame profeſſion, and ſaved his life at the Old Bailey by impeaching his companions; that, being now reduced to great poverty, he had made this deſperate puſh, to ſwear away the life of an innocent man, in hopes of having the reward upon his conviction; but that he would find himſelf miſerably diſappointed, for the juſtice and his myrmidons were determined to admit of no interloper in this branch of buſineſs; and that he did not at all doubt but that they would find matter enough to ſtop the evidence himſelf before the next goal delivery. He affirmed, that all theſe circumſtances were well known to the juſtice; and that his ſeverity to Clinker was no other than a hint to his maſter to make him a preſent in private, as an acknowledgment of his candour and humanity.

This hint, however, was ſo unpalatable to Mr. Bramble, that he declared, with great warmth, he would rather confine himſelf for life to London, which he deteſted, than be at liberty to leave it to-morrow, in conſequence of encouraging corruption in a magiſtrate. Hearing, however, how favourable Mr. Mead's report had been for the priſoner, he is reſolved to take the advice of counſel in what manner to proceed for his immediate enlargement. I make no doubt but that in a day or two this troubleſome buſineſs may be diſcuſſed; and in this hope we are preparing for our journey. If our endeavours do not miſcarry, we ſhall have taken the field before you hear again from

Yours,

London, June 11. J. MELFORD.

To DR. LEWIS.

THANK Heaven! dear Lewis, the clouds are diſperſed, and I have now the cleareſt proſpect of my ſummer campaign, which, I hope, I ſhall be able to begin to-morrow. I took the advice of counſel with reſpect to the caſe of Clinker, in whoſe favour a lucky incident has intervened.

The fellow who accuſed him has had his own battery turned upon himſelf. Two days ago, he was apprehended for a robbery on the high-way, and committed on the evidence of an accomplice.—Clinker, having moved for a writ of habeas corpus, was brought before the Lord Chief Juſtice, who, in conſequence of an affidavit of the gentleman who had been robbed, importing that the ſaid Clinker was not the perſon who ſtopped him on the high-way, as well as in conſideration of the poſtillion's character and preſent circumſtances, was pleaſed to order that my ſervant ſhould be admitted to bail; and he has been diſcharged accordingly, to the unſpeakable ſatisfaction of our whole family, to which he has recommended himſelf in an extrordinary manner, not only by his obliging deportment, but by his talents of preaching, praying, and ſinging pſalms, which he has exerciſed with ſuch effect, that even Tabby reſpects him as a choſen veſſel. If there was any thing like affectation or hypocriſy in this exceſs of religion, I would not keep him in my ſervice; but, ſo far as I can obſerve, the fellow's character is downright ſimplicity, warmed with a kind of enthuſiaſm, which renders him very ſuſceptible of gratitude and attachment to his benefactors.

As he is an excellent horſeman, and underſtands farriery, I have bought a ſtout gelding for his uſe, that he may attend us on the road, and have an eye to our cattle, in caſe the coachman ſhould not mind his buſineſs. My nephew, who is to ride his own ſaddle-horſe, has taken, upon trial, a ſervant juſt come from abroad with his former maſter, Sir William Strollop, who vouches for his honeſty. The fellow, whoſe name is Dutton, ſeems to be a petit maitre.—He has got a ſmattering of French bows, and grins, and ſhrugs, and takes ſnuff *a la mode de France*, but values himſelf chiefly upon his ſkill and dexterity in hair-dreſſing—If I am not much deceived by appearance, he is, in all reſpects, the very contraſt of Humphry Clinker.

My ſiſter has made up matters with Lady Griſkin, though, I muſt own, I ſhould not have been ſorry to ſee that connection entirely deſtroyed; but Tabby is not of a diſpoſition to forgive Barton, who, I underſtand, is gone to his ſeat in Berkſhire for the ſummer ſeaſon. I cannot

help ſuſpecting, that, in the treaty of peace which has been lately ratified betwixt thoſe two females, it is ſtipulated, that her Ladyſhip ſhall uſe her beſt endeavours to provide an agreeable help-mate for our ſiſter Tabitha, who ſeems to be quite deſperate in her matrimonial deſigns. Perhaps the match-maker is to have a valuable conſideration in the way of brokerage, which ſhe will moſt certainly deſerve, if ſhe can find any man in his ſenſes, who will yoke with Mrs. Bramble from motives of affection or intereſt.

I find my ſpirits and my health affect each other reciprocally—that is to ſay, every thing that diſcompoſes my mind, produces a correſpondent diſorder in my body; and my bodily complaints are remarkably mitigated by thoſe conſiderations that diſſipate the clouds of mental chagrin—The impriſonment of Clinker brought on thoſe ſymptoms which I mentioned in my laſt, and now they are vaniſhed at his diſcharge. It muſt be owned, indeed, I took ſome of the tincture of ginſeng, prepared according to your preſcription, and found it exceedingly grateful to the ſtomach; but the pain and ſickneſs continued to return, after ſhort intervals, till the anxiety of my mind was entirely removed, and then I found myſelf perfectly at eaſe. We have had fair weather theſe ten days; to the aſtoniſhment of the Londoners, who think it portentous. If you enjoy the ſame indulgence in Wales, I hope Barnes has got my hay made, and ſafe cocked, by this time. As we ſhall be in motion for ſome weeks, I cannot expect to hear from you as uſual; but I ſhall continue to write from every place at which we make any halt, that you may know our track, in caſe it ſhould be neceſſary to communicate any thing to

Your aſſured friend,

London, June 14. MATT. BRAMBLE.

To MRS. MARY JONES, *at Brambletonhall, &c.*

DEAR MARY,

HAVING the occaſion of my couſin Jenkins of Aberga'ny, I ſend you, as a token, a turkey-ſhell comb, a kiple of yards of green ribbon, and a ſarment upon the nothingneſs of good works, which was preached in the tabernacle; and you will alſo receive a horn-buck for Saul, whereby ſhe may learn her letters; for I am much conſarned about the ſtate of her poor ſole—and what are all the purſuits of this life to the conſarns of that immortal part?—What is life but a veil of affliction? O Mary! the whole family have been in ſuch a conſtipation!---Mr. Clinker has been in trouble, but the gates of hell have not been able to prevail again him. His virtue is like poor gould, ſeven times tried in the fire. He was tuck up for a robbery, and had before Guſtaſs Buſhard, who made his mittamouſe; and the pore youth was ſent to priſon upon the falſe oaf of a willian, that wanted to ſware his life away for the looker of cain.

The ſquire did all in his power, but could not prevent his being put in chains, and confined among common manufactors, where he ſtud like an innocent ſheep in the midſt of wolves and tygers. Lord knows what mought have happened to this pyehouſe young man, if maſter had not applied to Apias Korkus, who lives with the ould bailiff, and is, they ſay, five hundred years ould (God bleſs us)! and a congeror; but, if he be, ſure I am he don't deal with the devil, otherwiſe he would't have fought out Mr. Clinker, as he did, in ſpite of ſtone walls, iron bolts, and double locks, that flew open at his command; for Ould Scratch has not a greater enemy upon hearth than Mr. Clinker, who is indeed a very powerful labourer in the Lord's vineyard. I do no more than uſe the words of my good lady, who has got the infectual calling; and I truſt, that even myſelf, though unworthy, ſhall find greaſe to be accepted—Miſs Liddy has been touched to the quick, but is a little timorſome: Howſomever, I make no doubt, but ſhe and all of us, will be brought, by the endeavours of Mr. Clinker, to produce bleſſed fruit of generation and repentance. As for maſ-

ter and the young ſquire, they have as yet had narro glimpſe of the new light. I doubt as how their hearts are hardened by worldly wiſdom, which, as the pyebill ſaith, is fooliſhneſs in the ſight of God.

O Mary Jones, pray without ſeizing for greaſe to prepare you for the operations of this wonderful inſtrument, which, I hope, will be exorciſed this winter upon you and others at Brambletonhall. To-morrow, we are to ſet out in a cox and four for Yorkſhire; and, I believe, we ſhall travel that way far, and far, and farther than I can tell; but I ſhan't go ſo far as to forget my friends; and Mary Jones will always be remembered as one of them by her

humble ſarvant,

London, June 14. WIN. JENKINS.

To MRS. GWYLLIM, *houſe-keeper at Brambletonhall.*

MRS. GWILLIM,

I CAN'T help thinking it very ſtrange, that I never had an anſwer to the letter I wrote you ſome weeks ago from Bath, concerning the four bear, the gander, and the maids eating butter, which I won't allow to be waſted—We are now going upon a long gurney to the north, whereby I deſire you will redouble your care and circumſlexion, that the family may be well managed in our abſence; for, you know, you muſt render accunt, not only to your earthly maſter, but alſo to him that is above; and if you are found a good and faithful ſarvant, great will be your reward in haven. I hope there will be twenty ſtun of cheeſe ready for market by the time I get huom, and as much owl ſpun as will make half a dozen pair of blankets; and that the ſavings of the buttermilk will fetch me a good penny before Martinmas, as the two pigs are to be fed for baking with birchmaſt and acrons.

I wrote to Doctor Lewis for the ſame porpuſs, but he never had the good manners to take the leaſt notice of my letter; for which reaſon I ſhall never favour him with another, though he beſhits me on his bended knees. You

will do well to keep a watchful eye over the hind Villiams, who is one of his amiſſories, and, I believe, no better than he ſhould be at bottom. God forbid that I ſhould lack Chriſtian charity; but charity begins at huom, and ſure nothing can be a more charitable work than to rid the family of ſuch vermin. I do ſuppoſe, that the brindled cow has been had to the parſon's bull, that old Moll has had another litter of pigs, and that Dick is become a mighty mouſer. Pray order every thing for the beſt, and be frugal, and keep the maids to their labour. If I had a private opportunity, I would ſend them ſome hymns to ſing inſtead of profane ballads; but, as I can't, they and you muſt be contented with the prayers of

Your aſſured friend,

London, June 14. T. BRAMBLE.

To SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, BART. *of Jeſus College, Oxon.*

DEAR PHILLIPS,

THE very day after I wrote my laſt, Clinker was ſet at liberty—As Martin had foretold, the accuſer was himſelf committed for a robbery, upon unqueſtionable evidence. He had been for ſome time in the ſnares of the thief-taking ſociety; who, reſenting his preſumption in attempting to encroach upon their monopoly of impeachment, had him taken up and committed to Newgate, on the depoſition of an accomplice, who has been admitted as evidence for the king. The poſtillion being upon record as an old offender, the Chief Juſtice made no ſcruple of admitting Clinker to bail, when he peruſed the affidavit of Mr. Mead, importing that the ſaid Clinker was not the perſon that robbed him on Blackheath; and honeſt Humphry was diſcharged—When he came home, he expreſſed great eagerneſs to pay his reſpects to his maſter, and here his elocution failed him, but his ſilence was pathetic; he fell down at his feet, and embraced his knees, ſhedding a flood of tears, which my uncle did not ſee without emotion—He took ſnuff in ſome confuſion; and, putting his hand in his pocket, gave him his bleſſing in

ſomething more ſubſtantial than words—"Clinker (ſaid he), I am ſo well convinced, both of your honeſty and courage, that I am reſolved to make you my lifeguard man on the highway."

He was accordingly provided with a caſe of piſtols, and a carbine to be ſlung acroſs his ſhoulders; and every other preparation being made, we ſet out laſt Thurſday, at ſeven in the morning; my uncle, with the three women in the coach; Humphry, well mounted on a black gelding bought for his uſe; myſelf a-horſeback, attended by my new valet Mr. Dutton, an exceeding coxcomb, freſh from his travels, whom I have taken upon trial. The fellow wears a ſolitaire, uſes paint, and takes rappee with all the grimace of a French Marquis. At preſent, however, he is in a riding dreſs, jack boots, leather breeches, a ſcarlet waiſtcoat, with gold binding, a laced hat, a hanger, a French poſting whip in his hand, and his hair *en queue*.

Before we had gone nine miles, my horſe loſt one of his ſhoes; ſo that I was obliged to ſtop at Barnet, to have another, while the coach procceded at an eaſy pace over the common. About a mile ſhort of Hatfield, the poſtillions, ſtopping the carriage, gave notice to Clinker that there were two ſuſpicious fellows a-horſe-back, at the end of a lane, who ſeemed waiting to attack the coach. Humphry forthwith appriſed my uncle, declaring he would ſtand by him to the laſt drop of his blood; and, unſlinging his carbine, prepared for action. The ſquire had piſtols in the pockets of the coach, and reſolved to make uſe of them directly; but he was effectually prevented by his female companions, who flung themſelves about his neck, and ſcreamed in concert.—At that inſtant, who ſhould come up, at a hand-gallop, but Martin, the highwayman, who, advancing to the coach, begged the ladies would compoſe themſelves for a moment; then, deſiring Clinker to follow him to the charge, he pulled a piſtol out of his boſom, and they rode up together to give battle to the rogues, who, having fired at a great diſtance, fled acroſs the common. They were in purſuit of the fugitives when I came up, not a little alarmed at the ſhrieks of the coach, where I found my uncle in a violent rage, [illegible] out his periwig, ſtruggling to diſentangle himſelf

Tabby and the other two, and ſwearing with great vociferation. Before I had time to interpoſe, Martin and Clinker returned from the purſuit, and the former paid his compliments with great politeneſs, giving us to underſtand, that the fellows had ſcampered off, and that he believed they were a couple of raw 'prentices from London. He commended Clinker for his courage, and ſaid, if we would give him leave, he would have the honour to accompany us as far as Stevenage, where he had ſome buſineſs.

The ſquire, having recollected and adjuſted himſelf, was the firſt to laugh at his own ſituation; but it was not without difficulty that Tabby's arms could be untwiſted from his neck, Liddy's teeth chattered, and Jenkins was threatened with a fit as uſual. I had communicated to my uncle the character of Martin, as it was deſcribed by the conſtable, and he was much ſtruck with its ſingularity—He could not ſuppoſe the fellow had any deſign on our company, which was ſo numerous and well armed; he therefore thanked him for the ſervice he had juſt done them, ſaid he would be glad of his company, and aſked him to dine with us at Hatfield. This invitation might not have been agreeable to the ladies, had they known the real profeſſion of our gueſt; but this was a ſecret to all, except my uncle and myſelf—Mrs. Tabitha, however, would by no means conſent to proceed with a caſe of loaded piſtols in the coach, and they were forthwith diſcharged in complaiſance to her and the reſt of the women.

Being gratified in this particular, ſhe became remarkably good-humoured, and at dinner behaved in the moſt affable manner to Mr. Martin, with whoſe polite addreſs, and agreeable converſation, ſhe ſeemed to be much taken. After dinner, the landlord accoſting me in the yard, aſked, with a ſignificant look, if the gentleman that rode the ſorrel, belonged to our company?—I underſtood his meaning, but anſwered *No*; that he had come up with us on the common, and helped us to drive away two fellows, that looked like highwaymen—He nodded three times diſtinctly, as much as to ſay, he knows his cue. Then he inquired, if one of thoſe men was mounted on a bay mare, and the other on a cheſnut gelding, with a white ſtreak down his forehead? and being anſwered in the affir-

mative, he aſſured me, they had robbed three poſt chaiſes this very morning—I inquired, in my turn, if Mr. Martin was of his acquaintance; and, nodding thrice again, he anſwered, that *he had ſeen the gentleman.*

Before we left Hatfield, my uncle, fixing his eyes on Martin, with ſuch expreſſion as is more eaſily conceived than deſcribed, aſked, if he often travelled that road? and he replied with a look which denoted his underſtanding the queſtion, that he very ſeldom did buſineſs in that part of the country. In a word, this adventurer favoured us with his company to the neighbourhood of Stevenage, where he took his leave of the coach and me in very polite terms, and turned off upon a croſs-road, that led to a village on the left.—At ſupper, Mrs. Tabby was very full in the praiſe of Mr. Martin's good ſenſe and good breeding, and ſeemed to regret that ſhe had not a farther opportunity to make ſome experiment upon his affection. In the morning, my uncle was not a little ſurpriſed to receive, from the waiter, a billet couched in theſe words:

"SIR,

"I COULD eaſily perceive from your looks, when I had the honour to converſe with you at Hatfield, that my character is not unknown to you; and, I dare ſay, you won't think it ſtrange, that I ſhould be glad to change my preſent way of life for any other honeſt occupation, let it be ever ſo humble, that will afford me bread in moderation, and ſleep in ſafety.—Perhaps you may think I flatter, when I ſay, that, from the moment I was witneſs to your generous concern in the cauſe of your ſervant, I conceived a particular eſteem and veneration for your perſon; and yet what I ſay is true. I ſhould think myſelf happy, if I could be admitted into your protection and ſervice, as houſe-ſteward, clerk, butler, or bailiff, for either of which places I think myſelf tolerably well qualified; and, ſure I am, I ſhould not be found deficient in gratitude and fidelity: At the ſame time, I am very ſenſible how much you muſt deviate from the common maxims of diſcretion, even in putting my profeſſions to the trial; but I do'nt look upon you as a perſon that thinks in the ordinary ſtyle; and the delicacy of my ſituation will, I know, juſtify this addreſs to a heart warmed with beneficence and cou-

paſſion.—Underſtanding you are going pretty far north, I ſhall take an opportunity to throw myſelf in your way again, before you reach the borders of Scotland; and, I hope, by that time, you will have taken into conſideration the truly diſtreſsful caſe of,

Honoured Sir,
Your very humble,
And devoted ſervant,
EDWARD MARTIN."

The ſquire, having peruſed this letter, put it into my hand, without ſaying a ſyllable; and, when I had read it, we looked at each other in ſilence. From a certain ſparkling in his eyes, I diſcovered there was more in his heart than he cared to expreſs with his tongue, in favour of poor Martin; and this was preciſely my own feeling, which he did not fail to diſcern, by the ſame means of communication—" What ſhall we do (ſaid he) to ſave this poor ſinner from the gallows, and make him a uſeful member of the commonwealth? and yet the proverb ſays, Save a thief from the gallows, and he'll cut your throat." I told him I really believed Martin was capable of giving the proverb the lie; and that I ſhould heartily concur in any ſtep he might take in favour of his ſolicitation. We mutually reſolved to deliberate upon the ſubject, and in the mean time proceeded on our journey. The roads having been broke up by the heavy rains in the ſpring, were ſo rough, that, although we travelled very ſlowly, the jolting occaſioned ſuch pain to my uncle, that he was become exceedingly peeviſh when we arrived at this place, which lies about eight miles from the poſt road, between Wetherby and Boroughbridge.

Harrowgate water, ſo celebrated for its efficacy in the ſcurvy and other diſtempers, is ſupplied from a copious ſpring, in the hollow of a wild common, round which a good many houſes have been built for the convenience of the drinkers, though few of them are inhabited. Moſt of the company lodge at ſome diſtance, in five ſeparate inns, ſituated in different parts of the common, from whence they go every morning to the well, in their own carriages. The lodgers of each inn form a diſtinct ſociety that eat together; and there is a commodious pub-

lic room, where they breakfaſt in diſhabille, at ſeparate tables, from eight o'clock till eleven, as they chance or chooſe to come in—Here alſo they drink tea in the afternoon, and play at cards, or dance in the evening. One cuſtom, however, prevails, which I look upon as a ſoleciſm in politeneſs.—The ladies treat with tea in their turns, and even girls of ſixteen are not exempted from this ſhameful impoſition.—There is a public ball by ſubſcription every night at one of the houſes, to which all the company from the others are admitted by tickets; and, indeed, Harrowgate treads upon the heels of Bath, in the articles of gaiety and diſſipation—with this difference, however, that here we are more ſociable and familiar. One of the inns is already full up to the very garrets, having no leſs than fifty lodgers, and as many ſervants. Our family does not exceed thirty-ſix; and I ſhould be ſorry to ſee the number augmented, as our accommodations won't admit of much increaſe.

At preſent, the company is more agreeable than one could expect from an accidental aſſemblage of perſons, who are utter ſtrangers to one another—There ſeems to be a general diſpoſition among us to maintain good fellowſhip, and promote the purpoſes of humanity, in favour of thoſe who come hither on the ſcore of health. I ſee ſeveral faces which we left at Bath, although the majority are of the northern counties, and many come from Scotland for the benefit of theſe waters—In ſuch a variety there muſt be ſome originals, among whom Mrs. Tabitha Bramble is not the moſt inconſiderable—No place, where there is ſuch an intercourſe between the ſexes, can be diſagreeable to a lady of her views and temperament—She has had ſome warm diſputes at table, with a lame parſon from Northumberland, on the new birth, and the inſignificance of moral virtue; and her arguments have been reinforced by an old Scotch lawyer, in a tye-periwig, who, though he has loſt his teeth, and the uſe of his limbs, can ſtill wag his tongue with great volubility. He has paid her ſuch fulſome compliments, upon her piety and learning, as ſeem to have won her heart; and ſhe, in her turn, treats him with ſuch attention, as indicates a deſign upon his perſon; but, by all accounts, he

is too much a fox to be inveigled into any ſnare that ſhe can lay for his affection.

We do not propoſe to ſtay long at Harrowgate, though at preſent it is our head quarters, from whence we ſhall make ſome excurſions, to viſit two or three of our rich relations, who are ſettled in this county. Pray remember me to all our friends of Jeſus, and allow me to be ſtill

Yours affectionately,

Harrowgate, June 23. J. MELFORD.

To DR. LEWIS.

DEAR DOCTOR,

CONSIDERING the tax we pay for turnpikes, the roads of this country conſtitute a moſt intolerable grievance. Between Newark and Weatherby, I have ſuffered more from jolting and ſwinging, than ever I felt in the whole courſe of my life, although the carriage is remarkably commodious and well hung, and the poſtillions were very careful in driving. I am now ſafely houſed at the New Inn at Harrowgate, whither I came to ſatisfy my curioſity, rather than with any view of advantage to my health; and truly, after having conſidered all the parts and particulars of the place, I cannot account for the concourſe of people one finds here, upon any other principle but that of caprice, which ſeems to be the character of our nation.

Harrowgate is a wild common, bare and bleak, without tree or ſhrub, or the leaſt ſigns of cultivation; and the people who come to drink the water, are crowded together in paltry inns, where the few tolerable rooms are monopolized by the friends and favourites of the houſe, and all the reſt of the lodgers are obliged to put up with dirty holes, where there is neither ſpace, air, nor convenience. My apartment is about ten feet ſquare; and when the folding-bed is down, there is juſt room ſufficient to paſs between it and the fire. One might expect, indeed, that there would be no occaſion for a fire at midſummer; but here the climate is ſo backward, that an aſh-tree, which

our landlord has planted before my window, is juſt beginning to put forth its leaves: And I am fain to have my bed warmed every night.

As for the water, which is ſaid to have effected ſo many ſurpriſing cures, I have drank it once, and the firſt draught has cured me of all deſire to repeat the medicine. Some people ſay it ſmells of rotten eggs, and others compare it to the ſcourings of a foul gun—It is generally ſuppoſed to be ſtrongly impregnated with ſulphur; and Dr. Shaw, in his book upon mineral waters, ſays, he has ſeen flakes of ſulphur floating in the well—*Pace tanti viri*—I, for my part, have never obſerved any thing like ſulphur, either in or about the well; neither do I find that any brimſtone has ever been extracted from the water. As for the ſmell, if I may be allowed to judge from my own organs, it is exactly that of bilge water; and the ſaline taſte of it ſeems to declare that it is nothing elſe than ſalt water putrified in the bowels of the earth. I was obliged to hold my noſe with one hand, while I advanced the glaſs to my mouth with the other; and after I had made ſhift to ſwallow it, my ſtomach could hardly retain what it had received—The only effects it produced were ſickneſs, griping, and inſurmountable diſguſt—I can hardly mention it without puking.—The world is ſtrangely miſled by the affectation of ſingularity. I cannot help ſuſpecting that this water owes its reputation in a great meaſure to its being ſo ſtrikingly offenſive—On the ſame kind of analogy, a German doctor has introduced hemlock and other poiſons, as ſpecifics, into the *materia medica*. I am perſuaded, that all the cures aſcribed to the Harrowgate water, would have been as efficaciouſly, and infinitely more agreeably performed, by the internal and external uſe of ſea-water. Sure I am, this laſt is much leſs nauſeous to the taſte and ſmell, and much more gentle in its operation as a purge, as well as more extenſive in its medical qualities.

Two days ago, we went acroſs the country, to viſit Squire Burdock, who married a firſt couſin of my father, an heireſs, who brought him an eſtate of a thouſand a-year. This gentleman is a declared opponent of the miniſtry in parliament; and, having an opulent fortune, piques himſelf upon living in the country, and maintain-

ing *old Engliſh hoſpitality*.—By the bye, this is a phraſe very much uſed by the Engliſh themſelves, both in words and writing; but I never heard of it out of the iſland, except by way of irony and ſarcaſm. What the hoſpitality of our forefathers has been, I ſhould be glad to ſee recorded rather in the memoirs of ſtrangers who have viſited our country, and were the proper objects and judges of ſuch hoſpitality, than in the diſcourſe and lucubrations of the modern Engliſh, who ſeem to deſcribe it from theory and conjecture. Certain it is, we are generally looked upon by foreigners as a people totally deſtitute of this virtue; and I never was in any country abroad where I did not meet with perſons of diſtinction who complained of having been inhoſpitably uſed in Great Britain. A gentleman of France, Italy, or Germany, who has entertained and lodged an Engliſhman at his houſe, when he afterwards meets with his gueſt at London, is aſked to dinner at the Saracen's Head, the Turk's Head, the Boar's Head, or the Bear, eats raw beef and butter, drinks execrable port, and is allowed to pay his ſhare of the reckoning.

But, to return from this digreſſion, which my feeling for the honour of my country obliged me to make—Our Yorkſhire couſin has been a mighty fox-hunter *before the Lord*; but now he is too fat and unwieldy to leap ditches and five-bar gates; nevertheleſs, he ſtill keeps a pack of hounds, which are well exerciſed, and his huntſman every night entertains him with the adventures of the day's chaſe, which he recites in a tone and terms that are extremely curious and ſignificant. In the mean time, his broad brawn is ſcratched by one of his grooms—This fellow, it ſeems, having no inclination to curry any beaſt out of the ſtable, was at great pains to ſcollop his nails in ſuch a manner, that the blood followed at every ſtroke. —He was in hopes that he would be diſmiſſed from this diſagreeable office, but the event turned out contrary to his expectation—His maſter declared he was the beſt ſcratcher in the family; and now he will not ſuffer any other ſervant to draw a nail upon his carcaſe.

The ſquire's lady is very proud, without being ſtiff or inacceſſible.—She receives even her inferiors in point of fortune with a kind of arrogant civility; but then ſhe

thinks ſhe has a right to treat them with the moſt ungracious freedoms of ſpeech, and never fails to let them know ſhe is ſenſible of her own ſuperior affluence.—In a word, ſhe ſpeaks well of no living ſoul, and has not one ſingle friend in the world. Her huſband hates her mortally; but although the brute is ſometimes ſo very powerful in him, that he will have his own way, he generally truckles to her dominion, and dreads like a ſchool-boy the laſh of her tongue. On the other hand, ſhe is afraid of provoking him too far, leſt he ſhould make ſome deſperate effort to ſhake off her yoke.—She therefore acquieſces in the proofs he daily gives of his attachment to the liberty of an Engliſh freeholder, by ſaying and doing, at his own table, whatever gratifies the brutality of his diſpoſition, or contributes to the eaſe of his perſon. The houſe, though large, is neither elegant nor comfortable—It looks like a great inn, crowded with travellers, who dine at the landlord's ordinary, where there is a great profuſion of victuals and drink; but mine hoſt ſeems to be miſplaced—and I would rather dine upon filberts with a hermit, than feed upon veniſon with a hog. The footmen might be aptly compared to the waiters of a tavern, if they were more ſerviceable, and leſs rapacious; but they are generally inſolent and inattentive, and ſo greedy, that I think I can dine better, and for leſs expence, at the Star and Garter in Pall-Mall, than at our couſin's caſtle in Yorkſhire. The ſquire is not only accommodated with a wife, but he is alſo bleſſed with an only ſon, about two and twenty, juſt returned from Italy, a complete fiddler and *dilettante*; and he ſlips no opportunity of manifeſting the moſt perfect contempt for his own father.

When we arrived, there was a family of foreigners at the houſe, on a viſit to this virtuoſo, with whom they had been acquainted at the Spa: It was the Count de Melville, with his lady, on their way to Scotland. Mr. Burdock had met with an accident, in conſequence of which both the count and I would have retired; but the young gentleman and his mother inſiſted upon our ſtaying dinner, and their ſerenity ſeemed to be ſo little ruffled by what had happened, that we complied with their invitation. The ſquire had been brought home over-night in his poſt-chaiſe, ſo terribly belaboured about the pate, that

he ſeemed to be in a ſtate of ſtupefaction, and had ever ſince remained ſpeechleſs. A country apothecary, called Grieve, who lived in a neighbouring village, having been called to his aſſiſtance, had let him blood, and applied a poultice to his head, declaring that he had no fever, nor any other bad ſymptom, but the loſs of ſpeech, if he really had loſt that faculty. But the young ſquire ſaid this practitioner was an *ignorantaccio*, that there was a fracture in the *cranium*, and that there was a neceſſity for having him trepanned without loſs of time. His mother eſpouſing this opinion, had ſent an expreſs to York for a ſurgeon to perform the operation, and he was already come, with his 'prentice and inſtruments. Having examined the patient's head, he began to prepare his dreſſings; though Grieve ſtill retained his firſt opinion, that there was no fracture, and was the more confirmed in it, as the ſquire had paſſed the night in profound ſleep, uninterrupted by any catching or convulſion. The York ſurgeon ſaid he could not tell whether there was a fracture, until he ſhould take off the ſcalp; but, at any rate, the operation might be of ſervice, in giving vent to any blood that might be extravaſated, either above or below the *dura mater*. The lady and her ſon were clear for trying the experiment; and Grieve was diſmiſſed with ſome marks of contempt, which, perhaps, he owed to the plainneſs of his appearance. He ſeemed to be about the middle age, wore his own black hair without any ſort of dreſſing; by his garb, one would have taken him for a quaker, but he had none of the ſtiffneſs of that ſect; on the contrary, he was very ſubmiſſive, reſpectful, and remarkably taciturn.

Leaving the ladies in an apartment by themſelves, we adjourned to the patient's chamber, where the dreſſings and inſtruments were diſplayed in order upon a pewter diſh. The operator, laying aſide his coat and periwig, equipped himſelf with a night-cap, apron, and ſleeves, while his 'prentice and footman, ſeizing the ſquire's head, began to place it in a proper poſture.—But mark what followed—The patient, bolting upright in the bed, collared each of theſe aſſiſtants with the graſp of Hercules, exclaiming, in a bellowing tone, "I ha'n't lived ſo long in Yorkſhire to be trepanned by ſuch vermin as you;" and, leaping on the floor, put on his breeches quietly, to the

aſtoniſhment of us all. The ſurgeon ſtill inſiſted upon the operation, alleging it was now plain that the brain was injured, and deſiring the ſervants to put him into bed again; but nobody would venture to execute his orders, or even to interpoſe; when the ſquire turned him and his aſſiſtants out of doors, and threw his apparatus out at the window. Having thus aſſerted his prerogative, and put on his clothes with the help of a valet, the count, with my nephew and me, were introduced by his ſon, and received with his uſual ſtyle of ruſtic civility. Then, turning to Signior Macaroni, with a ſarcaſtic grin, "I tell thee what, Dick (ſaid he), a man's ſkull is not to be bored every time his head is broken; and I'll convince thee and thy mother, that I know as many tricks as e'er an old fox in the Weſt Riding."

We afterwards underſtood he had quarrelled at a public houſe with an exciſeman, whom he challenged to a bout at ſingle ſtick, in which he had been worſted; and that the ſhame of this defeat had tied up his tongue. As for madam, ſhe had ſhown no concern for his diſaſter, and now heard of his recovery without emotion. She had taken ſome little notice of my ſiſter and niece, though rather with a view to indulge her own petulance, than out of any ſentiment of regard to our family.—She ſaid Liddy was a fright, and ordered her woman to adjuſt her head before dinner; but ſhe would not meddle with Tabby, whoſe ſpirit, ſhe ſoon perceived, was not to be irritated with impunity. At table, ſhe acknowledged me ſo far as to ſay ſhe had heard of my father; though ſhe hinted, that he had diſobliged her family, by making a poor match in Wales. She was diſagreeably familiar in her inquiries about our circumſtances; and aſked, if I intended to bring up my nephew to the law?—I told her, that, as he had an independent fortune, he ſhould follow no profeſſion but that of a country gentleman; and that I was not without hopes of procuring for him a ſeat in parliament.—"Pray, couſin (ſaid ſhe), what may his fortune be?" When I anſwered, that, with what I ſhould be able to give him, he would have better than two thouſand a-year, ſhe replied, with a diſdainful toſs of her head, that it would be impoſſible for him to preſerve his independence on ſuch a paltry proviſion.

Not a little nettled at this arrogant remark, I told her, I had the honour to ſit in parliament with her father, when he had little more than half that income; and I believed there was not a more independent and incorruptible member in the houſe.—"Ay, but times are changed (cried the ſquire).—Country gentlemen now-a-days live after another faſhion—My table alone ſtands me in a cool thouſand a quarter, though I raiſe my own ſtock, import my own liquors, and have every thing at the firſt hand.—True it is, I keep open houſe, and receive all comers, for the honour of Old England."—"If that be the caſe (ſaid I), 'tis a wonder you can maintain it at ſo ſmall an expence; but every private gentleman is not expected to keep a caravanſera for the accommodation of travellers.—Indeed, if every individual lived in the ſame ſtyle, you would not have ſuch a number of gueſts at your table; of conſequence your hoſpitality would not ſhine ſo bright for the glory of the Weſt Riding."—The young ſquire, tickled by this ironical obſervation, exclaimed, "*O che burla!*"—His mother eyed me in ſilence with a ſupercilious air; and the father of the feaſt, taking a bumper of October, "My ſervice to you, couſin Bramble (ſaid he), I have always heard there was ſomething keen and biting in the air of the Welſh mountains."

I was much pleaſed with the Count de Melville, who is ſenſible, eaſy, and polite; and the counteſs is the moſt amiable woman I ever beheld. In the afternoon they took leave of their entertainers; and the young gentleman, mounting his horſe, undertook to conduct their coach through the park, while one of their ſervants rode round to give notice to the reſt, whom they had left at a public houſe on the road. The moment their backs were turned, the cenſorious demon took poſſeſſion of our Yorkſhire landlady and our ſiſter Tabitha—The former obſerved, that the counteſs was a good ſort of a body, but totally ignorant of good-breeding, conſequently awkward in her addreſs. The ſquire ſaid, he did not pretend to the breeding of any thing but colts; but that the jade would be very handſome, if ſhe was a little more in fleſh. "Handſome! (cried Tabby) ſhe has indeed a pair of black eyes without any meaning; but then there is not a good feature in her face." "I know not what you call

good features in Wales (replied our landlord); but they'll paſs in Yorkſhire." Then turning to Liddy, he added, "What ſay you, my pretty Redſtreak?—what is your opinion of the counteſs?" "I think (cried Liddy, with great emotion) ſhe's an angel." Tabby chid her for talking with ſuch freedom in company, and the lady of the houſe ſaid, in a contemptuous tone, ſhe ſuppoſed Miſs had been brought up at ſome country boarding ſchool.

Our converſation was ſuddenly interrupted by the young gentleman, who galloped into the yard all aghaſt, exclaiming, that the coach was attacked by a great number of highwaymen. My nephew and I ruſhing out, found his own and his ſervant's horſe ready ſaddled in the ſtable, with piſtols in the caps. We mounted inſtantly, ordering Clinker and Dutton to follow with all poſſible expedition; but notwithſtanding all the ſpeed we could make, the action was over before we arrived, and the count with his lady ſafe lodged at the houſe of Grieve, who had ſignalized himſelf in a very remarkable manner on this occaſion. At the turning of a lane that led to the village where the count's ſervants remained, a couple of robbers a horſeback ſuddenly appeared, with their piſtols advanced; one kept the coachman in awe, and the other demanded the count's money, while the young ſquire went off at full ſpeed, without ever caſting a look behind. The count deſiring the thief to withdraw his piſtol, as the lady was in great terror, delivered his purſe without making the leaſt reſiſtance; but not ſatisfied with this booty, which was pretty conſiderable, the raſcal inſiſted upon rifling her of her ear-rings and necklace, and the counteſs ſcreamed with affright. Her huſband, exaſperated at the violence with which ſhe was threatened, wreſted the piſtol out of the fellow's hand, and, turning it upon him, ſnapped it in his face; but the robber knowing there was no charge in it, drew another from his boſom, and in all probability would have killed him on the ſpot, had not his life been ſaved by a wonderful interpoſition. Grieve, the apothecary, chancing to paſs that very inſtant, ran up to the coach, and, with a crabſtick, which was all the weapon he had, brought the fellow to the ground with the firſt blow; then ſeizing his piſtol, preſented it to his colleague, who fired his piece at random, and fled without farther oppoſi-

tion. The other was ſecured by the aſſiſtance of the count and the coachman; and his legs being tied under the belly of his own horſe, Grieve conducted him to the village, whither alſo the carriage proceeded. It was with great difficulty the counteſs could be kept from ſwooning; but at laſt ſhe was happily conveyed to the houſe of the apothecary, who went into the ſhop to prepare ſome drops for her, while his wife and daughter adminiſtered to her in another apartment.

I found the count ſtanding in the kitchen with the parſon of the pariſh, and expreſſing much impatience to ſee his protector, whom as yet he had ſcarce found time to thank for the eſſential ſervice he had done him and the counteſs. The daughter paſſing at the ſame time with a glaſs of water, Monſieur de Melville could not help taking notice of her figure, which was ſtrikingly engaging—"Ay (ſaid the parſon), ſhe is the prettieſt girl, and the beſt girl in all my pariſh; and if I could give my ſon an eſtate of ten thouſand a-year, he ſhould have my conſent to lay it at her feet. If Mr. Grieve had been as ſolicitous about getting money, as he has been in performing all the duties of a primitive Chriſtian, Fy would not have hung ſo long upon his hands." "What is her name?" ſaid I. "Sixteen years ago (anſwered the vicar) I chriſtened her by the name of Serafina Melvilia." "Ha! what! how! (cried the count eagerly), ſure you ſaid Serafina Melvilia." "I did (ſaid he); Mr. Grieve told me thoſe were the names of two noble perſons abroad, to whom he had been obliged for more than life."

The count, without ſpeaking another ſyllable, ruſhed into the parlour, crying, "This is your god-daughter, my dear." Mrs. Grieve, then ſeizing the counteſs by the hand, exclaimed with great agitation, "O Madam!—O Sir! I am—I am your poor Elinor. This is my Serafina Melvilia. O child! theſe are the Count and Counteſs of Melville—the generous—the glorious benefactors of thy once unhappy parents."

The counteſs riſing from her ſeat, threw her arms about the neck of the amiable Serafina, and claſped her to her breaſt with great tenderneſs, while ſhe herſelf was embraced by the weeping mother. This moving ſcene was completed by the entrance of Grieve himſelf, who, falling on his knees before the count, "Behold (ſaid he) a peni-

tent, who at length can look upon his patron without ſhrinking." "Ah, Ferdinand! (cried he, raiſing and folding him in his arms), the play-fellow of my infancy—the companion of my youth!—Is it to you then I am indebted for my life?" "Heaven has heard my prayer (ſaid the other), and given me an opportunity to prove myſelf not altogether unworthy of your clemency and protection." He then kiſſed the hand of the counteſs, while Monſieur de Melville ſaluted his wife and lovely daughter, and all of us were greatly affected by this pathetic recognition.

In a word, Grieve was no other than Ferdinand Count Fathom, whoſe adventures were printed many years ago. Being a ſincere convert to virtue, he had changed his name, that he might elude the inquiries of the count, whoſe generous allowance he determined to forego, that he might have no dependence but upon his own induſtry and moderation. He had accordingly ſettled in this village as a practitioner in ſurgery and phyſic, and for ſome years wreſtled with all the miſeries of indigence; which, however, he and his wife had borne with the moſt exemplary reſignation. At length, by dint of unwearied attention to the duties of his profeſſion, which he exerciſed with equal humanity and ſucceſs, he had acquired a tolerable ſhare of buſineſs among the farmers and common people, which enabled him to live in a decent manner. He had been ſcarce ever ſeen to ſmile, was unaffectedly pious; and all the time he could ſpare from the avocations of his employment, he ſpent in educating his daughter and in ſtudying for his own improvement. In ſhort, the adventurer Fathom, was, under the name of Grieve, univerſally reſpected among the commonalty of this diſtrict, as a prodigy of learning and virtue. Theſe particulars I learned from the vicar, when we quitted the room, that they might be under no reſtraint in their mutual effuſions. I make no doubt that Grieve will be preſſed to leave off buſineſs, and reunite himſelf to the count's family; and as the counteſs ſeemed extremely fond of his daughter, ſhe will, in all probability, inſiſt upon Serafina's accompanying her to Scotland.

Having paid our compliments to theſe noble perſons, we returned to the ſquire's, where we expected an invitation to paſs the night, which was wet and raw; but, it

ſeems, Squire Burdock's hoſpitality reached not ſo far for the honour of Yorkſhire: We therefore departed in the evening, and lay at an inn, where I caught cold.

In hope of riding it down before it could take faſt hold on my conſtitution, I reſolved to viſit another relation, one Mr. Pimpernel, who lived about a dozen miles from the place where we lodged. Pimpernel, being the youngeſt of four ſons, was bred an attorney at Furnival's Inn; but all his elder brothers dying, he got himſelf called to the bar for the honour of his family, and, ſoon after this preferment, ſucceeded to his father's eſtate, which was very conſiderable. He carried home with him all the knaviſh chicanery of the loweſt pettifogger, together with a wife whom he had purchaſed of a drayman for twenty pounds; and he ſoon found means to obtain a *dedimus* as an acting juſtice of peace. He is not only a ſordid miſer in his diſpoſition, but his avarice is mingled with a ſpirit of deſpotiſm, which is truly diabolical. He is a brutal huſband, an unnatural parent, a harſh maſter, an oppreſſive landlord, a littigious neighbour, and a partial magiſtrate. Friends he has none; and, in point of hoſpitality and good breeding, our couſin Burdock is a prince in compariſon of this ungracious miſcreant, whoſe houſe is the lively repreſentation of a goal. Our reception was ſuitable to the character I have ſketched. Had it depended upon the wife, we ſhould have been kindly treated. She is really a good ſort of a woman, in ſpite of her low original, and well reſpected in the county; but ſhe has not intereſt enough in her own houſe to command a draught of table beer, far leſs to beſtow any kind of education on her children, who run about like ragged colts in a ſtate of nature. Pox on him! he is ſuch a dirrty fellow, that I have not patience to proſecute the ſubject.

By that time we reached Harrowgate, I began to be viſited by certain rheumatic ſymptoms. The Scotch lawyer, Mr. Micklewhimmen, recommended a hot bath of theſe waters ſo earneſtly, that I was over-perſuaded to try the experiment. He had uſed it often with ſucceſs, and always ſtaid an hour in the bath, which was a tub filled with Harrowgate water, heated for the purpoſe. If I could hardly bear the ſmell of a ſingle tumbler when cold, you may gueſs how my noſe was regaled by the ſteams ariſing from a hot bath of the ſame fluid.—At night I was

conducted into a dark hole on the ground floor, where the tub ſmoked and ſtunk like the pot of Acheron in one corner, and in another ſtood a dirty bed provided with thick blankets, in which I was to ſweat after coming out of the bath. My heart ſeemed to die within me when I entered this diſmal bagnio, and found my brain aſſaulted by ſuch inſufferable effluvia. I curſed Micklewhimmen, for not conſidering that my organs were formed on this ſide of the Tweed; but being aſhamed to recoil upon the threſhold, I ſubmitted to the proceſs.

After having endured all but real ſuffocation for above a quarter of an hour in the tub, I was moved to the bed, and wrapped in blankets—There I lay a full hour panting with intolerable heat; but not the leaſt moiſture appearing on my ſkin, I was carried to my own chamber, and paſſed the night without cloſing an eye, in ſuch a flutter of ſpirits as rendered me the moſt miſerable wretch in being. I ſhould certainly have run diſtracted, if the rarefaction of my blood, occaſioned by that Stygian bath, had not burſt the veſſels, and produced a violent hemorrhage, which, though dreadful and alarming, removed the horrible diſquiet. I loſt two pounds of blood and more on this occaſion; and find myſelf ſtill weak and languid; but, I believe, a little exerciſe will forward my recovery; and therefore I am reſolved to ſet out to-morrow for York, in my way to Scarborough, where I propoſe to brace up my fibres by ſea bathing, which, I know, is one of your favourite ſpecifics. There is, however, one diſeaſe, for which you have found as yet no ſpecific, and that is old age, of which this tedious unconnected epiſtle is an infallible ſymptom. *What*, therefore, *cannot be cured, muſt be endured*, by you, as well as by

Yours,

Harrowgate, June 26. MATT. BRAMBLE.

To Sir WATKIN PHILLIPS, *Bart. of Jeſus College, Oxon.*

DEAR KNIGHT,

THE manner of living at Harrowgate was ſo agreeable to my diſpoſition, that I left the place with ſome regret.—

Our aunt Tabby would have probably made ſome objection to our departing ſo ſoon, had not an accident embroiled her with Mr. Micklewhimmen, the Scotch advocate, on whoſe heart ſhe had been practiſing, from the ſecond day after our arrival.—That original, though ſeemingly precluded from the uſe of his limbs, had turned his genius to good account—In ſhort, by dint of groaning and whining, he had excited the compaſſion of the company ſo effectually, that an old lady, who occupied the very beſt apartment in the houſe, gave it up for his eaſe and convenience. When his man led him into the long room, all the females were immediately in commotion.—One ſet an elbow-chair; another ſhook up the cuſhion; a third brought a ſtool; and a fourth a pillow, for the accommodation of his feet—Two ladies (of whom Tabby was always one) ſupported him into the dining-room, and placed him properly at the table; and his taſte was indulged with a ſucceſſion of delicacies, culled by their fair hands. All this attention he repaid with a profuſion of compliments and benedictions, which were not the leſs agreeable for being delivered in the Scottiſh dialect. As for Mrs. Tabitha, his reſpects were particularly addreſſed to her, and he did not fail to mingle them with religious reflections, touching free grace, knowing her bias to Methodiſm, which he alſo profeſſed upon a Calviniſtical model.

For my part, I could not help thinking this lawyer was not ſuch an invalid as he pretended to be. I obſerved he eat very heartily three times a-day; and though his bottle was marked *ſtomachic tincture*, he had recourſe to it ſo often, and ſeemed to ſwallow it with ſuch peculiar reliſh, that I ſuſpected it was not compounded in the apothecary's ſhop, or the chemiſt's laboratory. One day, while he was earneſt in diſcourſe with Mrs. Tabitha, and his ſervant had gone out on ſome occaſion or other, I dexterouſly exchanged the labels and ſituation of his bottle and mine; and, having taſted his tincture, found it was excellent claret. I forthwith handed it about to ſome of my neighbours, and it was quite emptied before Mr. Micklewhimmen had occaſion to repeat his draught. At length, turning about, he took hold of my bottle inſtead of his own, and, filling a large glaſs, drank to the health of Mrs. Tabitha—It had ſcarce touched his lips, when he

perceived the change which had been put upon him, and was at firſt a little out of countenance.—He ſeemed to retire within himſelf, in order to deliberate, and in half a minute his reſolution was taken; addreſſing himſelf to our quarter, "I give the gentleman credit for his wit (ſaid he), it was a gude practical joke; but ſometimes *bi joci in ſeria ducunt mala*—I hope, for his own ſake, he has na drank all the liccor; for it was a vara poorful infuſion of jallap in Bourdeaux wine; and its poſſible he may ha ta'en ſic a doſe as will produce a terrible cataſtrophe in his ain booels."

By far the greater part of the contents had fallen to the ſhare of a young clothier from Leeds, who had come to make a figure at Harrowgate, and was, in effect, a great coxcomb in his way. It was with a view to laugh at his fellow-gueſts, as well as to mortify the lawyer, that he had emptied the bottle, when it came to his turn, and he had laughed accordingly: But now his mirth gave way to his apprehenſion. He began to ſpit, to make wry faces, and writhe himſelf into various contortions—"Damn the ſtuff! (cried he), I thought it had a villanous twang—pah! He that would cozen a Scot, mun get oop betimes, and take old Scratch for his counſellor." "In troth, Meſter what d'ye ca'um (replied the lawyer), your wit has run you into a filthy puddle—I'm truly conſarned for your waeful caſe—The beſt advice I can give you in ſic a delemma, is to ſend an expreſs to Rippon for Dr. Waugh without delay; and, in the mean time, ſwallow all the oil and butter you can find in the hooſe, to defend your poor ſtomach and intaſtines from the villication of the particles of the jallap, which is vara violent, even when taken in moderation."

The poor clothier's torments had already begun: He retired, roaring with pain, to his own chamber; the oil was ſwallowed, and the doctor ſent for; but before he arrived, the miſerable patient had made ſuch diſcharges upwards and downwards, that nothing remained to give him farther offence: And this double evacuation was produced by imagination alone; for what he had drank was genuine wine of Bourdeaux, which the lawyer had brought from Scotland, for his own private uſe. The clothier, finding the joke turn out ſo expenſive and diſagreeable,

quitted the houſe next morning, leaving the triumph t Micklewhimmen, who enjoyed it internally, without an outward ſigns of exultation; on the contrary, he affect ed to pity the young man for what he had ſuffered, an acquired freſh credit from this ſhow of moderation.

It was about the middle of the night which ſucceed ed this adventure, that the vent of the kitchen chimne being foul, the foot took fire, and the alarm was give in a dreadful manner. Every body leaped naked out o bed, and in a minute the whole houſe was filled wit cries and confuſion—There were two ſtairs in the houſe and to theſe we naturally ran; but they were both ſ blocked up by the people preſſing one upon another, tha it ſeemed impoſſible to paſs without throwing down an trampling upon the women. In the midſt of this anar chy, Mr. Micklewhimmen, with a leathern portmantea on his back, came running as nimbly as a buck alon the paſſage; and Tabby, in her under petticoat, endea vouring to hook him under the arm, that ſhe might ef cape through his protection, he very fairly puſhed he down, crying, "Na, na, gude faith charity begins a hame!" Without paying the leaſt reſpect to the ſhrick and entreaties of his female friends, he charged through the midſt of the crowd, overturning every thing that op poſed him, and actually fought his way to the bottom of the ſtair-caſe—By this time Clinker had found a lad der, by which he entered the window of my uncle's chamber, where our family was aſſembled, and propoſ ed that we ſhould make our exit ſucceſſively by that con veyance. The ſquire exhorted his ſiſter to begin the de ſcent; but, before ſhe could reſolve, her woman, Mrs. Winifred Jenkins, in a tranſport of terror, threw herſel out at the window upon the ladder, while Humphry dropped upon the ground, that he might receive her in her deſcent.—This maiden was juſt as ſhe had ſtarted out of bed, the moon ſhone very bright, and a freſh breeze of wind blowing, none of Mrs. Winifred's beau ties could poſſibly eſcape the view of the fortunate Clink er, whoſe heart was not able to withſtand the united force of ſo many charms; at leaſt, I am much miſtaken if he has not been her humble ſlave from that moment. He received her in his arms, and, giving her his coat to

protect her from the weather, aſcended again with admirable dexterity.

At that inſtant the landlord of the houſe called out with an audible voice, that the fire was extinguiſhed, and the ladies had nothing farther to fear: This was a welcome note to the audience, and produced an immediate effect; the ſhrieking ceaſed, and a confuſed ſound of expoſtulation enſued. I conducted Mrs. Tabitha and my ſiſter to their own chamber, where Liddy fainted away, but was ſoon brought to herſelf. Then I went to offer my ſervice to the other ladies, who might want aſſiſtance. They were all ſcudding through the paſſage to their ſeveral apartments; and as the thoroughfare was lighted by two lamps, I had a pretty good obſervation of them in their tranſit; but, as moſt of them were naked to the ſmock, and all their heads ſhrowded in huge night-caps, I could not diſtinguiſh one face from another, though I recogniſed ſome of their voices. Theſe were generally plaintive; ſome wept, ſome ſcolded, and ſome prayed—I lifted up one poor gentlewoman, who had been overturned and ſore bruiſed by a multitude of feet; and this was alſo the caſe with the lame parſon from Northumberland, whom Micklewhimmen had in his paſſage overthrown, though not with impunity; for the cripple, in falling, gave him ſuch a good pelt in the head with his crutch, that the blood followed.

As for the lawyer, he waited below till the hurly-burly was over, and then ſtole ſoftly to his own chamber, from whence he did not venture to make a ſecond ſally till eleven in the forenoon, when he was led into the public room by his own ſervant and another aſſiſtant, groaning moſt woefully, with a bloody napkin round his head. But things were greatly altered—The ſelfiſh brutality of his behaviour on the ſtairs had ſteeled their hearts againſt all his arts and addreſs. Not a ſoul offered to accommodate him with a chair, cuſhion, or footſtool; ſo that he was obliged to ſit down on a hard wooden bench—In that poſition, he looked around with a rueful aſpect, and, bowing very low, ſaid, in a whining tone, "Your moſt humble ſervant, ladies—Fire is a dreadful calamity.—" "Fire purifies gold, and it tries friendſhip (cried Mrs. Tabitha, bridling)." "Yea, Madam (replied Micklewhim-

men), and it trieth diſcretion alſo—" " If diſcretion conſiſts in forſaking a friend in adverſity, you are eminently poſſeſſed of that virtue (reſumed our aunt)." " Na, Madam (rejoined the advocate), well I wot, I cannot claim any merit from the mode of my retreat—Ye'll pleaſe to obſerve, ladies, there are twa independent principles that actuate our nature—One is inſtinct, which we have in common with the brute creation, and the other is reaſon —Noo, in certain great emergencies, when the faculty of reaſon is ſuſpended, inſtinct taks the lead, and, when this predominates, having no affinity with reaſon, it pays no ſort of regard to its connections; it only operates for the preſervation of the individual, and that by the moſt expeditious and effectual means: Therefore, begging your pardon, ladies, I'm no accountable, *in foro conſcientiæ*, for what I did, while under the influence of this irreſiſtible pooer."

Here my uncle interpoſed,—" I ſhould be glad to know (ſaid he), whether it was inſtinct that prompted you to retreat with bag and baggage; for, I think, you had a portmanteau on your ſhoulder—" The lawyer anſwered, without heſitation, " Gif I might tell my mind freely, without incurring the ſuſpicion of preſumption, I ſhould think it was ſomething ſuperior to either reaſon or inſtinct which ſuggeſted that meaſure, and this on a twafald accoont: In the firſt place, the portmanteau contained the writings of a worthy nobleman's eſtate; and their being burnt, would have occaſioned a loſs that could not be repaired: Secondly, my good angel ſeems to have laid the portmantle on my ſhoulders, by way of defence, to ſuſtain the violence of a moſt inhuman blow from the crutch of a reverend clergyman; which, even in ſpite of that medium, hath wounded me ſorely, even unto the pericranium." " By your own doctrine (cried the parſon, who chanced to be preſent), I am not accountable for the blow, which was the effect of inſtinct." " I crave your pardon, reverend Sir (ſaid the other), inſtinct never acts but for the preſervation of the individual; but your preſervation was out of the caſe—You had already received the damage, and therefore the blow muſt be imputed to revenge, which is a ſinful paſſion, that ill becomes any Chriſtian, eſpecially a Proteſtant divine; and

let me tell you, moſt reverend doctor, gin I had a mind to plea, the law would hauld my libel relevant." "Why, the damage is pretty equal on both ſides (cried the parſon); your head is broke, and my crutch is ſnapped in the middle—Now, if you will repair the one, I will be at the expence of curing the other."

This ſally raiſed the laugh againſt Micklewhimmen, who began to look grave; when my uncle, in order to change the diſcourſe, obſerved, that inſtinct had been very kind to him in another reſpect; for it had reſtored to him the uſe of his limbs, which, in his exit, he had moved with ſurpriſing agility—He replied, that it was the nature of fear to brace up the nerves; and mentioned ſome ſurpriſing feats of ſtrength and activity performed by perſons under the impulſe of terror; but he complained, that, in his own particular, the effects had ceaſed, when the cauſe was taken away———The ſquire ſaid he would lay a tea-drinking on his head, that he ſhould dance a Scotch meaſure, without making a falſe ſtep; and the advocate grinning, called for the piper. A fiddler being at hand, this original ſtarted up, with his bloody napkin over his black tye-periwig, and acquitted himſelf in ſuch a manner, as excited the mirth of the whole company; but he could not regain the good graces of Mrs. Tabby, who did not underſtand the principle of inſtinct; and the lawyer did not think it worth his while to proceed to further demonſtration.

From Harrowgate we came hither, by the way of York, and here we ſhall tarry ſome days, as my uncle and Tabitha are both reſolved to make uſe of the waters. Scarborough, though a paltry town, is romantic, from its ſituation along a cliff that overhangs the ſea.—The harbour is formed by a ſmall elbow of land that runs out as a natural mole, directly oppoſite to the town; and on that ſide is the caſtle, which ſtands very high, of conſiderable extent, and, before the invention of gunpowder, was counted impregnable. At the other end of Scarborough are two public rooms for the uſe of the company who reſort to this place in the ſummer, to drink the waters and bathe in the ſea; and the diverſions are pretty much on the ſame footing here as at Bath. The Spa is a little way beyond the town, on this ſide, under a cliff, within a few

paces of the ſea, and thither the drinkers go every morning in diſhabille; but the deſcent is by a great number of ſteps, which invalids find very inconvenient. Betwixt the well and the harbour, the bathing machines are ranged along the beach, with all their proper utenſils and attendants—You have never ſeen one of theſe machines—Image to yourſelf a ſmall, ſnug, wooden chamber, fixed upon a wheel-carriage, having a door at each end, and, on each ſide, a little window above, a bench below—The bather, aſcending into this apartment by wooden ſteps, ſhuts himſelf in, and begins to undreſs, while the attendant yokes a horſe to the end next the ſea, and draws the carriage forwards, till the ſurface of the water is on a level with the floor of the dreſſing-room; then he moves and fixes the horſe to the other end—The perſon within, being ſtripped, opens the door to the ſea-ward, where he finds the guide ready, and plunges headlong into the water. After having bathed, he reaſcends into the apartment, by the ſteps which had been ſhifted for that purpoſe, and puts on his clothes at his leiſure, while the carriage is drawn back again upon the dry land; ſo that he has nothing further to do but to open the door, and come down as he went up—Should he be ſo weak or ill as to require a ſervant to put off and on his clothes, there is room enough in the apartment for half a dozen people. The guides who attend the ladies in the water, are of their own ſex, and they and the female bathers have a dreſs of flannel for the ſea; nay, they are provided with other conveniences for the ſupport of decorum. A certain number of the machines are fitted with tilts, that project from the ſea-ward ends of them, ſo as to ſcreen the bathers from the view of all perſons whatſoever.—The beach is admirably adapted for this practice, the deſcent being gently gradual, and the ſand ſoft as velvet; but then the machines can be uſed only at a certain time of the tide, which varies every day; ſo that ſometimes the bathers are obliged to riſe very early in the morning—For my part, I love ſwimming as an exerciſe, and can enjoy it at all times of the tide, without the formality of an apparatus. You and I have often plunged together into the Iſis; but the ſea is a much more noble bath, for health as well as pleaſure. You cannot conceive what a flow of ſpirits it gives, and how it braces

new of the human frame. Were I to enumerate diſeaſes which are every day cured by ſea-bathing, ght juſtly ſay you had received a treatiſe, inſtead ter, from

Your affectionate friend,
and ſervant,

ugh, *July* 1. J. MELFORD.

To DR. LEWIS.

not found all the benefit I expected at Scarh, where I have been theſe eight days.—From rgate we came hither by the way of York, where we nly one day, to viſit the caſtle, the minſter, and mbly-room. The firſt, which was heretofore a , is now converted into a priſon, and is the beſt, ſpects, I ever ſaw at home or abroad.—It ſtands igh ſituation, extremely well ventilated, and has a s area within the walls, for the health and conveof all the priſoners, except thoſe whom it is neceſſecure in cloſe confinement.—Even theſe laſt have comforts that the nature of their ſituation can ad-

Here the aſſizes are held, in a range of buildings for that purpoſe.

or the minſter, I know not how to diſtinguiſh it, by its great ſize, and the height of its ſpire, from ther ancient churches in different parts of the kingchich uſed to be called monuments of Gothic archi-; but it is now agreed, that this ſtyle is Saracen than Gothic, and, I ſuppoſe, it was firſt imported ngland from Spain, great part of which was under minion of the Moors. Thoſe Britiſh architects who d this ſtyle don't ſeem to have conſidered the proof their adoption. The climate of the country poſby the Moors or Saracens, both in Africa and Spain, exceedingly hot and dry, that thoſe who built places ſhip for the multitude employed their talents in conedifices that ſhould be cool; and, for this purpoſe,

nothing could be better adapted than thoſe buildings, vaſt, narrow, dark, and lofty, impervious to the ſun-beams, and having little communication with the ſcorched external atmoſphere; but ever affording a refreſhing coolneſs, like ſubterranean cellars in the heats of ſummer, or natural caverns in the bowels of huge mountains. But nothing could be more prepoſterous than to imitate ſuch a mode of architecture in a country like England, where the climate is cold, and the air eternally loaded with vapours, and where, of conſequence, the builder's intention ſhould be to keep the people dry and warm.—For my part, I never entered the Abbey-church at Bath but once, and, the moment I ſtepped over the threſhold, I found myſelf chilled to the very marrow of my bones.—When we conſider, that, in our churches in general, we breathe a groſs ſtagnated air, ſurcharged with damps from vaults, tombs, and charnel-houſes, may we not term them ſo many magazines of rheums, created for the benefit of the medical faculty; and ſafely aver, that more bodies are loſt than ſouls ſaved by going to church, in the winter eſpecially, which may be ſaid to engroſs eight months in the year. I ſhould be glad to know, what offence it would give to tender conſciences, if the houſe of God was made more comfortable, or leſs dangerous to the health of valetudinarians; and whether it would not be an encouragement to piety, as well as the ſalvation of many lives, if the place of worſhip was well floored, wainſcoted, warmed, and ventilated, and its area kept ſacred from the pollution of the dead. The practice of burying in churches was the effect of ignorant ſuperſtition, influenced by knaviſh prieſts, who pretended that the devil could have no power over the defunct, if he was interred in holy ground; and this indeed is the only reaſon that can be given for conſecrating all cemeteries even at this day.

The external appearance of an old cathedral cannot be but diſpleaſing to the eye of every man who has any idea of propriety or proportion, even though he may be ignorant of architecture as a ſcience; and the long ſlender ſpire puts one in mind of a criminal impaled, with a ſharp ſtake riſing up through his ſhoulder.—Theſe towers, or ſteeples, were likewiſe borrowed from the Mahometans, who, having no bells, uſed ſuch minarets for the pur-

poſe of calling the people to prayers.—They may be of farther uſe, however, for making obſervations and ſignals; but I would vote for their being diſtinct from the body of the church, becauſe they ſerve only to make the pile more barbarous, or Saracenical.

There is nothing of this Arabic architecture in the aſſembly-room, which ſeems to me to have been built upon a deſign of Palladio, and might be converted into an elegant place of worſhip; but it is indifferently contrived for that ſort of idolatry which is performed in it at preſent: The grandeur of the fane gives a diminutive effect to the little painted divinities that are adored in it, and the company, on a ball-night, muſt look like an aſſembly of fantaſtic fairies, revelling by moon-light among the columns of a Grecian temple.

Scarborough ſeems to be falling off in point of reputation.—All theſe places (Bath excepted) have their vogue, and then the faſhion changes.—I am perſuaded there are fifty ſpas in England as efficacious and ſalutary as that of Scarborough, though they have not yet riſen to fame, and perhaps never will, unleſs ſome medical encomiaſt ſhould find an intereſt in diſplaying their virtues to the public view.—Be that as it may, recourſe will always be had to this place for the convenience of ſea-bathing, while this practice prevails; but it were to be wiſhed they would make the beach more acceſſible to invalids.

I have here met with my old acquaintance, H——t, whom you have often heard me mention as one of the moſt original characters upon earth.—I firſt knew him at Venice, and afterwards ſaw him in different parts of Italy, where he was well known by the nick-name of Cavallo Bianco, from his appearing always mounted on a pale horſe, like Death in the Revelation. You muſt remember the account I once gave you of a curious diſpute he had at Conſtantinople, with a couple of Turks, in defence of the Chriſtian religion; a diſpute from which he acquired the epithet of Demonſtrator.—The truth is, H——t owns no religion but that of nature; but, on this occaſion, he was ſtimulated to ſhow his parts, for the honour of his country.—Some years ago, being in the Campidoglio at Rome, he made up to the buſt of Jupiter, and bowing very low, exclaimed in the Italian language, "I

hope, Sir, if ever you get your head above water again, you will remember that I paid my reſpects to you in your adverſity." This ſally was reported to the Cardinal Camerlengo, and by him laid before Pope Benedict XIV. who could not help laughing at the extravagance of the addreſs, and ſaid to the Cardinal, "Thoſe Engliſh heretics think they have a right to go to the devil in their own way."

Indeed, H——t was the only Engliſhman I ever knew who had reſolution enough to live his own way in the midſt of foreigners; for, neither in dreſs, diet, cuſtoms, or converſation, did he deviate one tittle from the manner in which he had been brought up. About twelve years ago, he began a giro, or circuit, which he thus performed.—At Naples, where he fixed his head-quarters, he embarked for Marſeilles, from whence he travelled with a voiturin to Antibes.—There he took his paſſage to Genoa and Lerici; from which laſt place he proceeded, by the way of Cambratina, to Piſa and Florence.—After having halted ſome time in this metropolis, he ſet out with a vetturino for Rome, where he repoſed himſelf a few weeks, and then continued his route to Naples, in order to wait for the next opportunity of embarkation.—After having twelve times deſcribed this circle, he lately flew off at a tangent to viſit ſome trees at his country-houſe in England, which he had planted above twenty years ago, after the plan of the double colonnade in the piazza of St. Peter's at Rome.—He came hither to Scarborough to pay his reſpects to his noble friend and former pupil, the M—— of G——, and, forgetting that he is now turned of ſeventy, ſacrificed ſo liberally to Bacchus, that next day he was ſeized with a fit of the apoplexy, which has a little impaired his memory; but he retains all the oddity of his character in perfection, and is going back to Italy, by the way of Geneva, that he may have a conference with his friend Voltaire, about giving the laſt blow to the Chriſtian ſuperſtition.—He intends to take ſhipping here for Holland or Hamburgh; for it is a matter of great indifference to him at what part of the continent he firſt lands.

When he was going abroad the laſt time, he took his paſſage in a ſhip bound for Leghorn, and his baggage was

actually embarked. In going down the river by water, he was, by miſtake, put on board of another veſſel under ſail, and, upon inquiry, underſtood ſhe was bound to Peterſburgh—"Peterſburgh—Peterſburgh—(ſaid he)—I don't care if I go along with you." He forthwith ſtruck a bargain with the captain, bought a couple of ſhirts of the mate, and was ſafe conveyed to the court of Muſcovy, from whence he travelled by land to receive his baggage at Leghorn.—He is now more likely than ever to execute a whim of the ſame nature; and I will hold any wager, that, as he cannot be ſuppoſed to live much longer, according to the courſe of nature, his exit will be as odd as his life has been extravagant *.

But, to return from one humouriſt to another—You muſt know I have received benefit both from the chalybeate and the ſea, and would have uſed them longer, had not a moſt ridiculous adventure, by making me the town-talk, obliged me to leave the place; for I can't bear the thoughts of affording a ſpectacle to the multitude.—Yeſterday morning, at ſix o'clock, I went down to the bathing-place, attended by my ſervant Clinker, who waited on the beach as uſual:—The wind blowing from the north, and the weather being hazy, the water proved ſo chill, that, when I roſe from my firſt plunge, I could not help ſobbing and bawling out, from the effects of the cold. Clinker, who heard my cry, and ſaw me indiſtinctly a good way without the guide, buffeting the waves, took it for granted I was drowning, and ruſhing into the ſea, clothes and all, overturned the guide, in his hurry to ſave his maſter. I had ſwam out a few ſtrokes, when, hearing a noiſe, I turned about, and ſaw Clinker,

* This gentleman croſſed the ſea to France, viſited and conferred with M. de Voltaire at Fernay, reſumed his old circuit at Genoa, and died in 1767, at the houſe of Vanini in Florence. Being taken with a ſuppreſſion of urine, he reſolved, in imitation of Pomponius Atticus, to take himſelf off by abſtinence; and this reſolution he executed like an ancient Roman. He ſaw company to the laſt, cracked his jokes, converſed freely, and entertained his gueſts with muſic. On the third day of his faſt, he found himſelf entirely freed of his complaint; but refuſed taking ſuſtenance. He ſaid, the moſt diſagreeable part of the voyage was paſt, and he ſhould be a curſed fool indeed to put about ſhip, when he was juſt entering the harbour. In theſe ſentiments he perſiſted, without any marks of affectation, and thus finiſhed his courſe with ſuch eaſe and ſerenity, as would have done honour to the firmeſt Stoic of antiquity.

already up to his neck, advancing towards me, with all the wildneſs of terror in his aſpect. Afraid he would get out of his depth, I made haſte to meet him, when, all of a ſudden, he ſeized me by one ear, and dragged me bellowing with pain upon the dry beach, to the aſtoniſhment of all the people, men, women, and children, there aſſembled.

I was ſo exaſperated by the pain of my ear, and the diſgrace of being expoſed in ſuch an attitude, that, in the firſt tranſport, I ſtruck him down; then, running back into the ſea, took ſhelter in the machine where my clothes had been depoſited. I ſoon recollected myſelf ſo far, as to do juſtice to the poor fellow, who, in great ſimplicity of heart, had acted from motives of fidelity and affection. —Opening the door of the machine, which was immediately drawn on ſhore, I ſaw him ſtanding by the wheel, dropping like a water-work, and trembling from head to foot, partly from cold, and partly from the dread of having offended his maſter.—I made my acknowledgments for the blow he had received, aſſured him I was not angry, and inſiſted upon his going home immediately, to ſhift his clothes; a command which he could hardly find in his heart to execute, ſo well diſpoſed was he to furniſh the mob with farther entertainment at my expence. Clinker's intention was laudable, without all doubt, but, nevertheleſs, I am a ſufferer by his ſimplicity—I have had a burning heat, and a ſtrange buzzing noiſe in that ear, ever ſince it was ſo roughly treated; and I cannot walk the ſtreet without being pointed at, as the monſter that was haled naked aſhore upon the beach.—Well, I affirm that folly is often more provoking than knavery, ay and more miſchievous too; and whether a man had not better chooſe a ſenſible rogue, than an honeſt ſimpleton, for his ſervant, is no matter of doubt with

Yours,

Scarborough, July 4. MATT. BRAMBLE.

To SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, *Bart. of Jeſus College, Oxon.*

DEAR WAT,

WE made a precipitate retreat from Scarborough, owing to the exceſſive delicacy of our ſquire, who cannot bear the thoughts of being *prætereuntium digito monſtratus.* One morning, while he was bathing in the ſea, his man Clinker took it in his head that his maſter was in danger of drowning; and, in this conceit, plunging into the water, he lugged him out naked on the beach, and almoſt pulled off his ear in the operation. You may gueſs how this achievement was reliſhed by Mr. Bramble, who is impatient, iraſcible, and has the moſt extravagant ideas of decency and decorum in the economy of his own perſon.—In the firſt ebullition of his choler, he knocked Clinker down with his fiſt; but he afterwards made him amends for this outrage; and, in order to avoid the further notice of the people, among whom this incident had made him remarkable, he reſolved to leave Scarborough next day.

We ſet out accordingly over the moors, by the way of Whitby, and began our journey betimes, in hopes of reaching Stockton that night; but in this hope we were diſappointed—In the afternoon, croſſing a deep gutter, made by a torrent, the coach was ſo hard ſtrained, that one of the irons which connect the frame ſnapt, and the leather ſling on the ſame ſide cracked in the middle. The ſhock was ſo great, that my ſiſter Liddy ſtruck her head againſt Mrs. Tabitha's noſe with ſuch violence that the blood flowed; and Win. Jenkins was darted through a ſmall window in that part of the carriage next the horſes, where ſhe ſtuck like a bawd in the pillory, till ſhe was releaſed by the hand of Mr. Bramble. We were eight miles diſtant from any place where we could be ſupplied with chaiſes, and it was impoſſible to proceed with the coach, until the damage ſhould be repaired—In this dilemma, we diſcovered a blackſmith's forge on the edge of a ſmall common, about half a mile from the ſcene of our diſaſter, and thither the poſtillions made ſhift to draw the carriage ſlowly, while the company walked afoot; but we found the blackſmith had been dead ſome

days; and his wife, who had been lately delivered, was deprived of her ſenſes, under the care of a nurſe hired by the pariſh. We were exceedingly mortified at this diſappointment, which, however, was ſurmounted by the help of Humphry Clinker, who is a ſurpriſing compound of genius and ſimplicity. Finding the tools of the defunct, together with ſome coals in the ſmithy, he unſcrewed the damaged iron in a twinkling, and, kindling a fire, united the broken pieces with equal dexterity and diſpatch. While he was at work upon this operation, the poor woman in the ſtraw, ſtruck with the well-known ſound of the hammer and anvil, ſtarted up, and, notwithſtanding all the nurſe's efforts, came running into the ſmithy, where, throwing her arms about Clinker's neck, "Ah, Jacob! (cried ſhe) how could you leave me in ſuch a condition?"

This incident was too pathetic to occaſion mirth—it brought tears into the eyes of all preſent. The poor widow was put to bed again; and we did not leave the village without doing ſomething for her benefit—Even Tabitha's charity was awakened on this occaſion. As for the tender-hearted Humphry Clinker, he hammered the iron, and wept at the ſame time—But his ingenuity was not confined to his own province of farrier and blackſmith—it was neceſſary to join the leather ſling, which had been broke; and this ſervice he likewiſe performed, by means of a broken awl, which he new-pointed and ground, a little hemp which he ſpun into linglies, and a few tacks which he made for the purpoſe. Upon the whole, we were in a condition to proceed in little more than one hour; but even this delay obliged us to paſs the night at Giſborough. Next day we croſſed the Tees at Stockton, which is a neat agreeable town; and there we reſolved to dine, with purpoſe to lie at Durham.

Whom ſhould we meet in the yard, when we alighted, but Martin the adventurer! Having handed out the ladies, and conducted them into an apartment, where he paid his compliments to Mrs. Tabby, with his uſual addreſs, he begged leave to ſpeak to my uncle in another room; and there, in ſome confuſion, he made an apology for having taken the liberty to trouble him with a letter at Stevenage. He expreſſed his hope, that Mr. Bramble

had beſtowed ſome conſideration on his unhappy caſe, and repeated his deſire of being taken into his ſervice.

My uncle, calling me into the room, told him, that we were both very well inclined to reſcue him from a way of life that was equally dangerous and diſhonourable; and that he ſhould have no ſcruple in truſting to his gratitude and fidelity, if he had any employment for him, which he thought would ſuit his qualifications and his circumſtances; but that all the departments he had mentioned in his letter were filled up by perſons of whoſe conduct he had no reaſon to complain; of conſequence he could not, without injuſtice, deprive any one of them of his bread—Nevertheleſs, he declared himſelf ready to aſſiſt him in any feaſible project, either with his purſe or credit.

Martin ſeemed deeply touched at this declaration—The tear ſtarted in his eye, while he ſaid in a faltering accent—"Worthy Sir—your generoſity oppreſſes me—I never dreamed of troubling you for any pecuniary aſſiſtance—Indeed I have no occaſion—I have been ſo lucky at billiards and betting at different places, at Buxton, Harrowgate, Scarborough, and Newcaſtle races, that my ſtock in ready money amounts to three hundred pounds, which I would willingly employ in proſecuting ſome honeſt ſcheme of life; but my friend Juſtice Buzzard has ſet ſo many ſprings for my life, that I am under the neceſſity of either retiring immediately to a remote part of the country, where I can enjoy the protection of ſome generous patron, or of quitting the kingdom altogether—It is upon this alternative that I now beg leave to aſk your advice—I have had information of all your route ſince I had the honour to ſee you at Stevenage; and, ſuppoſing you would come this way from Scarborough, I came hither laſt night from Darlington to pay you my reſpects."

"It would be no difficult matter to provide you with an aſylum in the country (replied my uncle); but a life of indolence and obſcurity would not ſuit with your active and enterpriſing diſpoſition—I would therefore adviſe you to try your fortune in the Eaſt Indies—I will give you a letter to a friend in London, who will recommend you to the direction, for a commiſſion in the company's ſervice; and if that cannot be obtained, you will

at leaſt be received as a volunteer—in which caſe you may pay for your paſſage, and I ſhall undertake to procure you ſuch credentials, that you will not be long without a commiſſion."

Martin embraced the propoſal with great eagerneſs; it was therefore reſolved that he ſhould ſell his horſe, and take a paſſage by ſea for London, to execute the project without delay—In the mean time, he accompanied us to Durham, where we took up our quarters for the night.—Here, being furniſhed with letters from my uncle, he took his leave of us, with ſtrong ſymptoms of gratitude and attachment, and ſet out for Sunderland, in order to embark in the firſt collier bound for the river Thames. He had not been gone half an hour, when we were joined by another character, which promiſed ſomething extraordinary.—A tall meagre figure, anſwering, with his horſe, the deſcription of Don Quixote mounted on Rozinante, appeared in the twilight at the inn-door, while my aunt and Liddy ſtood at a window in the dining-room—He wore a coat, the cloth of which had once been ſcarlet, trimmed with Brandenburgs, now totally deprived of their metal, and he had holſter-caps and houſing of the ſame ſtuff and ſame antiquity. Perceiving ladies at the window above, he endeavoured to diſmount with the moſt graceful air he could aſſume; but the oſtler neglecting to hold the ſtirrup, when he wheeled off his right foot, and ſtood with his whole weight on the other, the girth unfortunately gave way, the ſaddle turned, down came the cavalier to the ground, and his hat and periwig falling off, diſplayed a head-piece of various colours, patched and plaſtered in a woeful condition—The ladies, at the window above, ſhrieked with affright, on the ſuppoſition that the ſtranger had received ſome notable damage in his fall; but the greateſt injury he had ſuſtained, aroſe from the diſhonour of his deſcent, aggravated by the diſgrace of expoſing the condition of his cranium; for certain plebeians that were about the door, laughed aloud, in the belief that the captain had got either a ſcald head, or a broken head, both equally opprobrious.

He forthwith leaped up in a fury, and ſnatching one of his piſtols, threatened to put the oſtler to death, when another ſquall from the women checked his reſentment,

He then bowed to the window, while he kiſſed the but end of his piſtol, which he replaced, adjuſted his wig in great confuſion, and led his horſe into the ſtable—By this time I had come to the door, and could not help gazing at the ſtrange figure that preſented itſelf to my view—He would have meaſured above ſix feet in height, had he ſtood upright; but he ſtooped very much, was very narrow in the ſhoulders, and very thick in the calves of the legs, which were caſed in black ſpatterdaſhes—As for his thighs, they were long and ſlender, like thoſe of a graſhopper; his face was at leaſt half a yard in length, brown and ſhrivelled, with projecting cheek bones, little gray eyes on the greeniſh hue, a large hook noſe, a pointed chin, a mouth from ear to ear, very ill furniſhed with teeth, and a high narrow forehead, well furrowed with wrinkles. His horſe was exactly in the ſtyle of its rider; a reſurrection of dry bones, which (as we afterwards learned) he valued exceedingly, as the only preſent he had ever received in his life.

Having ſeen this favourite ſteed properly accommodated in the ſtable, he ſent up his compliments to the ladies, begging permiſſion to thank them in perſon for the marks of concern they had ſhown at his diſaſter in the court-yard—As the ſquire ſaid they could not decently decline his viſit, he was ſhown up ſtairs, and paid his reſpects in the Scotch dialogue, with much formality—"Laddies (ſaid he), perhaps you may be ſcandaleezed at the appearance my head made when it was uncovered by accident; but I can aſſure you, the condition you ſaw it in, is neither the effects of diſeaſe, nor of drunkenneſs; but an honeſt ſcar received in the ſervice of my country." He then gave us to underſtand, that, having been wounded at Ticonderago in America, a party of Indians rifled him, ſcalped him, broke his ſcull with the blow of a tomahawk, and left him for dead on the field of battle; but that, being afterwards found with ſigns of life, he had been cured in the French hoſpital, though the loſs of ſubſtance could not be repaired; ſo that the ſkull was left naked in ſeveral places, and theſe he covered with patches.

There is no hold by which an Engliſhman is ſooner taken than that of compaſſion—We were immediately

intereſted in behalf of this veteran—Even Tabby's heart was melted; but our pity was warmed with indignation, when we learned, that, in the courſe of two ſanguinary wars, he had been wounded, maimed, mutilated, taken, and enſlaved, without ever having attained a higher rank than that of lieutenant—My uncle's eyes gleamed, and his nether lip quivered, while he exclaimed, "I vow to God, Sir, your caſe is a reproach to the ſervice—The injuſtice you have met with is ſo flagrant"—"I muſt crave your pardon, Sir (cried the other, interrupting him), I complain of no injuſtice—I purchaſed an enſigncy thirty years ago; and, in the courſe of ſervice, roſe to be a lieutenant, according to my ſeniority—" "But in ſuch a length of time (reſumed the ſquire), you muſt have ſeen a great many young officers put over your head—" "Nevertheleſs (ſaid he), I have no cauſe to murmur—They bought their preferment with their money—I had no money to carry to market—that was my misfortune; but nobody was to blame—" "What! no friend to advance a ſum of money? (ſaid Mr. Bramble.)" "Perhaps I might have borrowed money for the purchaſe of a company (anſwered the other); but that loan muſt have been refunded; and I did not chooſe to encumber myſelf with a debt of a thouſand pounds, to be paid from an income of ten ſhillings a-day." "So you have ſpent the beſt part of your life (cried Mr. Bramble), your youth, your blood, and your conſtitution, amidſt the dangers, the difficulties, the horrors, and hardſhips of war, for the conſideration of three or four ſhillings a-day—a conſideration—" "Sir (replied the Scot, with great warmth), you are the man that does me injuſtice, if you ſay or think I have been actuated by any ſuch paltry conſideration—I am a gentleman; and entered the ſervice as other gentlemen do, with ſuch hopes and ſentiments as honourable ambition inſpires—If I have not been lucky in the lottery of life, ſo neither do I think myſelf unfortunate—I owe no man a farthing; I can always command a clean ſhirt, a mutton chop, and a truſs of ſtraw; and, when I die, I ſhall leave effects ſufficient to defray the expence of my burial."

My uncle aſſured him, he had no intention to give him the leaſt offence, by the obſervations he had made;

but, on the contrary, ſpoke from a ſentiment of friendly regard to his intereſt—The lieutenant thanked him with a ſtiffneſs of civility, which nettled our old gentleman, who perceived that his moderation was all affected; for whatſoever his tongue might declare, his whole appearance denoted diſſatisfaction—In ſhort, without pretending to judge of his military merit, I think I may affirm, that this Caledonian is a ſelf-conceited pedant, awkward, rude, and diſputacious—He has had the benefit of a ſchool education, ſeems to have read a good number of books, his memory is tenacious, and he pretends to ſpeak ſeveral different languages; but he is ſo addicted to wrangling, that he will caval at the cleareſt truths, and, in the pride of argumentation, attempt to reconcile contradictions—Whether his addreſs and qualifications are really of that ſtamp which is agreeable to the taſte of our aunt Mrs. Tabitha, or that indefatigable maiden is determined to ſhoot at every ſort of game, certain it is, ſhe has begun to practiſe upon the heart of the lieutenant, who favoured us with his company to ſupper.

I have many other things to ſay of this man of war, which I ſhall communicate in a poſt or two. Meanwhile, it is but reaſonable that you ſhould be indulged with ſome reſpite from thoſe weary lucubrations of

Yours,

J. MELFORD.

Newcaſtle upon Tyne, July 10.

To SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, *Bart. of Jeſus College, Oxon.*

DEAR PHILLIPS,

IN my laſt, I treated you with a high-flavoured diſh, in the character of the Scotch lieutenant, and I muſt preſent him once more for your entertainment. It was our fortune to feed upon him the beſt part of three days; and I do not doubt that he will ſtart again in our way before we ſhall have finiſhed our northern excurſion. The day after our meeting with him at Durham proved

ſo tempeſtuous, that we did not chooſe to proceed on our journey; and my uncle perſuaded him to ſtay till the weather ſhould clear up, giving him, at the ſame time, a general invitation to our meſs. The man has certainly gathered a whole budget of ſhrewd obſervations, but he brings them forth in ſuch an ungracious manner as would be extremely diſguſting, if it was not marked by that characteriſtic oddity which never fails to attract the attention—He and Mr. Bramble diſcourſed, and even diſputed, on different ſubjects in war, policy, the belles lettres, law, and metaphyſics; and ſometimes they were warmed into ſuch altercation as ſeemed to threaten an abrupt diſſolution of their ſociety; but Mr. Bramble ſet a guard over his own iraſcibility, the more vigilantly as the officer was his gueſt; and when, in ſpite of all his efforts, he began to wax warm, the other prudently cooled in the ſame proportion.

Mrs. Tabitha chancing to accoſt her brother by the familiar diminutive of Matt, "Pray, Sir (ſaid the lieutenant), is your name Matthias?" You muſt know, it is one of our uncle's foibles to be aſhamed of his name Matthew, becauſe it is puritanical; and this queſtion chagrined him ſo much, that he anſwered, "No, by G—d!" in a very abrupt tone of diſpleaſure—The Scot took up umbrage at the manner of his reply, and briſtling up, "If I had known (ſaid he) that you did not care to tell your name, I ſhould not have aſked the queſtion—The leddy called you Matt, and I naturally thought it was Matthias;—perhaps it may be Methuſelah, or Metrodorus, or Metellus, or Mathurinus, or Malthinnus, or Matamorus, or ——" "No (cried my uncle laughing), it is neither of thoſe Captain:—My name is Matthew Bramble, at your ſervice. The truth is, I have a fooliſh pique at the name of Matthew, becauſe it ſavours of thoſe canting hypocrites, who, in Cromwell's time, chriſtened all their children by names taken from the ſcripture." "A fooliſh pique, indeed (cried Mrs. Tabby), and even ſinful, to fall out with your name becauſe it is taken from holy writ. I would have you to know, you was called after great uncle Mathew ap Madoc ap Meredith, Eſquire, of Llanwyſthin, in Montgomeryſhire, juſ-

tice of the *quorum*, and *cruſty ruttleorum*, a gentleman of great worth and property, deſcended in a ſtraight line, by the female ſide, from Llewellyn, Prince of Wales."

This genealogical anecdote ſeemed to make ſome impreſſion upon the North Briton, who bowed very low to the deſcendants of Llewellyn, and obſerved that he himſelf had the honour of a ſcriptural nomination. The lady expreſſing a deſire of knowing his addreſs, he ſaid, he deſigned himſelf Lieutenant Obadiah Liſmahago;—and, in order to aſſiſt her memory, he preſented her with a ſlip of paper inſcribed with theſe three words, which ſhe repeated with great emphaſis, declaring, it was one of the moſt noble and ſonorous names ſhe had ever heard. He obſerved that Obadiah was an adventitious appellation, derived from his great grandfather, who had been one of the original covenanters; but Liſmahago was the family-ſurname, taken from a place in Scotland ſo called. He likewiſe dropped ſome hints about the antiquity of his pedigree, adding, with a ſmile of ſelf-denial, *Sed genus et proavos, et quæ non fecimus ipſi, vix ea noſtra voco*, which quotation he explained in deference to the ladies; and Mrs. Tabitha did not fail to compliment him on his modeſty in waving the merit of his anceſtry, adding, that it was the leſs neceſſary to him, as he had ſuch a conſiderable fund of his own.—She now began to glue herſelf to his favour with the groſſeſt adulation. She expatiated upon the antiquity and virtues of the Scottiſh nation, upon their valour, probity, learning, and politeneſs. She even deſcended to encomiums on his own perſonal addreſs, his gallantry, good ſenſe, and erudition. She appealed to her brother, whether the captain was not the very image of our couſin Governor Griffith. She diſcovered a ſurpriſing eagerneſs to know the particulars of his life, and aſked a thouſand queſtions concerning his achievements in war; all which Mr. Liſmahago anſwered with a ſort of jeſuitical reſerve, affecting a reluctance to ſatisfy her curioſity on a ſubject that concerned his own exploits.

By dint of her interrogations, however, we learned, that he and Enſign Murphy had made their eſcape from the French hoſpital at Montreal, and taken to the woods, in hope of reaching ſome Engliſh ſettlement; but, miſ-

taking their route, they fell in with a party of Miamis, who carried them away in captivity. The intention of theſe Indians was to give one of them as an adopted ſon to a venerable ſachem, who had loſt his own in the courſe of the war, and to ſacrifice the other according to the cuſtom of the country. Murphy, as being the younger and handſomer of the two, was deſigned to fill the place of the deceaſed, not only as the ſon of the ſachem, but as the ſpouſe of a beautiful ſquaw, to whom his predeceſſor had been betrothed; but, in paſſing through the different wigwams, or villages of the Miamis, poor Murphy was ſo mangled by the women and children, who have the privilege of torturing all priſoners in their paſſage, that, by the time they arrived at the place of the ſachem's reſidence, he was rendered altogether unfit for the purpoſes of marriage: It was determined, therefore, in the aſſembly of the warriors, that Enſign Murphy ſhould be brought to the ſtake, and that the Lady ſhould be given to Lieutenant Liſmahago, who had likewiſe received his ſhare of torments, though they had not produced emaſculation.—A joint of one finger had been cut, or rather ſawed off with a ruſty knife; one of his great toes was cruſhed into a maſh betwixt two ſtones; ſome of his teeth were drawn or dug out with a crooked nail; ſplintered reeds had been thruſt up his noſtrils and other tender parts; and the calves of his legs had been blown up with mines of gunpowder dug in the fleſh with the ſharp point of the tomahawk.

The Indians themſelves allowed that Murphy died with great heroiſm, ſinging, as his death ſong, the *Drimmendoo*, in concert with Mr. Liſmahago, who was preſent at the ſolemnity. After the warriors and the matrons had made a hearty meal upon the muſcular fleſh, which they pared from the victim, and had applied a great variety of tortures, which he bore without flinching, an old lady, with a ſharp knife, ſcooped out one of his eyes, and put a burning coal in the ſocket. The pain of this operation was ſo exquiſite, that he could not help bellowing, upon which the audience raiſed a ſhout of exultation, and one of the warriors ſtealing behind him, gave him the *coup de grace* with a hatchet.

Liſmahago's bride, the ſquaw Squinkinacooſta, diſtin-

guiſhed herſelf on this occaſion. She ſhowed a great ſuperiority of genius in the tortures which ſhe contrived and executed with her own hands—She vied with the ſtouteſt warrior in eating the fleſh of the ſacrifice; and after all the other females were fuddled with dram drinking, ſhe was not ſo intoxicated but that ſhe was able to play the game of the platter with the conjuring ſachem, and afterwards go through the ceremony of her own wedding, which was conſummated that ſame evening. The Captain had lived very happily with this accompliſhed ſquaw for two years, during which ſhe bore him a ſon, who is now the repreſentative of his mother's tribe; but, at length, to his unſpeakable grief, ſhe had died of a fever, occaſioned by eating too much raw bear, which they had killed in a hunting excurſion.

By this time, Mr. Liſmahago was elected ſachem, acknowledged firſt warrior of the Badger tribe, and dignified with the name or epithet of Occacanaſtaogarora, which ſignifies *nimble as a weaſel;* but all theſe advantages and honours he was obliged to reſign, in conſequence of being exchanged for the orator of the community, who had been taken priſoner by the Indians that were in alliance with the Engliſh. At the peace, he had ſold out upon half-pay, and was returned to Britain, with a view to paſs the reſt of his life in his own country, where he hoped to find ſome retreat where his ſlender finances would afford him a decent ſubſiſtence. Such are the outlines of Mr. Liſmahago's hiſtory, to which Tabitha *did ſeriouſly incline her ear;*—indeed, ſhe ſeemed to be taken with the ſame charms that captivated the heart of Deſdemona, who loved the moor *for the dangers he had paſſed.*

The deſcription of poor Murphy's ſufferings, which threw my ſiſter Liddy into a ſwoon, extracted ſome ſighs from the breaſt of Mrs. Tabby; when ſhe underſtood he had been rendered unfit for marriage, ſhe began to ſpit, and ejaculated, "Jeſus, what cruel barbarians!" and ſhe made wry faces at the lady's nuptial repaſt; but ſhe was eagerly curious to know the particulars of her marriage dreſs; whether ſhe wore high-breaſted ſtays or boddice, a robe of ſilk or velvet, and laces of Mechlin or minionete—ſhe ſuppoſed, as they were connected

with the French, ſhe uſed *rouge*, and had her hair dreſſed in the Pariſian faſhion. The captain would have declined giving a catagorical explanation of all theſe particulars, obſerving, in general, that the Indians were too tenacious of their own cuſtoms to adopt the modes of any nation whatſoever: He ſaid, moreover, that neither the ſimplicity of their manners, nor the commerce of their country, would admit of thoſe articles of luxury which are deemed magnificence in Europe; and that they were too virtuous and ſenſible to encourage the introduction of any faſhion which might help to render them corrupt and effeminate.

Theſe obſervations ſerved only to inflame her deſire of knowing the particulars about which ſhe had inquired; and, with all his evaſion, he could not help diſcovering the following circumſtances—That his princeſs had neither ſhoes, ſtockings, ſhift, nor any kind of linen—that her bridal dreſs conſiſted of a petticoat of red baize, and a fringed blanket, faſtened about her ſhoulders with a copper ſkewer; but of ornaments ſhe had great plenty—Her hair was curiouſly plaited, and interwoven with bobbins of human bone—one eye-lid was painted green, and the other yellow; the cheeks were blue, the lips white, the teeth red, and there was a black liſt drawn down the middle of the forehead as far as the tip of the noſe—a couple of gaudy parrot's feathers were ſtuck through the diviſion of the noſtrils—there was a blue ſtone ſet in the chin—her ear-rings conſiſted of two pieces of hickery, of the ſize and ſhape of drumſticks—her arms and legs were adorned with bracelets of wampum—her breaſt glittered with numerous ſtrings of glaſs beads—ſhe wore a curious pouch, or pocket, of woven graſs, elegantly painted with various colours—about her neck was hung the freſh ſcalp of a Mohawk warrior, whom her deceaſed lover had lately ſlain in battle—and, finally, ſhe was anointed from head to foot with bear's greaſe, which ſent forth a moſt agreeable odour.

One would imagine that theſe paraphernalia would not have been much admired by a modern fine lady; but Mrs. Tabitha was reſolved to approve of all the captain's connections. She wiſhed, indeed, the ſquaw had been better provided with linen; but ſhe owned there was much taſte and fancy in her ornaments; ſhe made no

doubt, therefore, that Madam Squinkinacooſta was a young lady of good ſenſe and rare accompliſhments, and a good Chriſtian at bottom. Then ſhe aſked whether his conſort had been High-church or Low-church, Preſbyterian or Anabaptiſt, or had been favoured with any glimmering of the new light of the goſpel? When he confeſſed that ſhe and her whole nation were utter ſtrangers to the Chriſtian faith, ſhe gazed at him with ſigns of aſtoniſhment; and Humphry Clinker, who chanced to be in the room, uttered a hollow groan.

After ſome pauſe, "In the name of God, Captain Liſmahago (cried ſhe), what religion do they profeſs?" "As to religion, Madam (anſwered the lieutenant), it is among thoſe Indians a matter of great ſimplicity—they never heard of any *alliance between church and ſtate*. They, in general, worſhip two contending principles; one the fountain of all good, the other the ſource of evil. The common people there, as in other countries, run into the abſurdities of ſuperſtition; but ſenſible men pay adoration to a ſupreme being, who created and ſuſtains the univerſe." "O! what pity (exclaimed the pious Tabby), that ſome holy man has not been inſpired to go and convert theſe poor heathens!"

The lieutenant told her, that, while he reſided among them, two French miſſionaries arrived, in order to convert them to the catholic religion; but when they talked of myſteries and revelations, which they could neither explain nor authenticate, and called in the evidence of miracles which they believed upon hearſay; when they taught, that the Supreme Creator of heaven and earth had allowed his only Son, his own equal in power and glory, to enter the bowels of a woman, to be born as a human creature, to be inſulted, flagellated, and even executed as a malefactor; when they pretended to create God himſelf, to ſwallow, digeſt, revive, and multiply him *ad infinitum*, by the help of a little flour and water, the Indians were ſhocked at the impiety of their preſumption—They were examined by the aſſembly of the ſachems, who deſired them to prove the divinity of their miſſion by ſome miracle.—They anſwered, that it was not in their power—"If you were really ſent by heaven for our converſion (ſaid one of the ſachems), you would

certainly have ſome ſupernatural endowments, at leaſt you would have the gift of tongues, in order to explain your doctrine to the different nations among which you are employed; but you are ſo ignorant of our language, that you cannot expreſs yourſelves even on the moſt trifling ſubjects."

In a word, the aſſembly were convinced of their being cheats, and even ſuſpected them of being ſpies:—They ordered them a bag of Indian corn a-piece, and appointed a guide to conduct them to the frontiers; but the miſſionaries having more zeal than diſcretion, refuſed to quit the vineyard.—They perſiſted in ſaying maſs, in preaching, baptizing, and ſquabbling with the conjurers, or prieſts of the country, till they had thrown the whole community into confuſion.—Then the aſſembly proceeded to try them as impious impoſtors, who repreſented the Almighty as a trifling, weak, capricious being, and pretended to make, unmake, and reproduce him at pleaſure: They were, therefore, convicted of blaſphemy and ſedition, and condemned to the ſtake, where they died ſinging *Salve regina*, in a rapture of joy, for the crown of martyrdom, which they had thus obtained.

In the courſe of this converſation, Lieutenant Liſmahago dropt ſome hints, by which it appeared he himſelf was a free-thinker. Our aunt ſeemed to be ſtartled at certain ſarcaſms he threw out againſt the creed of Saint Athanaſius.—He dwelt much upon the words, *reaſon*, *philoſophy*, and *contradiction in terms*—he bid defiance to the eternity of hell-fire; and even threw ſuch ſquibs at the immortality of the ſoul, as ſinged a little the whiſkers of Mrs. Tabitha's faith; for, by this time, ſhe began to look upon Liſmahago as a prodigy of learning and ſagacity—In ſhort, he could be no longer inſenſible to the advances ſhe made towards his affection; and, although there was ſomething repulſive in his nature, he overcame it ſo far as to make ſome return to her civilities.—Perhaps, he thought it would be no bad ſcheme, in a ſuperannuated lieutenant on half-pay, to effect a conjunction with an old maid, who, in all probability, had fortune enough to keep him eaſy and comfortable in the fag-end of his days.—An ogling correſpondence forthwith commenced between this amiable pair of originals.—He be-

gan to ſweeten the natural acidity of his diſcourſe with the treacle of compliment and commendation. He from time to time offered her ſnuff, of which he himſelf took great quantities, and even made her a preſent of a purſe of ſilk graſs, woven by the hands of the amiable Squinkinacooſta, who had uſed it as a ſhot-pouch in her hunting expeditions.

From Doncaſter northwards, all the windows of all the inns are ſcrawled with doggrel rhimes, in abuſe of the Scotch nation; and what ſurpriſed me very much, I did not perceive one line written in the way of recrimination—Curious to hear what Liſmahago would ſay on this ſubject, I pointed out to him a very ſcurrilous epigram againſt his countrymen, which was engraved on one of the windows of the parlour where we ſat.—He read it with the moſt ſtarched compoſure; and when I aſked his opinion of the poetry, "It is vara terſe and vara poignant (ſaid he); but, with the help of a wat diſhclout, it might be rendered more clear and parſpicuous—I marvel much that ſome modern wit has not publiſhed a collection of theſe eſſays under the title of the *Glazier's Triumph over Sawney the Scot*—I'm perſuaded it would be a vara agreeable offering to the patriots of London and Weſtminſter." When I expreſſed ſome ſurpriſe that the natives of Scotland, who travel this way, had not broke all the windows upon the road, "With ſubmiſſion (replied the lieutenant), that were but ſhallow policy—it would only ſerve to make the ſatire more cutting and ſevere; and, I think, it is much better to let it ſtand in the window, than have it preſented in the reckoning."

My uncle's jaws began to quiver with indignation—He ſaid, the ſcribblers of ſuch infamous ſtuff deſerved to be ſcourged at the cart's tail for diſgracing their country with ſuch monuments of malice and ſtupidity—"Theſe vermin (ſaid he) do not conſider that they are affording their fellow ſubjects, whom they abuſe, continual matter of ſelf-gratulation, as well as the means of executing the moſt manly vengeance that can be taken for ſuch low illiberal attacks. For my part, I admire the philoſophic forbearance of the Scotch, as much as I deſpiſe the inſolence of thoſe wretched libellers, which is a-kin to the arrogance of the village-cock, who never crows but upon

his own dung-hill."—The captain, with an affectation of candour, obſerved, that men of illiberal minds were produced in every ſoil; that, in ſuppoſing thoſe were the ſentiments of the Engliſh in general, he ſhould pay too great a compliment to his own country, which was not of conſequence enough to attract the envy of ſuch a flouriſhing and powerful people.

Mrs. Tabby broke forth again in praiſe of his moderation, and declared that Scotland was the ſoil which produced every virtue under Heaven.—When Liſmahago took his leave for the night, ſhe aſked her brother, if the captain was not the prettieſt gentleman he had ever ſeen; and whether there was not ſomething wonderfully engaging in his aſpect?—Mr. Bramble having eyed her ſome time in ſilence, "Siſter (ſaid he), the lieutenant is, for aught I know, an honeſt man, and a good officer—he has a conſiderable ſhare of underſtanding, and a title to more encouragement than he ſeems to have met with in life; but I cannot, with a ſafe conſcience, affirm, that he is the prettieſt gentleman I ever ſaw; neither can I diſcern any engaging charm in his countenance, which, I vow to God, is, on the contrary, very hard-favoured and forbidding."

I have endeavoured to ingratiate myſelf with this North Briton, who is really a curioſity: but he has been very ſhy of my converſation, ever ſince I laughed at his aſſerting that the Engliſh tongue was ſpoke with more propriety at Edinburgh than at London. Looking at me with a double ſqueeze of ſouring in his aſpect, "If the old definition be true (ſaid he), that riſibility is the diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic of a rational creature, the Engliſh are the moſt diſtinguiſhed for rationality of any people I ever knew." I owned that the Engliſh were eaſily ſtruck with any thing that appeared ludicrous, and apt to laugh accordingly; but it did not follow, that, becauſe they were more given to laughter, they had more rationality than their neighbours: I ſaid, ſuch an inference would be an injury to the Scots, who were by no means defective in rationality, though generally ſuppoſed little ſubject to the impreſſions of humour.

The captain anſwered, that this ſuppoſition muſt have been deduced either from their converſation or their compoſitions, of which the Engliſh could not poſſibly judge

with preciſion, as they did not underſtand the dialect uſed by the Scots in common diſcourſe, as well as in their works of humour. When I deſired to know what thoſe works of humour were, he mentioned a conſiderable number of pieces, which he inſiſted were equal in point of humour to any thing extant in any language dead or living—He, in particular, recommended a collection of detached poems, in two ſmall volumes, entitled, *The Evergreen*, and the works of Allan Ramſay, which I intend to provide myſelf with at Edinburgh—He obſerved, that a North Briton is ſeen to a diſadvantage in an Engliſh company, becauſe he ſpeaks in a dialect that they can't reliſh, and in a phraſeology which they don't underſtand.—He, therefore, finds himſelf under a reſtraint, which is a great enemy to wit and humour.—Theſe are faculties which never appear in full luſtre, but when the mind is perfectly at eaſe, and, as an excellent writer ſays, enjoys *her elbow-room*.

He proceeded to explain his aſſertion, that the Engliſh language was ſpoken with greater propriety at Edinburgh than in London.—He ſaid, what we generally called the Scottiſh dialect was, in fact, true, genuine, old Engliſh, with a mixture of ſome French terms and idioms, adopted in a long intercourſe betwixt the French and Scotch nations; that the modern Engliſh, from affectation and falſe refinement, had weakened, and even corrupted their language, by throwing out the guttural ſounds, altering the pronunciation and the quantity, and diſuſing many words and terms of great ſignificance. In conſequence of theſe innovations, the works of our beſt poets, ſuch as Chaucer, Spenſer, and even Shakſpeare, were become, in many parts, unintelligible to the natives of South Britain; whereas the Scots, who retain the ancient language, underſtand them without the help of a gloſſary. "For inſtance (ſaid he), how have your commentators been puzzled by the following expreſſion in the *Tempeſt—He's gentle, and not fearful*; as if it was a paralogiſm to ſay, that being *gentle*, he muſt of courſe be *courageous*; but the truth is, one of the original meanings, if not the ſole meaning, of that word was, *noble, high-minded*; and to this day, a Scots woman, in the ſituation of the young lady in the *Tempeſt*, would expreſs herſelf nearly in the

ſame terms—Don't provoke him; for being gentle, that is, *high-ſpirited*, he won't tamely bear an inſult. Spenſer in the very firſt ſtanza of his *Faery Queene*, ſays,

"A *gentle* knight was pricking on the plain;"

which knight, far from being *tame* and fearful, was ſo ſtout, that

"Nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad."

To prove that we had impaired the energy of our language by falſe refinement, he mentioned the following words, which, though widely different in ſignification, are pronounced exactly in the ſame manner—*wright*, *write*, *right*, *rite*; but, among the Scotch, theſe words are as different in pronunciation, as they are in meaning and orthography; and this is the caſe with many others which he mentioned by way of illuſtration. He moreover took notice, that we had (for what reaſon he could never learn) altered the ſound of our vowels from that which is retained by all the nations in Europe; an alteration which rendered the language extremely difficult to foreigners, and made it almoſt impracticable to lay down general rules for orthography and pronunciation. Beſides, the vowels were no longer ſimple ſounds in the mouth of an Engliſhman, who pronounced both *i* and *u* as diphthongs. Finally, he affirmed, that we mumbled our ſpeech with our lips and teeth, and ran the words together without pauſe or diſtinction, in ſuch a manner, that a foreigner, though he underſtood Engliſh tolerably well, was often obliged to have recourſe to a Scotchman to explain what a native of England had ſaid in his own language.

The truth of this remark was confirmed by Mr. Bramble from his own experience; but he accounted for it on another principle. He ſaid, the ſame obſervation would hold in all languages; that a Swiſs talking French was more eaſily underſtood than a Pariſian, by a foreigner who had not made himſelf maſter of the language; becauſe every language had its peculiar recitative, and it would always require more pains, attention, and practice, to acquire both the words and the muſic, than to learn the words only; and yet no body would deny, that the one was impefect without the other; he, therefore, apprehended, that

the Scotchman and the Swiſs were better underſtood by learners, becauſe they ſpoke the words only, without the muſic, which they could not rehearſe. One would imagine this check might have damped the North Briton; but it ſerved only to agitate his humour for diſputation.—He ſaid, if every nation had its own recitative or muſic, the Scotch had theirs, and the Scotchman, who had not yet acquired the cadence of the Engliſh, would naturally uſe his own in ſpeaking their language; therefore, if he was better underſtood than the native, his recitative muſt be more intelligible than that of the Engliſh; of conſequence the dialect of the Scotch had an advantage over that of their fellow ſubjects, and this was another ſtrong preſumption that the modern Engliſh had corrupted their language in the article of pronunciation.

The lieutenant was, by this time, become ſo polemical, that every time he opened his mouth, out flew a paradox, which he maintained with all the enthuſiaſm of altercation; but all his paradoxes ſavoured ſtrong of a partiality for his own country. He undertook to prove that poverty was a bleſſing to a nation; that *oat-meal* was preferable to *wheat-flower*; and that the worſhip of Cloacina, in temples which admitted both ſexes, and every rank of votaries promiſcuouſly, was a filthy ſpecies of idolatry that outraged every idea of delicacy and decorum. I did not ſo much wonder at his broaching theſe doctrines, as at the arguments, equally whimſical and ingenious, which he adduced in ſupport of them.

In fine, Lieutenant Liſmahago is a curioſity which I have not yet ſufficiently peruſed; and, therefore, I ſhall be ſorry when we loſe his company, though, God knows, there is nothing very amiable in his manner or diſpoſition. As he goes directly to the ſouth-weſt diviſion of Scotland, and we proceed in the road to Berwick, we ſhall part to-morrow at a place called Felton-bridge; and, I dare ſay, this ſeparation will be very grievous to our aunt Mrs. Tabitha, unleſs ſhe has received ſome flattering aſſurance of his meeting her again. If I fail in my purpoſe of entertaining you with theſe unimportant occurrences, they will at leaſt ſerve as exerciſes of patience, for which you are indebted to

Yours always,

Morpeth, July 13. J. MELFORD.

To DR. LEWIS.

DEAR DOCTOR,

I HAVE now reached the northern extremity of England, and ſee, cloſe to my chamber-window, the Tweed gliding through the arches of that bridge which connects this ſuburb to the town of Berwick. Yorkſhire you have ſeen, and therefore I ſhall ſay nothing of that opulent province. The city of Durham appears like a confuſed heap of ſtones and brick, accumulated ſo as to cover a mountain, round which a river winds its brawling courſe. The ſtreets are generally narrow, dark, and unpleaſant, and many of them almoſt impaſſable in conſequence of their declivity. The cathedral is a huge gloomy pile; but the clergy are well lodged. The biſhop lives in a princely manner—the golden prebends keep plentiful tables—and, I am told, there is ſome good ſociable company in the place; but the country, when viewed from the top of Gateſhead Fell, which extends to Newcaſtle, exhibits the higheſt ſcene of cultivation that ever I beheld. As for Newcaſtle, it lies moſtly in a bottom, on the banks of the Tyne, and makes an appearance ſtill more diſagreeable than that of Durham; but it is rendered populous and rich by induſtry and commerce; and the country lying on both ſides the river, above the town, yields a delightful proſpect of agriculture and plantation. Morpeth and Alnwick are neat pretty towns, and this laſt is famous for the caſtle which has belonged ſo many ages to the noble houſe of Percy, Earls of Northumberland. It is, doubtleſs, a large edifice, containing a great number of apartments, and ſtands in a commanding ſituation; but the ſtrength of it ſeems to have conſiſted not ſo much in its ſite, or the manner in which it is fortified, as in the valour of its defendants.

Our adventures, ſince we left Scarborough, are ſcarce worth reciting; and yet I muſt make you acquainted with my ſiſter Tabby's progreſs in huſband hunting. After her diſappointments at Bath and London, ſhe had actually begun to practiſe upon a certain adventurer, who was in fact a highwayman by profeſſion; but he had been uſed to ſnares much more dangerous than any ſhe could lay, and eſcaped

accordingly.—Then ſhe opened her batteries upon an old weather-beaten Scotch lieutenant, called Liſmahago, who joined us at Durham, and is, I think, one of the moſt ſingular perſonages I ever encountered. His manner is as harſh as his countenance; but his peculiar turn of thinking, and his pack of knowledge, made up of the remnants of rarities, rendered his converſation deſirable, in ſpite of his pedantry and ungracious addreſs. I have often met with a crab-apple in a hedge, which I have been tempted to eat for its flavour, even while I was diſguſted by its auſterity. The ſpirit of contradiction is naturally ſo ſtrong in Liſmahago, that I believe in my conſcience he has rummaged, and read, and ſtudied with indefatigable attention, in order to qualify himſelf to refute eſtabliſhed maxims, and thus raiſe trophies for the gratification of polemical pride. Such is the aſperity of his ſelf-conceit, that he will not even acquieſce in a tranſient compliment made to his own individual in particular, or to his country in general.

When I obſerved that he muſt have read a vaſt number of books to be able to diſcourſe on ſuch a variety of ſubjects, he declared he had read little or nothing, and aſked how he ſhould find books among the woods of America, where he had ſpent the greateſt part of his life. My nephew remarking that the Scotch in general were famous for their learning, he denied the imputation, and defied him to prove it from their works—"The Scotch (ſaid he) have a ſlight tincture of letters, with which they make a parade among people who are more illiterate than themſelves; but they may be ſaid to float on the ſurface of ſcience, and they have made very ſmall advances in the uſeful arts." "At leaſt (cried Tabby) all the world allows that the Scotch behaved glorioufly in fighting and conquering the ſavages of America." "I can aſſure you, Madam, you have been miſinformed (replied the lieutenant); in that continent the Scotch did nothing more than their duty, nor was there one corps in his Majeſty's ſervice that diſtinguiſhed itſelf more than another—Thoſe who affected to extol the Scotch for ſuperior merit, were no friends to that nation."

Though he himſelf made free with his countrymen, he would not ſuffer any other perſon to glance a ſarcaſm at them with impunity. One of the company abanding to

mention Lord B—'s inglorious peace, the lieutenant immediately took up the cudgels in his lordſhip's favour, and argued very ſtrenuouſly to prove that it was the moſt honourable and advantageous peace that England had ever made ſince the foundation of the monarchy. Nay, between friends, he offered ſuch reaſons on this ſubject, that I was really confounded, if not convinced—He would not allow that the Scotch abounded above their proportion in the army and navy of Great Britain, or that the Engliſh had any reaſon to ſay his countrymen had met with extraordinary encouragement in the ſervice. "When a South and North Briton (ſaid he) are competitors for a place or commiſſion, which is in the diſpoſal of an Engliſh miniſter, or an Engliſh general, it would be abſurd to ſuppoſe that the preference will not be given to the native of England, who has ſo many advantages over his rival—Firſt and foremoſt, he has in his favour that laudable partiality, which, Mr. Addiſon ſays, never fails to cleave to the heart of an Engliſhman; ſecondly, he has more powerful connections, and a greater ſhare of parliamentary intereſt, by which thoſe conteſts are generally decided; and, laſtly, he has a greater command of money to ſmooth the way to his ſucceſs. For my own part (ſaid he), I know no Scotch officer who has riſen in the army above the rank of a ſubaltern, without purchaſing every degree of preferment either with money or recruits; but I know many gentlemen of that country, who, for want of money and intereſt, have grown gray in the rank of lieutenants; whereas very few inſtances of this ill fortune are to be found among the natives of South Britain. Not that I would inſinuate that my countrymen have the leaſt reaſon to complain. Preferment in the ſervice, like ſucceſs in any other branch of traffic, will naturally favour thoſe who have the greateſt ſtock of caſh and credit, merit and capacity being ſuppoſed equal on all ſides."

But the moſt hardy of all this original's poſitions were theſe:—That commerce would, ſooner or later, prove the ruin of every nation, where it flouriſhes to any extent—that the parliament was the rotten part of the Britiſh conſtitution—that the liberty of the preſs was a national evil—and that the boaſted inſtitution of juries, as managed in England, was productive of ſhameful perjury

and flagrant injuſtice. He obſerved, that traffic was an enemy to all the liberal paſſions of the ſoul, founded on the thirſt of lucre, a ſordid diſpoſition to take advantage of the neceſſities of our fellow creatures. He affirmed, the nature of commerce was ſuch, that it could not be fixed or perpetuated, but, having flowed to a certain height, would immediately begin to ebb, and ſo continue till the channels ſhould be left almoſt dry; but there was no inſtance of the tide's riſing a ſecond time to any conſiderable influx in the ſame nation. Meanwhile, the ſudden affluence occaſioned by trade, forced open all the ſluices of luxury, and overflowed the land with every ſpecies of profligacy and corruption; a total depravity of manners would enſue, and this muſt be attended with bankruptcy and ruin. He obſerved of the parliament, that the practice of buying boroughs, and canvaſſing for votes, was an avowed ſyſtem of venality, already eſtabliſhed on the ruins of principle, integrity, faith, and good order; in conſequence of which, the elected, and the elector, and, in ſhort, the whole body of the people, were equally and univerſally contaminated and corrupted. He affirmed, that, of a parliament thus conſtituted, the crown would always have influence enough to ſecure a great majority in its dependence, from the great number of poſts, places, and penſions, it had to beſtow; that ſuch a parliament would, as it had already done, lengthen the term of its ſitting and authority, whenever the prince ſhould think it for his intereſt to continue the repreſentatives; for, without doubt, they had the ſame right to protract their authority *ad infinitum*, as they had to extend it from three to ſeven years—With a parliament therefore dependent upon the crown, devoted to the prince, and ſupported by a ſtanding army, garbled and modelled for the purpoſe, any king of England may, and probably ſome ambitious ſovereign will, totally overthrow all the bulwarks of the conſtitution; for it is not to be ſuppoſed that a prince of a high ſpirit will tamely ſubmit to be thwarted in all his meaſures, abuſed and inſulted by a populace of unbridled ferocity, when he has it in his power to cruſh all oppoſition under his feet with the concurrence of the legiſlature. He ſaid, he ſhould always conſider the liberty of the preſs as a national evil, while it enabled the

vileſt reptile to ſoil the luſtre of the moſt ſhining merit, and furniſhed the moſt infamous incendiary with the means of diſturbing the peace, and deſtroying the good order of the community. He owned, however, that, under due reſtrictions, it would be a valuable privilege; but affirmed, that, at preſent, there was no law in England ſufficient to reſtrain it within proper bounds.

With reſpect to juries, he expreſſed himſelf to this effect:—Juries are generally compoſed of illiterate plebeians, apt to be miſtaken, eaſily miſled, and open to ſiniſter influence; for if either of the parties to be tried can gain over one of the twelve jurors, he has ſecured the verdict in his favour; the juryman thus brought over, will, in deſpight of all evidence and conviction, generally hold out till his fellows are fatigued, and haraſſed, and ſtarved into concurrence; in which caſe the verdict is unjuſt, and the jurors are all perjured;—but caſes will often occur, when the jurors are really divided in opinion, and each ſide is convinced in oppoſition to the other; but no verdict will be received, unleſs they are unanimous, and they are all bound, not only in conſcience, but by oath, to judge and declare according to their conviction. What then will be the conſequence? They muſt either ſtarve in company, or one ſide muſt ſacrifice their conſcience to their convenience, and join in a verdict which they believe to be falſe.—This abſurdity is avoided in Sweden, where a bare majority is ſufficient; and in Scotland, where two-thirds * of the jury are required to concur in the verdict.

You muſt not imagine that all theſe deductions were made on his part, without contradiction on mine.—No—the truth is, I found myſelf piqued in point of honour, at his pretending to be ſo much wiſer than his neighbours—I queſtioned all his aſſertions, ſtarted innumerable objections, argued and wrangled with uncommon perſeverance, and grew very warm, and even violent in the debate. Sometimes he was puzzled, and once or twice, I think, fairly refuted; but from thoſe falls he roſe again, like Antæus, with redoubled vigour, till at length I was tired, exhauſted, and really did not know how to proceed, when luckily he dropped a hint, by which he diſcovered he had

* A miſtake—a majority is ſufficient in Scotland.

been bred to the law; a confeſſion which enabled me to retire from the diſpute with a good grace, as it could not be ſuppoſed that a man like me, who had been bred to nothing, ſhould be able to cope with a veteran in his own profeſſion. I believe, however, that I ſhall for ſome time continue to chew the cud of reflection upon many obſervations which this original diſcharged.

Whether our ſiſter Tabby was really ſtruck with his converſation, or is reſolved to throw at every thing ſhe meets in the ſhape of a man, till ſhe can faſten the matrimonial nooſe, certain it is, ſhe has taken deſperate ſtrides towards the affection of Liſmahago, who cannot be ſaid to have met her half way, though he does not ſeem altogether inſenſible to her civilities—She inſinuated more than once, how happy we ſhould be to have his company through that part of Scotland which we propoſed to viſit, till at length he plainly told us, that his road was totally different from that which we intended to take; that, for his part, his company would be of very little ſervice to us in our progreſs, as he was utterly unacquainted with the country, which he had left in his early youth, conſequently, he could neither direct us in our inquiries, nor introduce us to any family of diſtinction. He ſaid, he was ſtimulated by an irreſiſtible impulſe to reviſit the *paternus lar*, or *patria domus*, though he expected little ſatisfaction, inaſmuch as he underſtood that his nephew, the preſent poſſeſſor, was but ill qualified to ſupport the honour of the family—He aſſured us, however, as we deſigned to return by the weſt road, that he would watch our motions, and endeavour to pay his reſpects to us at Dumfries. Accordingly he took his leave of us at a place half way betwixt Morpeth and Alnwick, and pranced away in great ſtate, mounted on a tall, meagre, raw-boned, ſhambling gray gelding, without e'er a tooth in his head, the very counter part of the rider; and, indeed, the appearance of the two was ſo picturesque, that I would give twenty guineas to have them tolerably repreſented on canvas.

Northumberland is a fine county, extending to the Tweed, which is a pleaſant paſtoral ſtream; but you will be ſurpriſed when I tell you that the Engliſh ſide of that river is neither ſo well cultivated nor ſo populous as the other. The farms are thinly ſcattered, the lands unen-

cloſed, and ſcarce a gentleman's ſeat is to be ſeen in ſome miles from the Tweed; whereas the Scots are advanced in crowds to the very brink of the river; ſo that you may reckon above thirty good houſes in the compaſs of a few miles, belonging to proprietors whoſe anceſtors had fortified caſtles in the ſame ſituations; a circumſtance that ſhows what dangerous neighbours the Scotch muſt have formerly been to the northern counties of England.

Our domeſtic economy continues on the old footing. My ſiſter Tabby ſtill adheres to Methodiſm, and had the benefit of a ſermon at Weſley's meeting in Newcaſtle; but I believe the paſſion of love has in ſome meaſure abated the fervour of devotion, both in her and her woman Mrs. Jenkins, about whoſe good graces there has been a violent conteſt betwixt my nephew's valet, Mr. Dutton, and my man, Humphry Clinker. Jery has been obliged to interpoſe his authority to keep the peace; and to him I have left the diſcuſſion of that important affair, which had like to have kindled the flames of diſcord in the family of

Yours always,

Tweedmouth, July 15. MATT. BRAMBLE.

To SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, *Bart. at Oxon.*

DEAR WAT,

IN my two laſt you had ſo much of Liſmahago, that I ſuppoſe you are glad he is gone off the ſtage for the preſent.—I muſt now deſcend to domeſtic occurrences.—Love, it ſeems, is reſolved to aſſert his dominion over all the females of our family—After having practiſed upon poor Liddy's heart, and played ſtrange vagaries with our aunt Mrs. Tabitha, he began to run-riot in the affections of her woman, Mrs. Winifred Jenkins, whom I have had occaſion to mention more than once in the courſe of our memoirs. Nature intended Jenkins for ſomething very different from the character of her miſtreſs; yet cuſtom and habit have effected a wonderful reſemblance betwixt them in many particulars. Win, to be ſure, is much

younger, and more agreeable in her perſon; ſhe is likewiſe tender-hearted and benevolent, qualities for which her miſtreſs is by no means remarkable, no more than ſhe is for being of a timorous diſpoſition, and much ſubject to fits of the mother, which are the infirmities of Win's conſtitution; but then ſhe ſeems to have adopted Mrs. Tabby's manner with her caſt clothes.—She dreſſes and endeavours to look like her miſtreſs, although her own looks are much more engaging—She enters into her ſchemes of economy, learns her phraſes, repeats her remarks, imitates her ſtyle in ſcolding the inferior ſervants, and, finally, ſubſcribes implicitly to her ſyſtem of devotion—This, indeed, ſhe found the more agreeable, as it was in a great meaſure introduced and confirmed by the miniſtry of Clinker, with whoſe perſonal merit ſhe ſeems to have been ſtruck ever ſince he exhibited the pattern of his naked ſkin at Marlborough.

Nevertheleſs, though Humphry had this double hank upon her inclinations, and exerted all his power to maintain the conqueſt he had made, he found it impoſſible to guard it on the ſide of vanity, where poor Win was as frail as any female in the kingdom. In ſhort, my raſcal, Dutton, profeſſed himſelf her admirer, and, by dint of his outlandiſh qualifications, threw his rival Clinker out of the ſaddle of her heart. Humphry may be compared to an Engliſh pudding, compoſed of good wholeſome flour and ſuet, and Dutton to a ſyllabub or iced froth, which, though agreeable to the taſte, has nothing ſolid or ſubſtantial. The traitor not only dazzled her with his ſecond-hand finery, but he fawned, and flattered, and cringed—he taught her to take rappee, and preſented her with a ſhuff-box of *papier mache*—he ſupplied her with a powder for her teeth—he mended her complexion, and he dreſſed her hair in the Paris faſhion—he undertook to be her French maſter and her dancing-maſter, as well as friſeur, and thus imperceptibly wound himſelf into her good graces. Clinker perceived the progreſs he had made, and repined in ſecret.—He attempted to open her eyes in the way of exhortation, and, finding it produced no effect, had recourſe to prayer. At Newcaſtle, while he attended Mrs. Tabby to the Methodiſt meeting, his rival accompanied Mrs. Jenkins to the play. He was dreſſed

in a ſilk coat, made at Paris for his former maſter, with a tawdry waiſtcoat of tarniſhed brocade; he wore his hair in a great bag, with a huge ſolitaire, and a long ſword dangled from his thigh. The lady was all of a flutter with faded luteſtring, waſhed gauze, and ribbons three times refreſhed, but ſhe was moſt remarkable for the friſure of her head, which roſe, like a pyramid, ſeven inches above the ſcalp, and her face was primed and patched from the chin up to the eyes; nay, the gallant himſelf had ſpared neither red nor white in improving the nature of his own complexion. In this attire, they walked together through the high ſtreet to the theatre; and as they paſſed for players, ready dreſſed for acting, they reached it unmoleſted; but as it was ſtill light when they returned, and by that time the people had got information of their real character and condition, they hiſſed and hooted all the way, and Mrs. Jenkins was all beſpattered with dirt, as well as inſulted with the opprobrious name of *painted Jezabel*, ſo that her fright and mortification threw her into an hyſteric fit the moment ſhe came home.

Clinker was ſo incenſed at Dutton, whom he conſidered as the cauſe of her diſgrace, that he upbraided him ſeverely for having turned the poor young woman's brain. The other affected to treat him with contempt; and, miſtaking his forbearance for want of courage, threatened to horſe-whip him into good manners. Humphry then came to me, humbly begging I would give him leave to chaſtiſe my ſervant for his inſolence—"He has challenged me to fight him at ſword's point (ſaid he); but I might as well challenge him to make a horſe-ſhoe or a plough-iron; for I know no more of the one than he does of the other. Beſides, it doth not become ſervants to uſe thoſe weapons, or to claim the privilege of gentlemen to kill one another, when they fall out; moreover, I would not have his blood upon my conſcience for ten thouſand times the profit or ſatisfaction I ſhould get by his death; but if your honour won't be angry, I'll engage to gee 'en a good drubbing, that, mayhap, will do 'en ſervice, and I'll take care it ſhall do 'en no harm." I ſaid, I had no objection to what he propoſed, provided he could manage matters ſo as not to be found the aggreſſor, in caſe Dutton ſhould proſecute him for an aſſault and battery.

Thus licenſed, he retired; and that ſame evening eaſily provoked his rival to ſtrike the firſt blow, which Clinker returned with ſuch intereſt, that he was obliged to call for quarter, declaring, at the ſame time, that he would exact ſevere and bloody ſatisfaction the moment we ſhould paſs the border, when he could run him through the body without fear of the conſequence.—This ſcene paſſed in preſence of Lieutenant Liſmahago, who encouraged Clinker to hazard a thruſt of cold iron with his antagoniſt. "Cold iron (cried Humphry) I ſhall never uſe againſt the life of any human creature; but I am ſo far from being afraid of his cold iron, that I ſhall uſe nothing in my defence but a good cudgel, which ſhall always be at his ſervice." In the mean time, the fair cauſe of this conteſt, Mrs. Winifred Jenkins, ſeemed overwhelmed with affliction, and Mr. Clinker acted much on the reſerve, though he did not preſume to find fault with her conduct.

The diſpute between the two rivals was ſoon brought to a very unexpected iſſue. Among our fellow-lodgers at Berwick, was a couple from London, bound to Edinburgh, on the voyage of matrimony. The female was the daughter and heireſs of a pawn-broker deceaſed, who had given her guardians the ſlip, and put herſelf under the tuition of a tall Hibernian, who had conducted her thus far in queſt of a clergyman to unite them in marriage, without the formalities required by the law of England. I know not how the lover had behaved on the road, ſo as to decline in the favour of his inamorata; but, in all probability, Dutton perceived a coldneſs on her ſide, which encouraged him to whiſper, it was a pity ſhe ſhould have caſt her affections upon a tailor, which he affirmed the Iriſhman to be. This diſcovery completed her diſguſt, of which my man taking the advantage, began to recommend himſelf to her good graces; and the ſmooth-tongued raſcal found no difficulty to inſinuate himſelf into the place of her heart, from which the other had been diſcarded.—Their reſolution was immediately taken. In the morning, before day, while poor Teague lay ſnoring a-bed, his indefatigable rival ordered a poſt-chaiſe, and ſet out with the lady for Coldſtream, a few miles up the Tweed, where there was a parſon who dealt in this branch

of commerce, and there they were nooſed, before the Iriſhman ever dreamed of the matter. But when he got up at ſix o'clock, and found the bird was flown, he made ſuch a noiſe as alarmed the whole houſe. One of the firſt perſons he encountered was the poſtillion returned from Coldſtream, where he had been witneſs to the marriage, and, over and above a handſome gratuity, had received a bride's favour, which he now wore in his cap—When the forſaken lover underſtood they were actually married, and ſet out for London, and that Dutton had diſcovered to the lady, that he (the Hibernian) was a tailor, he had like to have run diſtracted. He tore the ribbon from the fellow's cap, and beat it about his ears. He ſwore he would purſue him to the gates of hell, and ordered a poſt-chaiſe and four to be got ready as ſoon as poſſible; but recollecting that his finances would not admit of this way of travelling, he was obliged to countermand this order.

For my part, I knew nothing at all of what happened, till the poſtillion brought me the keys of my trunk and portmanteau, which he had received from Dutton, who ſent me his reſpects, hoping I would excuſe him for his abrupt departure, as it was a ſtep upon which his fortune depended.—Before I had time to make my uncle acquainted with this event, the Iriſhman burſt into my chamber, without any introduction, exclaiming, "By my ſoul, your ſarvant has robbed me of five thouſand pounds, and I'll have ſatisfaction, if I ſhould be hanged to-morrow!" When I aſked him who he was, "My name (ſaid he) is Maſter Macloughlin—but it ſhould be Leighlin Oneale, for I am come from Ter-Owen the Great; and ſo I am as good a gentleman as any in Ireland: And that rogue, your ſarvant, ſaid I was a tailor, which was as big a lie as if he had called me the Pope—I'm a man of fortune, and have ſpent all I had; and ſo being in diſtreſs, Mr. Coſhgrave, the faſhioner in Shuffolk-ſtreet, tuck me out, and made me his own private ſhecretary: By the ſame token, I was the laſt he bailed; for his friends obliged him to tie himſelf up, that he would bail no more above ten pounds; for why, becaauſe as how he could not refuſe any body that aſked, and therefore, in time, would have robbed himſelf of his whole fortune, and, if he had lived long at that rate, muſt have died

bankrupt very ſoon—and ſo I made my addreſſes to Miſs Skinner, a young lady of five thouſand pounds fortune, who agreed to take me for better nor worſe; and, to be ſure, this day would have put me in poſſeſſion, if it had not been for that rogue, your ſarvant, who came like a tief, and ſtole away my property, and made her believe I was a tailor, and that ſhe was going to marry the ninth part of a man: But the devil burn my ſoul, if ever I catch him on the mountains of Tulloghobegly, if I don't ſhew him that I'm nine times as good a man as he, or e'er a bug of his country."

When he had rung out his firſt alarm, I told him I was ſorry he had allowed himſelf to be ſo jockied; but it was no buſineſs of mine; and that the fellow who robbed him of his bride, had likewiſe robbed me of my ſervant—"Didn't I tell you then (cried he), that Rogue was his true Chriſtian name—Oh! if I had but one fair truſt with him upon the ſod, I'd give him leave to brag all the reſt of his life."

My uncle hearing the noiſe, came in, and being informed of this adventure, began to comfort Mr. Oneale for the lady's elopement; obſerving, that he ſeemed to have had a lucky eſcape; that it was better ſhe ſhould elope before than after marriage.—The Hibernian was of a very different opinion. He ſaid, "If he had been once married, ſhe might have eloped as ſoon as ſhe pleaſed; he would have taken care that ſhe ſhould not have carried her fortune along with her—Ah (ſaid he), ſhe's a Judas Iſcariot, and has betrayed me with a kiſs; and, like Judas, ſhe carried the bag, and has not left me money enough to bear my expences back to London; and ſo as I am come to this paſs, and the rogue that was the occaſion of it has left you without a ſarvant, you may put me in his place; and, by Jaſus, it is the beſt thing you can do." I begged to be excuſed, declaring I could put up with any inconvenience, rather than treat as footman the deſcendent of Ter-Owen the Great. I adviſed him to return to his friend Mr. Coſgrave, and take his paſſage from Newcaſtle by ſea, towards which I made him a ſmall preſent, and he retired, ſeemingly reſigned to his evil fortune.—I have taken upon trial a Scotchman, called Archy M'Alpin, an old ſoldier, whoſe laſt maſter, a colonel, lately died at

Berwick. The fellow is old and withered; but he has been recommended to me for his fidelity, by Mrs. Humphreys, a very good ſort of a woman, who keeps the inn at Tweedmouth, and is much reſpected by all the travellers on this road.

Clinker, without doubt, thinks himſelf happy in the removal of a dangerous rival, and he is too good a Chriſtian to repine at Dutton's ſucceſs. Even Mrs. Jenkins will have reaſon to congratulate herſelf upon this event, when ſhe coolly reflects upon the matter; for, howſoever ſhe was forced from her poiſe for a ſeaſon, by ſnares laid for her vanity, Humphry is certainly the north ſtar to which the needle of her affection would have pointed at the long-run. At preſent the ſame vanity is exceedingly mortified, upon finding herſelf abandoned by her new admirer, in favour of another inamorata. She received the news with a violent burſt of laughter, which ſoon brought on a fit of crying, and this gave the finiſhing blow to the patience of her miſtreſs, which had held out beyond all expectation. She now opened all thoſe flood-gates of reprehenſion which had been ſhut ſo long. She not only reproached her with her levity and indiſcretion, but attacked her on the ſcore of religion, declaring roundly, that ſhe was in a ſtate of apoſtaſy and reprobation; and, finally, threatened to ſend her a-packing at this extremity of the kingdom. All the family interceded for poor Winifred, not even excepting her ſlighted ſwain, Mr. Clinker, who, on his knees, implored and obtained her pardon.

There was, however, another conſideration that gave Mrs. Tabitha ſome diſturbance. At Newcaſtle, the ſervants had been informed by ſome wag, that there was nothing to eat in Scotland but *oat-meal* and *ſheep-heads*; and Lieutenant Liſmahago being conſulted, what he ſaid ſerved rather to confirm than to refute the report.—Our aunt being appriſed of this circumſtance, very gravely adviſed her brother to provide a ſumpter-horſe, with ſtore of hams, tongues, bread, biſcuit, and other articles, for our ſubſiſtence in the courſe of our peregrination; and Mr. Bramble as gravely replied, that he would take the hint into conſideration: But, finding no ſuch proviſion was made, ſhe now revived the propoſal, obſerving, that there was a tolerable market at Berwick, where we might be ſupplied; and

that my man's horſe would ſerve as a beaſt of burden. The ſquire, ſhrugging up his ſhoulders, eyed her aſkance with a look of ineffable contempt, and, after ſome pauſe, "Siſter (ſaid he), I can hardly perſuade myſelf you are ſerious."—She was ſo little acquainted with the geography of the iſland, that ſhe imagined we could not go to Scotland but by ſea; and, after we had paſſed through the town of Berwick, when we told her we were upon Scottiſh ground, ſhe could hardly believe the aſſertion.—if the truth muſt be told, the South Britons in general are wofully ignorant in this particular.—What between want of curioſity, and traditional ſarcaſms, the effect of ancient animoſity, the people at the other end of the iſland know as little of Scotland as of Japan.

If I had never been in Wales, I ſhould have been more ſtruck with the manifeſt difference in appearance betwixt the peaſant and commonalty on the different ſides of the Tweed. The boors of Northumberland are luſty fellows, freſh-complexioned, cleanly, and well-clothed; but the labourers in Scotland are generally lank, lean, hard-featured, ſallow, ſoiled, and ſhabby; and their little pinced blue caps have a beggarly effect. The cattle are much in the ſame ſtile with their drivers, meagre, ſtunted, and ill-equipped. When I talked to my uncle on this ſubject, he ſaid, "Though all the Scottiſh hinds would not bear to be compared with thoſe of the rich counties of South Britain, they would ſtand very well in competition with the peaſants of France, Italy, and Savoy—not to mention the mountaineers of Wales, and the red ſhanks of Ireland."

We entered Scotland by a frightful muir of ſixteen miles, which promiſes very little for the interior parts of the kingdom; but the proſpect mended as we advanced. Paſſing through Dunbar, which is a neat little town, ſituated on the ſea-ſide, we lay at a country inn, where our entertainment far exceeded our expectation; but for this we cannot give the Scotch credit, as the landlord is a native of England. Yeſterday we dined at Haddington, which has been a place of ſome conſideration, but is now gone to decay; and in the evening arrived at this metropolis, of which I can ſay very little. It is very romantic, from its ſituation on the declivity of a hill, having a forti-

fied caſtle at the top, and a royal palace at the bottom. The firſt thing that ſtrikes the noſe of a ſtranger ſhall be nameleſs; but what firſt ſtrikes the eye is the unconſcionable height of the houſes, which generally riſe to five, ſix, ſeven, and eight ſtories, and, in ſome plaees (as I am aſſured), to twelve. This manner of building, attended with numberleſs inconveniences, muſt have been originally owing to want of room. Certain it is, the town ſeems to be full of people; but their looks, their language, and their cuſtoms, are ſo different from ours, that I can hardly believe myſelf in Great Britain.

The inn at which we put up (if it may be ſo called) was ſo filthy and diſagreeable in all reſpects, that my uncle began to fret, and his gouty ſymptoms to recur.---Recollecting, however, that he had a letter of recommendation to one Mr. Mitchelſon, a lawyer, he ſent it by his ſervant, with a compliment, importing, that he would wait upon him next day in perſon; but that gentleman viſited us immediately, and inſiſted upon our going to his own houſe, until ne could provide lodgings for our accommodation. We gladly accepted of his invitation, and repaired to his houſe, where we were treated with equal elegance and hoſpitality, to the utter confuſion of our aunt, whoſe prejudices, though beginning to give way, were not yet entirely removed. To-day, by the aſſiſtance of our friend, we are ſettled in convenient lodgings, up four pair of ſtairs, in the High-Street, the fourth ſtory being, in this city, reckoned more genteel than the firſt. The air is, in all probability, the better; but it requires good lungs to breathe it at this diſtance above the ſurface of the earth.---While I do remain above it, whether higher or lower, provided I breathe at all,

I ſhall ever be,

Dear Phillips, yours,

Edinburgh, July 18. J. MELFORD.

To Dr. Lewis.

Dear Lewis,

That part of Scotland contiguous to Berwick, Nature ſeems to have intended as a barrier between two hoſtile nations. It is a brown deſart, of conſiderable extent, that produces nothing but heath and fern; and what rendered it the more dreary when we paſſed, there was a thick fog that hindered us from ſeeing above twenty yards from the carriage.—My ſiſter began to make wry faces, and uſe her ſmelling bottle, Liddy looked blank, and Mrs. Jenkins dejected; but in a few hours theſe clouds were diſſipated; the ſea appeared upon our right, and on the left the mountains retired a little, leaving an agreeable plain betwixt them and the beach; but, what ſurpriſed us all, this plain, to the extent of ſeveral miles, was covered with as fine wheat as ever I ſaw in the moſt fertile parts of South Britain.—This plentiful crop is raiſed in the open field, without any encloſure, or other manure than the *alga marina*, or ſea-weed, which abounds on this coaſt; a circumſtance which ſhows that the ſoil and climate are favourable, but that agriculture in this country is not yet brought to that perfection which it has attained in England. Encloſures would not only keep the grounds warm, and the ſeveral fields diſtinct, but would alſo protect the crop from the high winds, which are ſo frequent in this part of the iſland.

Dunbar is well ſituated for trade, and has a curious baſon, where ſhips of ſmall burden may be perfectly ſecure; but there is little appearance of buſineſs in the place.—From thence, all the way to Edinburgh, there is a continual ſucceſſion of fine ſeats belonging to noblemen and gentlemen; and, as each is ſurrounded by its own parks and plantation, they produce a very pleaſing effect in a country which lies otherwiſe open and expoſed.—At Dunbar there is a noble park, with a lodge, belonging to the Duke of Roxburgh, where Oliver Cromwell had his head-quarters, when Leſlie, at the head of a Scotch army, took poſſeſſion of the mountains in the neighbourhood, and hampered him in ſuch a manner, that he would

have been obliged to embark and get away by ſea, had not the fanaticiſm of the enemy forfeited the advantage which they had obtained by their general's conduct.—Their miniſters, by exhortation, prayer, aſſurance, and prophecy, inſtigated them to go down and ſlay the Philiſtines in Gilgal, and they quitted their ground accordingly, notwithſtanding all that Leſlie could do to reſtrain the madneſs of their enthuſiaſm.—When Oliver ſaw them in motion, he exclaimed—"Praiſed be the Lord, he hath delivered them into the hands of his ſervant!" and ordered his troops to ſing a pſalm of thankſgiving, while they advanced in order to the plain, where the Scotch were routed with great ſlaughter.

In the neighbourhood of Haddington there is a gentleman's houſe, in the building of which, and the improvements about it, he is ſaid to have expended forty thouſand pounds: But I cannot ſay I was much pleaſed with either the architecture or the ſituation, though it has in front a paſtoral ſtream, the banks of which are laid out in a very agreeable manner.—I intended to pay my reſpects to Lord Elibank, whom I had the honour to know at London many years ago. He lives in this part of Lothian, but was gone to the north on a viſit.—You have often heard me mention this nobleman, whom I have long revered for his humanity and univerſal intelligence, over and above the entertainment ariſing from the originality of his character.—At Muſſelburgh, however, I had the good fortune to drink tea with my old friend Mr. Cardonel; and at his houſe I met with Dr. C——, the parſon of the pariſh, whoſe humour and converſation inflamed me with a deſire of being better acquainted with his perſon—I am not at all ſurpriſed that theſe Scotch make their way in every quarter of the globe.

This place is but four miles from Edinburgh, towards which we proceeded along the ſea-ſhore, upon a firm bottom of ſmooth ſand, which the tide had left uncovered in its retreat.—Edinburgh, from this avenue, is not ſeen to much advantage—We had only an imperfect view of the caſtle and upper parts of the town, which varied inceſſantly according to the inflections of the road, and exhibited the appearance of detached ſpires and turrets, belonging to ſome magnificent edifice in ruins.—The palace

of Holyroodhouſe ſtands on the left as you enter the Canongate—This is a ſtreet continued from hence to the gate called the Netherbow, which is now taken away; ſo that there is no interruption for a long mile, from the bottom to the top of the hill, on which the caſtle ſtands in a moſt imperial ſituation—Conſidering its fine pavement, its width, and the lofty houſes on each ſide, this would be undoubtedly one of the nobleſt ſtreets in Europe, if an ugly maſs of mean buildings, called the Luckenbooths, had not thruſt itſelf, by what accident I know not, into the middle of the way, like Middle Row in Holborn. The city ſtands upon two hills, and the bottom between them; and, with all its defects, may very well paſs for the capital of a moderate kingdom---It is full of people, and continually reſounds with the noiſe of coaches, and other carriages, for luxury as well as commerce. As far as I can perceive, here is no want of proviſions—The beef and mutton are as delicate here as in Wales; the ſea affords plenty of good fiſh; the bread is remarkably fine; and the water is excellent, though I'm afraid not in ſufficient quantity to anſwer all the purpoſes of cleanlineſs and convenience; articles in which, it muſt be allowed, our fellow-ſubjects are a little defective.—The water is brought in leaden pipes from a mountain in the neighbourhood, to a ciſtern on the Caſtle-hill, from whence it is diſtributed to public conduits in different parts of the city. From theſe it is carried in barrels, on the backs of male and female porters, up two, three, four, five, ſix, ſeven, and eight pair of ſtairs, for the uſe of particular families.—Every ſtory is a complete houſe, occupied by a ſeparate family; and the ſtair being common to them all, is generally left in a very filthy condition; a man muſt tread with great circumſpection to get ſafe houſed with unpolluted ſhoes.—Nothing can form a ſtronger contraſt than the difference betwixt the outſide and inſide of the door; for the good women of this metropolis are remarkably nice in the ornaments and propriety of their apartments, as if they were reſolved to transfer the imputation from the individual to the public.—You are no ſtranger to their method of diſcharging all their impurities from their windows, at a certain hour of the night, as the cuſtom is in Spain, Portugal, and ſome parts of France and

Italy—a practice to which I can by no means be reconciled; for notwithſtanding all the care that is taken by their ſcavengers to remove this nuiſance every morning by break of day, enough ſtill remains to offend the eyes, as well as the other organs of thoſe whom uſe has not hardened againſt all delicacy of ſenſation.

The inhabitants ſeem inſenſible to theſe impreſſions, and are apt to imagine the diſguſt that we avow is little better than affectation; but they ought to have ſome compaſſion for ſtrangers, who have not been uſed to this kind of ſufferance, and conſider, whether it may not be worth while to take ſome pains to vindicate themſelves from the reproach that on this account they bear among their neighbours. As to the ſurpriſing height of their houſes, it is abſurd in many reſpects; but in one particular light I cannot view it without horror; that is, the dreadful ſituation of all the families above, in caſe the common ſtair-caſe ſhould be rendered impaſſable by a fire in the lower ſtories.—In order to prevent the ſhocking conſequences that muſt attend ſuch an accident, it would be a right meaſure to open doors of communication from one houſe to another on every ſtory, by which the people might fly from ſuch a terrible viſitation. In all parts of the world we ſee the force of habit prevailing over all the dictates of convenience and ſagacity.—All the people of buſineſs at Edinburgh, and even the genteel company, may be ſeen ſtanding in crowds every day, from one to two in the afternoon, in the open ſtreet, at a place where formerly ſtood a market-croſs, which (by the bye) was a curious piece of Gothic architecture, ſtill to be ſeen in Lord Somerville's garden in this neighbourhood—I ſay, the people ſtand in the open ſtreet from the force of cuſtom, rather than move a few yards to an Exchange, that ſtands empty on one ſide, or to the Parliament-cloſe on the other, which is a noble ſquare, adorned with a fine equeſtrian ſtatue of King Charles II.—The company thus aſſembled are entertained with a variety of tunes, played upon a ſet of bells, fixed in a ſteeple hard by—As theſe bells are well toned, and the muſician, who has a ſalary from the city for playing upon them with keys, is no bad performer, the entertainment is really agreeable, and very ſtriking to the ears of a ſtranger.

The public inns at Edinburgh are ſtill worſe than thoſe of London; but, by means of a worthy gentleman, to whom I was recommended, we have got decent lodgings in the houſe of a widow gentlewoman of the name of Lockhart; and here I ſhall ſtay until I have ſeen every thing that is remarkable in and about this capital. I now begin to feel the good effects of exerciſe—I eat like a farmer, ſleep from midnight till eight in the morning, without interruption, and enjoy a conſtant tide of ſpirits, equally diſtant from inanition and exceſs; but whatever ebbs or flows my conſtitution may undergo, my heart will ſtill declare that I am,

Dear Lewis,

Your affectionate friend and ſervant,

Edinr. July 18. MATT. BRAMBLE.

To MRS. MARY JONES, *at Brambletonhall.*

DEAR MARY,

THE ſquire has been ſo kind as to rap my bit of nonſenſe under the kiver of his own ſheet—O Mary Jones! Mary Jones! I have had trials and trembulation. God help me! I have been a vixen and a griffin theſe many days—Sattin has had power to temp me in the ſhape of van Ditton, the young ſquire's wally de ſhamble; but by God's greaſe he did not purvail—I thoſt as how there was no arm in going to a play at Newcaſtle, with my hair dreſſed in the Pariſh faſhion; and as for the trifle of paint, he ſaid as how my complexion wanted rouch, and ſo I let him put it on with a little Spaniſh owl; but a miſchievous mob of colliers, and ſuch promiſcous ribble rabble, that could bare no ſmut but their own, attacked us in the ſtreet, and called me *hoar* and *painted Iſſabel*, and ſplaſhed my cloſe, and ſpoiled me a complete ſet of blond lace triple ruffles, not a pin the worſe for the ware.—They coſt me ſeven good fillings, to Lady Griſkin's woman at London.

When I axed Mr. Clinker what they meant by calling me Iſſabel, he put the byebill into my hand, and I read of van Iſſabel, a painted harlot, that vas thrown out of a

vindore, and the dogs came and licked her blood—But I am no harlot; and, with God's bleſſing, no dog ſhall have my poor blood to lick: Marry, Heaven forbid, amen! As for Ditton, after all his courting and his compliment, he ſtole away an Iriſhman's bride, and took a French leave of me and his maſter; but I vally not his going a farting; but I have had hanger on his account—Miſtreſs ſcoulded like mad; thof I have the comfit that all the family took my part, and even Mr. Clinker pleaded for me on his bended knee; thof, God he knows, he had raiſins enuff to complain; but he's a good ſole abounding with Chriſtian meekneſs, and one day will meet with his reward.

And now, dear Mary, we have got to Haddingborough, among the Scots, who are civil enuff for our money, thof I don't ſpeak their lingo—But they ſhould not go for to impoſe upon foreigners; for the bills on their houſes ſay, they have different *eaſements* to let; and behold there is nurra geaks in the whole kingdom, nor any thing for pore ſarvants, but a barrel with a pair of tongs thrown acroſs; and all the chairs in the family are emptied into this here barrel once a day; and at ten o'clock at night the whole cargo is flung out of a back windore that looks into ſome ſtreet or lane, and the maid calls *Gardy loo* to the paſſengers, which ſignifies, *Lord have mercy upon you!* and this is done every night in every houſe in Haddingborough; ſo you may gueſs, Mary Jones, what a ſweet ſavour comes from ſuch a number of profuming pans: But they ſay it is wholeſome, and truly, I believe it is; for being in the vapours, and thinking of Iſſabel and Mr. Clinker, I was going into a fit of aſtericks, when this fiff, ſaving your preſence, took me by the noſe ſo powerfully that I ſneezed three times, and found myſelf wonderfully refreſhed; and this to be ſure is the raiſin why there are no fits in Haddingborough.

I was likewiſe made believe, that there was nothing to be had but *oat-meal* and *ſeeps-heads*; but if I hadn't been a fool, I mought have known there could be no *heads* without karcaſſes—This very bleſſed day I dined upon a delicate leg of Velſh mutton and cully-flower; and as for the oat-meal, I leave that to the ſarvants of the country, which are pore drudges, many of them without ſhoes or ſtockings—Mr. Clinker tells me here is a great call of the

goſpel; but I wiſh, I wiſh ſome of our family be not fallen off from the rite way—O, if I was given to tail-baring, I have my own ſecrets to diſcover—There has been a deal of huggling and flurtation betwixt Mrs. and an ould Scots officer called Kiſmycago. He looks for all the orld like the ſcarecrow that our gardener ſet up to frite away the ſparrows; and what will come of it the Lord nows; but come what will, it ſhall never be ſaid that I mentioned a ſyllabub of the matter——Remember me kindly to Saul and the kitten—I hope they got the horn-buck, and will put it to a good yuſe, which is the conſtant prayer of,

Dear Molly,

Your loving friend,

Addingborough, July 18. WIN. JENKINS.

To SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, *Bart. of Jeſus College, Oxon.*

DEAR PHILLIPS,

IF I ſtay much longer at Edinburgh, I ſhall be changed into a downright Caledonian—My uncle obſerves, that I have already acquired ſomething of the country accent. The people here are ſo ſocial and attentive in their civilities to ſtrangers, that I am inſenſibly ſucked into the channel of their manners and cuſtoms, although they are in fact much more different from ours than you can imagine—That difference, however, which ſtruck me very much at my firſt arrival, I now hardly perceive, and my ear is perfectly reconciled to the Scotch accent, which I find even agreeable in the mouth of a pretty woman.—It is a ſort of Doric dialect, which gives an idea of amiable ſimplicity—You cannot imagine how we have been careſſed and feaſted in the *good town of Edinburgh*, of which we are become free denizens and guild-brothers, by the ſpecial favour of the magiſtracy.

I had a whimſical commiſſion from Bath, to a citizen of this metropolis—Quin, underſtanding our intention to viſit Edinburgh, pulled out a guinea, and deſired the favour I would drink it at a tavern, with a particular friend and bottle-companion of his, one Mr. R— C—, a law-

yer of this city—I charged myſelf with the commiſſion, and, taking the guinea, "You ſee (ſaid I) I have pocketed your bounty." "Yes (replied Quin, laughing), and a headache into the bargain, if you drink fair." I made uſe of this introduction to Mr. C—, who received me with open arms, and gave me the rendezvous, according to the cartel. He had provided a company of jolly fellows, among whom I found myſelf extremely happy; and did Mr. C— and Quin all the juſtice in my power; but, alas! I was no more than a tyro among a troop of veterans, who had compaſſion upon my youth, and conveyed me home in the morning, by what means I know not—Quin was miſtaken, however, as to the headache; the claret was too good to treat me ſo roughly.

While Mr. Bramble holds conferences with the graver literati of the place, and our females are entertained at viſits by the Scotch ladies, who are the beſt and kindeſt creatures upon earth, I paſs my time among the bucks of Edinburgh; who, with a great ſhare of ſpirit and vivacity, have a certain ſhrewdneſs and ſelf-command that is not often found among their neighbours in the high-day of youth and exultation—Not a hint eſcapes a Scotchman that can be interpreted into offence by any individual in the company; and national reflections are never heard—In this particular, I muſt own, we are both unjuſt and ungrateful to the Scotch; for, as far as I am able to judge, they have a real eſteem for the natives of South Britain; and never mention our country, but with expreſſions of regard—Nevertheleſs, they are far from being ſervile imitators of our modes and faſhionable vices. All their cuſtoms and regulations of public and private economy, of buſineſs and diverſion, are in their own ſtyle. This remarkably predominates in their looks, their dreſs, and manner, their muſic, and even their cookery. Our ſquire declares, that he knows not another people upon earth, ſo ſtrongly marked with a national character—Now we are upon the article of cookery, I muſt own, ſome of their diſhes are ſavoury, and even delicate; but I am not yet Scotchman enough to reliſh their ſinged ſheep's head and haggis, which were provided, at our requeſt, one day at Mr. Mitchelſon's, where we dined—The firſt put me in mind of the hiſtory of Congo, in

which I had read of negroes heads ſold publicly in the markets; the laſt, being a meſs of minced lights, livers, ſuet, oat-meal, onions, and pepper, encloſed in a ſheep's ſtomach, had a very ſudden effect upon mine, and the delicate Mrs. Tabby changed colour; when the cauſe of our diſguſt was inſtantaneouſly removed at the nod of our entertainer. The Scotch in general are attached to this compoſition, with a ſort of national fondneſs, as well as to their oat-meal bread; which is preſented at every table, in thin triangular cakes, baked upon a plate of iron, called a girdle; and theſe many of the natives, even in the higher ranks of life, prefer to wheaten bread, which they have here in perfection—You know we uſed to vex poor Murray of Baliol college, by aſking, if there was really no fruit but turnips in Scotland?—Sure enough, I have ſeen turnips make their appearance, not as a deſert, but by way of *hors d'œuvres*, or whets, as radiſhes are ſerved up betwixt more ſubſtantial diſhes in France and Italy; but it muſt be obſerved, that the turnips of this country are as much ſuperior in ſweetneſs, delicacy, and flavour, to thoſe of England, as a muſk-melon is to the ſtock of a common cabbage. They are ſmall and conical, of a yellowiſh colour, with a very thin ſkin; and, over and above their agreeable taſte, are valuable for their antiſcorbotic quality—As to the fruit now in ſeaſon, ſuch as cherries, gooſeberries, and currants, there is no want of them at Edinburgh; and in the gardens of ſome gentlemen, who live in this neighbourhood, there is now a very favourable appearance of apricots, peaches, nectarines, and even grapes; nay, I have ſeen a very fine ſhow of pine-apples within a few miles of this metropolis. Indeed, we have no reaſon to be ſurpriſed at theſe particulars, when we conſider how little difference there is, in fact, betwixt this climate and that of London.

All the remarkable places in the city and its avenues, for ten miles around, we have viſited, much to our ſatisfaction. In the caſtle are ſome royal apartments, where the ſovereign occaſionally reſided; and here are carefully preſerved the regalia of the kingdom, conſiſting of a crown, ſaid to be of great value, a ſceptre, and a ſword of ſtate, adorned with jewels.—Of theſe ſymbols of ſovereignty, the people are exceedingly jealous—A report

being ſpread, during the ſitting of the Union-parliament, that they were removed to London, ſuch a tumult aroſe, that the lord commiſſioner would have been torn in pieces, if he had not produced them for the ſatisfaction of the populace.

The palace of Holyroodhouſe is an elegant piece of architecture, but ſunk in an obſcure, and, as I take it, unwholeſome bottom, where one would imagine it had been placed on purpoſe to be concealed. The apartments are lofty, but unfurniſhed; and as for the pictures of the Scottiſh kings, from Fergus I. to King William, they are paltry daubings, moſtly by the ſame hand, painted either from the imagination, or porters hired to ſit for the purpoſe. All the diverſions of London we enjoy at Edinburgh in a ſmall compaſs. Here is a well conducted concert, in which ſeveral gentlemen perform on different inſtruments—The Scotch are all muſicians—Every man you meet plays on the flute, the violin, or violencello; and there is one nobleman, whoſe compoſitions are univerſally admired—Our company of actors is very tolerable; and a ſubſcription is now on foot for building a new theatre: But their aſſemblies pleaſe me above all other public exhibitions.

We have been at the hunters ball, where I was really aſtoniſhed to ſee ſuch a number of fine women—The Engliſh, who have never croſſed the Tweed, imagine erroneouſly, that the Scotch ladies are not remarkable for perſonal attractions; but I can declare with a ſafe conſcience I never ſaw ſo many handſome females together, as were aſſembled on this occaſion. At the Leith races, the beſt company comes hither from the remoter provinces; ſo that, I ſuppoſe, we had all the beauty of the kingdom concentrated as it were into one focus; which was indeed ſo vehement, that my heart could hardly reſiſt its power—Between friends, it has ſuſtained ſome damage from the bright eyes of the charming Miſs R——n, whom I had the honour to dance with at the ball—The Counteſs of Melville attracted all eyes, and the admiration of all preſent—She was accompanied by the agreeable Miſs Grieve, who made many conqueſts; nor did my ſiſter Liddy paſs unnoticed in the aſſembly—She is become a toaſt at Edinburgh, by the name of the

Fair Cambrian, and has already been the occaſion of much wine-ſhed;—but the poor girl met with an accident at the ball, which has given us great diſturbance.

A young gentleman, the expreſs image of that raſcal Wilſon, went up to aſk her to dance a minuet; and his ſudden appearance ſhocked her ſo much, that ſhe fainted away—I call Wilſon a raſcal, becauſe, if he had been really a gentleman, with honourable intentions, he would have, ere now, appeared in his own character—I muſt own, my blood boils with indignation when I think of that fellow's preſumption; and Heaven confound me if I don't—But I wont be ſo womaniſh as to rail—Time will, perhaps, furniſh occaſion—Thank God, the cauſe of Liddy's diſorder remains a ſecret. The lady directreſs of the ball, thinking ſhe was overcome by the heat of the place, had her conveyed to another room, where ſhe ſoon recovered ſo well, as to return and join in the country dances, in which the Scotch laſſes acquit themſelves with ſuch ſpirit and agility, as put their partners to the height of their mettle—I believe our aunt, Mrs. Tabitha, had entertained hopes of being able to do ſome execution among the cavaliers at this aſſembly—She had been ſeveral days in conſultation with milliners and mantuamakers, preparing for the occaſion, at which ſhe made her appearance in a full ſuit of damaſk, ſo thick and heavy, that the ſight of it alone, at this ſeaſon of the year, was ſufficient to draw drops of ſweat from any man of ordinary imagination—She danced one minuet with our friend Mr. Mitchelſon, who favoured her ſo far, in the ſpirit of hoſpitality and politeneſs; and ſhe was called out a ſecond time by the young laird of Balymawhaple, who, coming in by accident, could not readily find any other partner; but as the firſt was a married man, and the ſecond paid no particular homage to her charms, which were alſo overlooked by the reſt of the company, ſhe became diſſatisfied and cenſorious—At ſupper, ſhe obſerved that the Scotch gentlemen made a very good figure, when they were a little improved by travelling; and, therefore, it was pity they did not all take the benefit of going abroad—She ſaid the women were awkward maſculine creatures; that, in dancing, they lifted their legs like ſo many colts; that they had no idea

of graceful motion; and put on their clothes in a frightful manner; but if the truth muſt be told, Tabby herſelf was the moſt ridiculous figure, and the worſt dreſſed of the whole aſſembly—The neglect of the male ſex rendered her malcontent and peeviſh; ſhe now found fault with every thing at Edinburgh, and teazed her brother to leave the place, when ſhe was ſuddenly reconciled to it on a religious conſideration—There is a ſect of fanatics, who have ſeparated themſelves from the eſtabliſhed kirk, under the name of Seceders—They acknowledge no earthly head of the church, reject lay patronage, and maintain the Methodiſt doctrines of the new birth, the new light, the efficacy of grace, the inſufficiency of works, and the operations of the ſpirit. Mrs. Tabitha, attended by Humphry Clinker, was introduced to one of their conventicles, where they both received much edification; and ſhe has had the good fortune to become acquainted with a pious Chriſtian, called Mr. Moffat, who is very powerful in prayer, and often aſſiſts her in private exerciſes of devotion.

I never ſaw ſuch a concourſe of genteel company at any races in England, as appeared on the courſe of Leith—Hard by, in the fields called the Links, the citizens of Edinburgh divert themſelves at a game called golf, in which they uſe a curious kind of bats, tipt with horn, and ſmall elaſtic balls of leather, ſtuffed with feathers, rather leſs than tennis-balls, but of a much harder conſiſtence—This they ſtrike with ſuch force and dexterity from one hole to another, that they will fly to an incredible diſtance. Of this diverſion the Scotch are ſo fond, that, when the weather will permit, you may ſee a multude of all ranks, from the ſenator of juſtice to the loweſt tradeſman, mingled together in their ſhirts, and following the balls with the utmoſt eagerneſs—Among others, I was ſhown one particular ſet of golfers, the youngeſt of whom was turned of fourſcore—They were all gentlemen of independent fortunes, who had amuſed themſelves with this paſtime for the beſt part of a century, without having ever felt the leaſt alarm from ſickneſs or diſguſt; and they never went to bed, without having each the beſt part of a gallon of claret in his belly. Such uninterrupted exerciſe, co-operating with the keen

air from the ſea, muſt, without all doubt, keep the appetite always on edge, and ſteel the conſtitution againſt all the common attacks of diſtemper.

The Leith races gave occaſion to another entertainment of a very ſingular nature—There is at Edinburgh a ſociety or corporation of errand-boys called Cadies, who ply in the ſtreets at night with paper lanterns, and are very ſerviceable in carrying meſſages—Theſe fellows, though ſhabby in their appearance, and rudely familiar in their addreſs, are wonderfully acute, and ſo noted for fidelity, that there is no inſtance of a cadie's having betrayed his truſt—Such is their intelligence, that they know not only every individual of the place, but alſo every ſtranger, by the time he has been four and twenty hours in Edinburgh; and no tranſaction, even the moſt private, can eſcape their notice—They are particularly famous for their dexterity in executing one of the functions of Mercury; though, for my own part, I never employed them in this department of buſineſs—Had I occaſion for any ſervice of this nature, my own man Archy M'Alpine, is as well qualified as e'er a cadie in Edinburgh; and I am much miſtaken, if he has not been heretofore of their fraternity. Be that as it may, they reſolved to give a dinner and a ball at Leith, to which they formally invited all the young noblemen and gentlemen that were at the races; and this invitation was reinforced by an aſſurance that all the celebrated ladies of pleaſure would grace the entertainment with their company—I received a card on this occaſion, and went thither with half a dozen of my acquaintance—In a large hall, the cloth was laid on a long range of tables joined together, and here the company ſeated themſelves, to the number of about fourſcore, lords and lairds, and other gentlemen, courteſans, and cadies mingled together, as the ſlaves and their maſters were in the time of the Saturnalia in ancient Rome. The toaſtmaſter, who ſat at the upper end, was one Cadie Fraſer, a veteran pimp, diſtinguiſhed for his humour and ſagacity, well known and much reſpected in his profeſſion by all the gueſts, male and female, that were here aſſembled. He had beſpoke the dinner and the wine: He had taken care that all his brethren ſhould appear in decent apparel and clean linen;

and he himſelf wore a periwig with three tails, in honour of the feſtival. I aſſure you the banquet was both elegant and plentiful, and ſeaſoned with a thouſand ſallies, that promoted a general ſpirit of mirth and good humour. After the deſert, Mr. Fraſer propoſed the following toaſts, which I don't pretend to explain—"The beſt in Chriſtendom"—"Gibb's contract."—"The beggers benniſon."—"King and kirk."—"Great Britain and Ireland."—Then, filling a bumper, and turning to me, "Meſter Malford (ſaid he), may a' unkindneſs ceaſe betwixt John Bull and his ſiſter Moggy."—The next perſon he ſingled out, was a nobleman who had been long abroad. "Ma lord (cried Fraſer), here is a bumper to a' thoſe noblemen who have virtue enough to ſpend their rents in their ain coontray."—He afterwards addreſſed himſelf to a member of parliament in theſe words: "Meſter—I'm ſure ye'll ha' nae objection to my drinking, Diſgrace and dool to ilka Scot, that ſells his conſcience and his vote."—He diſcharged a third ſarcaſm at a perſon very gaily dreſſed, who had riſen from ſmall beginnings, and made a conſiderable fortune at play—Filling his glaſs, and calling him by name, —"Lang life (ſaid he) to the wylie loon that gangs afield with a toom poke at his lunzie, and comes hame with a ſackful o' filler."—All theſe toaſts being received with loud burſts of applauſe, Mr. Fraſer called for pint glaſſes, and filled his own to the brim: Then ſtanding up, and all his brethren following his example, "Ma lords and gentlemen (cried he), here is a cup of thanks for the great and undeſerved honour you have done your poor errand boys this day."—So ſaying, he and they drank off their glaſſes in a trice, and, quitting their ſeats, took their ſtation each behind one of the other gueſts; exclaiming—"Noo we're your honours cadies again."

The nobleman who had bore the firſt brunt of Mr. Fraſer's ſatire, objected to his abdication. He ſaid, as the company was aſſembled by invitation from the cadies, he expected they were to be entertained at their expence. "By no means, my lord (cried Fraſer), I wad na be guilty of ſic preſumption for the wide warld—I never affronted a gentleman ſince I was born; and ſure, at this age, I wonnot offer an indignity to ſic an honourable convention." "Well (ſaid his lordſhip), as you have ex-

pended ſome wit, you have a right to ſave your money. You have given me good counſel, and I take it in good part. As you have voluntarily quitted your ſeat, I will take your place with the leave of the good company, and think myſelf happy to be hailed, *Father of the Feaſt.*" He was forthwith elected into the chair, and complimented in a bumper in his new character.

The claret continued to circulate without interruption, till the glaſſes ſeemed to dance upon the table, and this, perhaps, was a hint to the ladies to call for muſic—At eight in the evening the ball began in another apartment: At midnight we went to ſupper; but it was broad day before I found the way to my lodgings;—and, no doubt, his lordſhip had a ſwinging bill to diſcharge.

In ſhort, I have lived ſo riotouſly for ſome weeks, that my uncle begins to be alarmed on the ſcore of my conſtitution, and very ſeriouſly obſerves, that all his own infirmities are owing to ſuch exceſſes indulged in his youth —Mrs. Tabitha ſays it would be more for the advantage of my ſoul as well as body, if, inſtead of frequenting theſe ſcenes of debauchery, I would accompany Mr. Moffat and her to hear a ſermon of the Reverend Mr. M'Corkindale. Clinker often exhorts me, with a groan, to take care of my precious health; and even Archy M'Alpine, when he happens to be overtaken (which is oftener the caſe than I could wiſh), reads me a long lecture upon temperance and ſobriety; and is ſo very wiſe and ſententious, that, if I could provide him with a profeſſor's chair, I would willingly give up the benefit of his admonitions and ſervice together; for I was tutor-ſick at alma mater.

I am not, however, ſo much engroſſed by the gaities of Edinburgh, but that I find time to make parties in the family way. We have not only ſeen all the villas and villages within ten miles of the capital, but we have alſo croſſed the Frith, which is an arm of the ſea ſeven miles broad, that divides Lothian from the ſhire, or, as the Scotch call it, *The kingdom of Fife.* There is a number of large open ſea boats that ply on this paſſage from Leith to Kinghorn, which is a borough on the other ſide. [illegible] one of theſe our whole family embarked three days [illegible]

excepting my ſiſter, who, being exceedingly fearful of the water, was leſt to the care of Mrs. Mitchelſon. We had an eaſy and quick paſſage into Fife, where we viſited a number of poor towns on the ſea-ſide, including St. Andrew's, which is the ſkeleton of a venerable city; but we were much better pleaſed with ſome noble and elegant ſeats and caſtles, of which there is a great number in that part of Scotland. Yeſterday we took boat again on our return to Leith, with a fair wind and agreeable weather; but we had not advanced half-way when the ſky was ſuddenly overcaſt, and the wind changing, blew directly in our teeth; ſo that we were obliged to turn, or tack the reſt of the way. In a word, the gale increaſed to a ſtorm of wind and rain, attended with ſuch a fog, that we could not ſee the town of Leith, to which we were bound, nor even the caſtle of Edinburgh, notwithſtanding its high ſituation. It is not to be doubted but that we were all alarmed on this occaſion. And, at the ſame time, moſt of the paſſengers were ſeized with a nauſea that produced violent retchings. My aunt deſired her brother to order the boatmen to put back to Kinghorn, and this expedient he actually propoſed; but they aſſured him there was no danger. Mrs. Tabitha finding them obſtinate, began to ſcold, and inſiſted upon my uncle's exerting his authority as a juſtice of the peace. Sick and peeviſh as he was, he could not help laughing at this wiſe propoſal, telling her, that his commiſſion did not extend ſo far, and, if it did, he ſhould let the people take their own way; for he thought it would be great preſumption in him to direct them in the exerciſe of their own profeſſion. Mrs. Winifred Jenkins made a general clearance, with the aſſiſtance of Mr. Humphry Clinker, who joined her both in prayer and ejaculation. As he took it for granted that we ſhould not be long in this world, he offered ſome ſpiritual conſolation to Mrs. Tabitha, who rejected it with great diſguſt, bidding him keep his ſermons for thoſe who had leiſure to hear ſuch nonſenſe. My uncle ſat, recollected in himſelf, without ſpeaking; my man Archy had recourſe to a brandy bottle, with which he made ſo free, that I imagined he had ſworn to die of drinking any thing rather than ſea water;

but the brandy had no more effect upon him in the way of intoxication than if it had been ſea water in good earneſt. As for myſelf, I was too much engroſſed by the ſickneſs at my ſtomach, to think of any thing elſe.—Meanwhile the ſea ſwelled mountains high; the boat pitched with ſuch violence, as if it had been going to pieces; the cordage rattled, the wind roared, the lightning flaſhed, the thunder bellowed, and the rain deſcended in a deluge—Every time the veſſel was put about, we ſhipped a ſea that drenched us all to the ſkin. When, by dint of turning, we thought to have cleared the pier head, we were driven to leeward, and then the boatmen themſelves began to fear that the tide would fail before we ſhould fetch up our lee way: The next trip, however, brought us into ſmooth water, and we were ſafely landed on the quay about one o'clock in the afternoon—"To be ſure (cried Tabby, when ſhe found herſelf on *terra firma*), we muſt all have periſhed, if we had not been the particular care of Providence." "Yes (replied my uncle), but I am much of the honeſt Highlander's mind: After he had made ſuch a paſſage as this, his friend told him he was much indebted to Providence." "Certainly (ſaid Donald), but, by my ſaul, mon, I'eſe ne'er trouble Providence again, ſo long as the brig of Stirling ſtands." You muſt know, the brig, or bridge of Stirling, ſtands above twenty miles up the river Forth, of which this is the outlet—I don't find that our ſquire has ſuffered in his health from this adventure; but poor Liddy is in a peaking way—I'm afraid this unfortunate girl is uneaſy in her mind; and this apprehenſion diſtracts me, for ſhe is really an amiable creature.

We ſhall ſet out to-morrow or next day for Stirling and Glaſgow; and we propoſe to penetrate a little way into the Highlands, before we turn our courſe to the ſouthward—In the mean time, commend me to all our friends round Carfax, and believe me to be ever yours,

Edinr. Aug. 8. J. MELFORD.

To Dr. Lewis.

I should be very ungrateful, dear Lewis, if I did not find myſelf diſpoſed to think and ſpeak favourably of this people, among whom I have met with more kindneſs, hoſpitality, and rational entertainment, in a few weeks, than ever I received in any other country during the whole courſe of my life—Perhaps the gratitude excited by theſe benefits may interfere with the impartiality of my remarks; for a man is as apt to be prepoſſeſſed by particular favours, as to be prejudiced by private motives of diſguſt. If I am partial, there is at leaſt ſome merit in my converſion from illiberal prejudices which had grown up with my conſtitution.

The firſt impreſſions which an Engliſhman receives in this country, will not contribute to the removal of his prejudices; becauſe he refers every thing he ſees to a compariſon with the ſame articles in his own country; and this compariſon is unfavourable to Scotland in all its exteriors, ſuch as, the face of the country in reſpect to cultivation, the appearance of the bulk of the people, and the language of converſation in general.—I am not ſo far convinced by Mr. Liſmahago's arguments, but that I think the Scotch would do well, for their own ſakes, to adopt the Engliſh idioms and pronunciation; thoſe of them eſpecially who are reſolved to puſh their fortunes in South Britain.—I know, by experience, how eaſily an Engliſhman is influenced by the ear, and how apt he is to laugh, when he hears his own language ſpoken with a foreign or provincial accent—I have known a member of the Houſe of Commons ſpeak with great energy and preciſion, without being able to engage attention, becauſe his obſervations were made in the Scotch dialect, which (no offence to Lieutenant Liſmahago) certainly gives a clowniſh air even to ſentiments of the greateſt dignity and decorum. I have declared my opinion on this head to ſome of the moſt ſenſible men of this country, obſerving, at the ſame time, that if they would employ a few natives of England to teach the pronunciation of our vernacular tongue, in twenty years there would be no difference, in point of dialect, between the youth of Edinburgh and of London,

The civil regulations of this kingdom and metropolis are taken from very different models from thoſe of England, except in a few particular eſtabliſhments, the neceſſary conſequences of the union. Their college of juſtice is a bench of great dignity, filled with judges of character and ability. I have heard ſome cauſes tried before this venerable tribunal; and was very much pleaſed with the pleadings of their advocates, who are by no means deficient either in argument or elocution. The Scottiſh legiſlation is founded, in a great meaſure, on the civil law; conſequently, their proceedings vary from thoſe of the Engliſh tribunals; but, I think, they have the advantage of us in their method of examining witneſſes apart, and in the conſtitution of their jury; by which they certainly avoid the evil which I mentioned in my laſt from Liſmahago's obſervation.

The univerſity of Edinburgh is ſupplied with excellent profeſſors in all the ſciences; and the medical ſchool, in particular, is famous all over Europe. The ſtudents of this art have the beſt opportunity of learning it to perfection, in all its branches, as there are different courſes for the *theory of medicine*, and the *practice of medicine*; for *anatomy*, *chemiſtry*, *botany*, and the *materia medica*, over and above thoſe of *mathematics* and *experimental philoſophy*; and all theſe are given by men of diſtinguiſhed talents. What renders this part of education ſtill more complete, is the advantage of attending the Infirmary, which is the beſt inſtituted charitable foundation that I ever knew. Now we are talking of charities, here are ſeveral hoſpitals, exceedingly well endowed, and maintained under admirable regulations; and theſe are not only uſeful, but ornamental to the city. Among theſe, I ſhall only mention the general workhouſe, in which all the poor, not otherwiſe provided for, are employed, according to their different abilities, with ſuch judgment and effect, that they nearly maintain themſelves by their labour, and there is not a beggar to be ſeen within the precincts of this metropolis. It was Glaſgow that ſet the example of this eſtabliſhment, about thirty years ago. Even the kirk of Scotland, ſo long reproached with fanaticiſm and canting, abounds at preſent with miniſters celebrated for their learning, and reſpectable for their moderation. I have heard their ſermons

with equal aſtoniſhment and pleaſure. The good people of Edinburgh no longer think dirt and cob-webs eſſential to the houſe of God. Some of their churches have admitted ſuch ornaments as would have excited ſedition, even in England, a little more than a century ago; and pſalmody is here practiſed and taught by a profeſſor from the cathedral of Durham. I ſhould not be ſurpriſed, in a few years, to hear it accompanied with an organ.

Edinburgh is a hot-bed of genius.—I have had the good fortune to be made acquainted with many authors of the firſt diſtinction; ſuch as the two Humes, Robertſon, Smith, Wallace, Blair, Ferguſon, Wilkie, &c. and I have found them all as agreeable in converſation as they are inſtructive and entertaining in their writings. Theſe acquaintances I owe to the friendſhip of Dr. Carlyle, who wants nothing but inclination to figure with the reſt upon paper.—The magiſtracy of Edinburgh is changed every year by election, and ſeems to be very well adapted both for ſtate and authority. The *Lord Provoſt* is equal in dignity to the *Lord Mayor of London*; and the *four Bailies* are equivalent to the rank of Aldermen. There is a *Dean of Guild*, who takes cognizance of mercantile affairs; a Treaſurer, a Town-clerk; and the Council is compoſed of Deacons, one of whom is returned every year in rotation, as repreſentative of every company of artificers or handicraftſmen. Though this city, from the nature of its ſituation, can never be made either very convenient or very cleanly, it has nevertheleſs an air of magnificence that commands reſpect—The caſtle is an inſtance of the ſublime in ſite and architecture. Its fortifications are kept in good order, and there is always in it a garriſon of regular ſoldiers, which is relieved every year; but it is incapable of ſuſtaining a ſiege carried on according to the modern operations of war.—The caſtle-hill, which extends from the outward gate to the upper end of the high ſtreet, is uſed as a public walk for the citizens, and commands a proſpect, equally extenſive and delightful, over the county of Fife, on the other ſide of the Frith, and all along the ſea-coaſt, which is covered with a ſucceſſion of towns that would ſeem to indicate a conſiderable ſhare of commerce; but, if the truth muſt be told, theſe towns have been falling to decay ever ſince the Union, by which

the Scotch were in a great meaſure deprived of their trade with France.—The palace of Holyroodhouſe is a jewel in architecture, thruſt into a hollow where it cannot be ſeen; a ſituation which was certainly not choſen by the ingenious architect, who muſt have been confined to the ſite of the old palace, which was a convent.—Edinburgh is conſiderably extended on the ſouth ſide, where there are divers little elegant ſquares built in the Engliſh manner; and the citizens have planned ſome improvements on the north, which, when put in execution, will add greatly to the beauty and convenience of this capital.

The ſea-port is Leith, a flouriſhing town, about a mile from the city, in the harbour of which I have ſeen above one hundred ſhips lying all together. You muſt know I had the curioſity to croſs the Frith in a paſſage-boat, and ſtaid two days in Fife, which is remarkably fruitful in corn, and exhibits a ſurpriſing number of fine ſeats, elegantly built, and magnificently furniſhed. There is an incredible number of noble houſes in every part of Scotland that I have ſeen—Dalkeith, Pinkie, Yeſter, and Lord Hopetoun's, all of them within four or five miles of Edinburgh, are princely palaces, in every one of which a ſovereign might reſide at his eaſe. I ſuppoſe the Scotch affect theſe monuments of grandeur—If I may be allowed to mingle cenſure with my remarks upon a people I revere, I muſt obſerve, that their weak ſide ſeems to be vanity. I am afraid that even their hoſpitality is not quite free of oſtentation. I think I have diſcovered among them uncommon pains taken to diſplay their fine linen, of which indeed they have great plenty, their furniture, plate, houſe-keeping, and variety of wines, in which article, it muſt be owned, they are profuſe, if not prodigal. A burgher of Edinburgh, not content to vie with a citizen of London who has ten times his fortune, muſt excel him in the expence as well as elegance of his entertainments.

Though the villas of the Scotch nobility and gentry have generally an air of grandeur and ſtate, I think their gardens and parks are not comparable to thoſe of England; a circumſtance the more remarkable, as I was told by the ingenious Mr. Philip Miller of Chelſea, that almoſt all the gardeners of South Britain were natives of Scotland

The verdure of this country is not equal to that of England.—The pleaſure-grounds are, in my opinion, not ſo well laid out according to the *genius loci*; nor are the lawns, and walks, and hedges, kept in ſuch delicate order. The trees are planted in prudiſh rows, which have not ſuch an agreeable natural effect, as when they are thrown into irregular groupes, with intervening glades; and the firs, which they generally raiſe around their houſes, look dull and funereal in the ſummer ſeaſon. I muſt confeſs, indeed, that they yield ſerviceable timber, and good ſhelter againſt the northern blaſts; that they grow and thrive in the moſt barren ſoil, and continually perſpire a fine balſam of turpentine, which muſt render the air very ſalutary and ſanative to lungs of a tender texture.

Tabby and I have been both frightened in our return by ſea from the coaſt of Fife. She was afraid of drowning, and I of catching cold, in conſequence of being drenched with ſea-water; but my fears, as well as hers, have been happily diſappointed. She is now in perfect health; I wiſh I could ſay the ſame of Liddy. Something uncommon is the matter with that poor child; her colour fades, her appetite fails, and her ſpirits flag. She is become moping and melancholy, and is often found in tears. Her brother ſuſpects internal uneaſineſs on account of Wilſon, and denounces vengeance againſt that adventurer. She was, it ſeems, ſtrongly affected at the ball by the ſudden appearance of one Mr. Gordon, who ſtrongly reſembles the ſaid Wilſon; but I am rather ſuſpicious that ſhe caught cold by being overheated with dancing. I have conſulted Dr. Gregory, an eminent phyſician of an amiable character, who adviſes the Highland air, and the uſe of goat-milk whey, which ſurely cannot have a bad effect upon a patient who was born and bred among the mountains of Wales. The doctor's opinion is the more agreeable, as we ſhall find thoſe remedies in the very place which I propoſed as the utmoſt extent of our expedition—I mean the borders of Argyle.

Mr. Smollet, one of the judges of the commiſſary court, which is now ſitting, has very kindly inſiſted upon our lodging at his country-houſe, on the banks of Loch Lomond, about fourteen miles beyond Glaſgow. For

this laſt city we ſhall ſet out in two days, and take Stirling in our way, well provided with recommendations from our friends at Edinburgh, whom, I proteſt, I ſhall leave with much regret. I am ſo far from thinking it any hardſhip to live in this country, that, if I was obliged to lead a town life, Edinburgh would certainly be the head-quarters of

Yours always,

Edinr. Aug. 8. MATT. BRAMBLE.

To SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, *Bart. of Jeſus College, Oxon.*

DEAR KNIGHT,

I AM now little ſhort of the *Ultima Thule*, if this appellation properly belongs to the Orkneys or Hebrides. Theſe laſt are now lying before me, to the amount of ſome hundreds, ſcattered up and down the Deucaledonian ſea, affording the moſt pictureſque and romantic proſpect I ever beheld—I write this letter in a gentleman's houſe, near the town of Inveraray, which may be deemed the capital of the Weſt Highlands, famous for nothing ſo much as for the ſtately caſtle begun and actually covered in by the late Duke of Argyle, at a prodigious expence—Whether it will ever be completely finiſhed is a queſtion.

But, to take things in order.—We left Edinburgh ten days ago—and the farther north we proceed, we find Mrs. Tabitha the leſs manageable; ſo that her inclinations are not of the nature of the loadſtone—they point not towards the pole. What made her leave Edinburgh with reluctance at laſt, if we may believe her own aſſertions, was a diſpute which ſhe left unfiniſhed with Mr. Moffat, touching the eternity of hell-torments. That gentleman, as he advanced in years, began to be ſceptical on this head, till at length he declared open war againſt the common acceptation of the word *eternal*. He is now perſuaded that *eternal* ſignifies no. more than an indefinite number of years; and that the moſt enormous ſinner may be quit for *ne millions, nine hundred thouſand, nine hundred and*

ninety-nine years of hell-fire; which term or period, as he very well obſerves, forms but an inconſiderable drop, as it were, in the ocean of eternity.—For this mitigation he contends, as a ſyſtem agreeable to the ideas of goodneſs and mercy which we annex to the Supreme Being.—Our aunt ſeemed willing to adopt this doctrine in favour of the wicked: But he hinted, that no perſon whatever was ſo righteous as to be exempted entirely from puniſhment in a future ſtate; and that the moſt pious Chriſtian upon earth might think himſelf very happy to get off for a faſt of ſeven or eight thouſand years in the midſt of fire and brimſtone. Mrs. Tabitha revolted at this dogma, which filled her at once with horror and indignation.—She had recourſe to the opinion of Humphry Clinker, who roundly declared it was the popiſh doctrine of purgatory, and quoted ſcripture in defence of the *fire everlaſting prepared for the devil and his angels.*—The Reverend Mr. MacCorkendale, and all the theologiſts and ſaints of that perſuaſion, were conſulted, and ſome of them had doubts about the matter, which doubts and ſcruples had begun to infect our aunt when we took our departure from Edinburgh.

We paſſed through Linlithgow, where there was an elegant royal palace, which is now gone to decay, as well as the town itſelf.—This too is pretty much the caſe with Stirling, though it ſtill boaſts of a fine old caſtle, in which the kings of Scotland were wont to reſide in their minority.—But Glaſgow is the pride of Scotland, and indeed it might very well paſs for an elegant and flouriſhing city in any part of Chriſtendom. There we had the good fortune to be received into the houſe of Mr. Moore, an eminent ſurgeon, to whom we were recommended by one of our friends at Edinburgh; and truly he could not have done us more eſſential ſervice—Mr. Moore is a merry facetious companion, ſenſible and ſhrewd, with a conſiderable fund of humour; and his wife an agreeable woman, well-bred, kind, and obliging. Kindneſs, which I take to be the eſſence of good nature and humanity, is the diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic of the Scotch ladies in their own country.—Our landlord ſhowed us every thing, and introduced us to all the world at Glaſgow, where, through his recommendation, we were complimented with the

freedom of the town. Conſidering the trade and opulence of this place, it cannot but abound with gaiety and diverſions.—Here is a great number of young fellows that rival the youth of the capital in ſpirit and expence; and I was ſoon convinced, that all the female beauties of Scotland were not aſſembled at the hunters ball in Edinburgh.—The town of Glaſgow flouriſhes in learning, as well as in commerce. Here is an univerſity, with profeſſors in all the different branches of ſcience, liberally endowed, and judiciouſly choſen—It was vacation time when I paſſed, ſo that I could not entirely ſatisfy my curioſity; but their mode of education is certainly preferable to ours in ſome reſpects—The ſtudents are not left to the private inſtruction of tutors, but taught in public ſchools or claſſes, each ſcience by its particular profeſſor or regent.

My uncle is in raptures with Glaſgow—He not only viſited all the manufactures of the place, but made excurſions all round, to Hamilton, Paiſley, Renfrew, and every other place within a dozen miles, where there was any thing remarkable to be ſeen in art or nature. I believe the exerciſe occaſioned by theſe jaunts was of ſervice to my ſiſter Liddy, whoſe appetite and ſpirits begin to revive. Mrs. Tabitha diſplayed her attractions as uſual, and actually believed ſhe had entangled one Mr. M'Clellan, a rich inkle manufacturer, in her ſnares; but when matters came to an explanation, it appeared that his attachment was altogether ſpiritual, founded upon an intercourſe of devotion at the meeting of Mr. John Weſley, who, in the courſe of his evangelical miſſion, had come hither in perſon.—At length we ſet out for the banks of Loch Lomond, paſſing through the little borough of Dumbarton, or (as my uncle will have it) Dunbritton, where there is a caſtle more curious than any thing of the kind I had ever ſeen. It is honoured with a particular deſcription by the elegant Buchanan, as an *arx inexpugnabilis*; and, indeed, it muſt have been impregnable by the ancient manner of beſieging. It is a rock of conſiderable extent, riſing with a double top, in an angle formed by the confluence of two rivers, the Clyde and the Leven, perpendicular and inacceſſible on all ſides, except in one place where the entrance is fortified; and there is no riſing ground in the neighbourhood from

whence it could be damaged by any kind of battery. From Dumbarton the Weſt Highlands appear in the form of huge duſky mountains, piled one over another; but this proſpect is not at all ſurpriſing to a native of Glamorgan.—We have fixed our head-quarters at Cameron, a very neat country-houſe, belonging to Commiſſary Smollett, where we found every ſort of accommodation we could deſire.—It is ſituated like a Druid's temple, in a grove of oak, cloſe by the ſide of Loch Lomond, which is a ſurpriſing body of pure tranſparent water, unfathomably deep in many places, ſix or ſeven miles broad, four and twenty miles in length, diſplaying above twenty green iſlands, covered with wood, ſome of them cultivated for corn, and many of them ſtocked with red deer.—They belong to different gentlemen, whoſe ſeats are ſcattered along the banks of the lake, which are agreeably romantic beyond all conception. My uncle and I have left the women at Cameron, as Mrs. Tabitha would by no means truſt herſelf again upon the water, and, to come hither, it was neceſſary to croſs a ſmall inlet of the ſea in an open ferry-boat. This country appears more and more wild and ſavage the farther we advance; and the people are as different from the Lowland Scotch, in their looks, garb, and language, as the mountaineers of Brecknock are from the inhabitants of Herefordſhire.

When the Lowlanders want to drink a cheer-upping cup, they go to the public houſe, called the Change-houſe, and call for a chopin of twopenny, which is a thin yeaſty beverage, made of malt, not quite ſo ſtrong as the table-beer of England.—This is brought in a pewter ſtowp, ſhaped like a ſkittle; from whence it is emptied into a quaff, that is, a curious cup made of different pieces of wood, ſuch as box and ebony, cut into little ſtaves, joined alternately, and ſecured with delicate hoops, having two ears or handles—It holds about a gill, is ſometimes tipt round the mouth with ſilver, and has a plate of the ſame metal at the bottom, with the landlord's cypher engraved—The Highlanders, on the contrary, deſpiſe this liquor, and regale themſelves with whiſky, a malt ſpirit, as ſtrong as geneva, which they ſwallow in great quantities, without any ſigns of inebriation: They are uſed to it from the cradle, and find it an excellent preſervative

againſt the winter cold, which muſt be extreme on theſe mountains—I am told that it is given with great ſucceſs to infants, as a cordial, in the confluent ſmall-pox, when the eruption ſeems to flag, and the ſymptoms grow unfavourable.—The Highlanders are uſed to eat much more animal food than falls to the ſhare of their neighbours in the Low Country—They delight in hunting—have plenty of deer and other game, with a great number of ſheep, goats, and black cattle, running wild, which they ſcruple not to kill as veniſon, without being at much pains to aſcertain the property.

Inveraray is but a poor town, though it ſtands immediately under the protection of the Duke of Argyle, who is a mighty prince in this part of Scotland. The peaſants live in wretched cabins, and ſeem very poor; but the gentlemen are tolerably well lodged, and ſo loving to ſtrangers, that a man runs ſome riſk of his life from their hoſpitality.—It muſt be obſerved, that the poor Highlanders are now ſeen to diſadvantage—They have been not only diſarmed by act of parliament, but alſo deprived of their ancient garb, which was both graceful and convenient; and, what is a greater hardſhip ſtill, they are compelled to wear breeches—a reſtraint which they cannot bear with any degree of patience: Indeed, the majority wear them, not in the proper place, but on poles or long ſtaves over their ſhoulders—They are even debarred the uſe of their ſtriped ſtuff, called Tartan, which was their own manufacture, prized by them above all the velvets, brocades, and tiſſues, of Europe and Aſia. They now lounge along in looſe great coats, of courſe ruſſet, equally mean and cumberſome, and betray manifeſt marks of dejection.—Certain it is, the government could not have taken a more effectual method to break their national ſpirit.

We have had princely ſport in hunting the ſtag on theſe mountains—Theſe are the lonely hills of Morven, where Fingal and his heroes enjoyed the ſame paſtime.—I feel an enthuſiaſtic pleaſure when I ſurvey the brown heath that Oſſian wont to tread; and hear the wind whiſtle through the bending graſs—When I enter our landlord's hall, I look for the ſuſpended harp of that divine bard, and liſten in hopes of hearing the aerial ſound

of his reſpected ſpirit—The poems of Oſſian are in every mouth—A famous antiquarian of this country, the Laird of M'Farlane, at whoſe houſe we dined a few days ago, can repeat them all in the original Gaelic, which has a great affinity to the Welch, not only in the general ſound, but alſo in a great number of radical words: And I make no doubt but that they are both ſprung from the ſame origin. I was not a little ſurpriſed, when aſking a Highlander one day, if he knew where we ſhould find any game? he replied, *hu niel Saſſenagh*," which ſignifies, *no Engliſh;* the very ſame anſwer I ſhould have received from a Welchman, and almoſt in the ſame words. The Highlanders have no other name for the people of the Low Country but Saſſenagh, or Saxons; a ſtrong preſumption that the Lowland Scotch and the Engliſh are derived from the ſame ſtock—The peaſants of theſe hills ſtrongly reſemble thoſe of Wales in their looks, their manners, and habitations; every thing I ſee, and hear, and feel, ſeems Welch—The mountains, vales, and ſtreams; the air and climate; the beef, mutton, and game, are all Welch. It muſt be owned, however, that this people are better provided than we are in ſome articles—They have plenty of red deer and roebuck, which are fat and delicious at this ſeaſon of the year—Their ſea teems with amazing quantities of the fineſt fiſh in the world; and they find means to procure very good claret at a very ſmall expence.

Our landlord is a man of conſequence in this part of the country; a cadet from the family of Argyle, and hereditary captain of one of his caſtles—His name, in plain Engliſh, is Dougal Campbell; but as there is a great number of the ſame appellation, they are diſtinguiſhed (like the Welch) by patronimics; and as I have known an ancient Briton called Madoc ap-Morgan, ap-Jenkin, ap-Jones, our Highland chief deſigns himſelf Dou'l Macamiſh, mac-'oul ich-ian, ſignifying, Dougal, the ſon of James, the ſon of Dougal, the ſon of John—He has travelled in the courſe of his education, and is diſpoſed to make certain alterations in his domeſtic economy; but he finds it impoſſible to aboliſh the ancient cuſtoms of the family; ſome of which are ludicrous enough—His piper, for example, who is an hereditary officer of the houſe-

hold, will not part with the leaſt particle of his privileges —He has a right to wear the kilt, or ancient Highland dreſs, with the purſe, piſtol, and durk—A broad yellow ribbon, fixed to the chanter-pipe, is thrown over his ſhoulder, and trails along the ground, while he performs the functions of his miniſtreiſy; and this, I ſuppoſe, is analogous to the pennon or flag which was formerly carried before every knight in battle—He plays before the laird every Sunday in his way to the kirk, which he circles three times, performing the family march, which implies defiance to all the enemies of the clan; and every morning he plays a full hour by the clock, in the great hall, marching backwards and forwards all the time, with a ſolemn pace, attended by the laird's kinſmen, who ſeem much delighted with the muſic—In this exerciſe, he indulges them with a number of pibrachs or airs, ſuited to the different paſſions which he would either excite or aſſuage.

Mr. Campbell himſelf, who performs very well on the violin, has an invincible antipathy to the ſound of the Highland bag-pipe, which ſings in the noſe with a moſt alarming twang, and, indeed, is quite intolerable to ears of common ſenſibility, when aggravated by the echo of a vaulted hall—He, therefore, begged the piper would have ſome mercy upon him, and diſpenſe with this part of the morning ſervice—A conſultation of the clan being held on this occaſion, it was unanimouſly agreed, that the laird's requeſt could not be granted, without a dangerous encroachment upon the cuſtoms of the family—The piper declared, he could not give up for a moment the privilege he derived from his anceſtors; nor would the laird's relations forego an entertainment which they valued above all others—There was no remedy; Mr. Campbell, being obliged to acquieſce, is fain to ſtop his ears with cotton, to fortify his head with three or four night-caps, and every morning retire into the penetralia of his habitation, in order to avoid this diurnal annoyance. When the muſic ceaſes, he produces himſelf at an open window that looks into the court-yard, which is by this time filled with a crowd of his vaſſals and dependents, who worſhip his firſt appearance, by uncovering their heads, and bowing to the earth with the moſt humble proſtration. As

theſe people have ſomething to communicate in the way of propoſal, complaint, or petition, they wait patiently till the laird comes forth, and, following him in his walks, are favoured each with a ſhort audience in his turn. Two days ago, he diſpatched above an hundred different ſolicitors, in walking with us to the houſe of a neighbouring gentleman, where we dined by invitation. Our landlord's houſe-keeping is equally rough and hoſpitable, and ſavours much of the ſimplicity of ancient times. The great hall, paved with flat ſtones, is about forty-five feet by twenty-two, and ſerves not only for a dining room, but alſo for a bed-chamber to gentlemen-dependents and hangers-on of the family. At night, half a dozen occaſional beds are ranged on each ſide along the wall. Theſe are made of freſh heath, pulled up by the roots, and diſpoſed in ſuch a manner as to make a very agreeable couch, where they lie, without any other covering than the plaid —My uncle and I were indulged with ſeparate chambers and down-beds, which we begged to exchange for a layer of heath; and, indeed, I never ſlept ſo much to my ſatisfaction. It was not only ſoft and elaſtic, but the plant, being in flower, diffuſed an agreeable fragrance, which is wonderfully refreſhing and reſtorative.

Yeſterday we were invited to the funeral of an old lady, the grandmother of a gentleman in this neighbourhood, and found ourſelves in the midſt of fifty people who were regaled with a ſumptuous feaſt, accompanied by the muſic of a dozen pipers. In ſhort, this meeting had all the air of a grand feſtival; and the gueſts did ſuch honour to the entertainment, that many of them could not ſtand when they were reminded of the buſineſs on which we had met. The company forthwith taking horſe, rode in a very irregular cavalcade to the place of interment, a church, at the diſtance of two long miles from the caſtle. On our arrival, however, we found we had committed a ſmall overſight in leaving the corpſe behind; ſo that we were obliged to wheel about, and met the old gentlewoman half-way, carried upon poles by the neareſt relations of her family, and attended by the *coronach*, compoſed of a multitude of old hags, who tore their hair, beat their breaſts, and howled moſt hideouſly. At the grave, the orator, or *ſenachie*, pronounced the panegy-

ric of the defunct, every period being confirmed by a yell of the *coronach*. The body was committed to the earth, the pipers playing a pibrach all the time, and all the company ſtanding uncovered. The ceremony was cloſed with the diſcharge of piſtols; then we returned to the caſtle, reſumed the bottle, and by midnight there was not a ſober perſon in the family, the females excepted. The ſquire and I were, with ſome difficulty, permitted to retire with our landlord in the evening; but our entertainer was a little chagrined at our retreat; and afterwards ſeemed to think it a diſparagement to his family, that not above an hundred gallons of whiſky had been drank upon ſuch a ſolemn occaſion. This morning we got up by four, to hunt the roebuck, and, in half an hour, found breakfaſt ready ſerved in the hall. The hunters conſiſted of Sir George Colquhoun and me, as ſtrangers (my uncle not chooſing to be of the party), of the *laird in perſon*, *the laird's brother*, *the laird's brother's ſon*, *the laird's ſiſter's ſon*, *the laird's father's brother's ſon*, and all their *foſter brothers*, who are counted parcel of the family: But we were attended by an infinite number of *Gaellys*, or ragged Highlanders, without ſhoes or ſtockings.

The following articles formed our morning's repaſt: One kit of boiled eggs; a ſecond, full of butter; a third, full of cream; an entire cheeſe, made of goat's milk; a large earthen pot, full of honey; the beſt part of a ham; a cold veniſon paſty; a buſhel of oat-meal, made in thin cakes and bannocks, with a ſmall wheaten loaf in the middle for the ſtrangers; a large ſtone bottle full of whiſky, another of brandy, and a kilderkin of ale. There was a laddle chained to the cream kit, with curious wooden bickers, to be filled from this reſervoir. The ſpirits were drank out of a ſilver quaff, and the ale out of horns: Great juſtice was done to the collation by the gueſts in general; one of them, in particular, ate above two dozen of hard eggs, with a proportionable quantity of bread, butter, and honey; nor was one drop of liquor left upon the board. Finally, a large roll of tobacco was preſented by way of deſert, and every individual took a comfortable quid, to prevent the bad effects of the morning air. We had a fine chaſe over the mountains, after a roe-buck, which we killed, and I got home time enough to drink

tea with Mrs. Campbell and our ſquire. To-morrow we ſhall ſet out on our return for Cameron. We propoſe to croſs the Frith of Clyde, and take the towns of Greenock and Port Glaſgow in our way. This circuit being finiſhed, we ſhall turn our faces to the ſouth, and follow the ſun with augmented velocity, in order to enjoy the reſt of the autumn in England, where Boreas is not quite ſo biting, as he begins already to be on the tops of theſe northern hills. But our progreſs from place to place ſhall continue to be ſpecified in theſe detached journals of

Yours always,

Argyllſhire, Sept. 3. J. MELFORD.

To DR. LEWIS.

DEAR DICK,

ABOUT a fortnight is now elapſed ſince we left the capital of Scotland, directing our courſe towards Stirling, where we lay—The caſtle of this place is ſuch another as that of Edinburgh, and affords a ſurpriſing proſpect of the windings of the river Forth, which are ſo extraordinary, that the diſtance from hence to Alloa, by land, is but four miles, and by water it is twenty-four. Alloa is a neat thriving town, that depends in a great meaſure on the commerce of Glaſgow, the merchants of which ſend hither tobacco, and other articles, to be depoſited in warehouſes for exportation from the Frith of Forth. In our way hither we viſited a flouriſhing iron work, where, inſtead of burning wood, they uſe coal, which they have the art of clearing in ſuch a manner, as frees it from the ſulphur, that would otherwiſe render the metal too brittle for working. Excellent coal is found in almoſt every part of Scotland.

The ſoil of this diſtrict produces ſcarce any other grain but oats and barley; perhaps becauſe it is poorly cultivated, and almoſt altogether unencloſed. The few encloſures they have conſiſt of paltry walls of looſe ſtones gathered from the fields, which indeed they cover, as if they had been ſcattered on purpoſe. When I expreſſed my ſur-

priſe that the peaſants did not diſencumber their grounds of theſe ſtones, a gentleman, well acquainted with the theory as well as practice of farming, aſſured me that the ſtones, far from being prejudicial, were ſerviceable to the crop. This philoſopher had ordered a field of his own to be cleared, manured, and ſown with barley, and the produce was more ſcanty than before. He cauſed the ſtones to be replaced, and next year the crop was as good as ever. The ſtones were removed a ſecond time, and the harveſt failed; they were again brought back, and the ground retrieved its fertility. The ſame experiment has been tried in different parts of Scotland with the ſame ſucceſs—Aſtoniſhed at this information, I deſired to know in what manner he accounted for this ſtrange phenomenon; and he ſaid, there were three ways in which the ſtones might be ſerviceable. They might poſſibly reſtrain an exceſs in the perſpiration of the earth, analogous to colliquative ſweats, by which the human body is ſometimes waſted and conſumed. They might act as ſo many fences to protect the tender blade from the piercing winds of the ſpring; or, by multiplying the reflection of the ſun, they might increaſe the warmth, ſo as to mitigate the natural chillneſs of the ſoil and climate. But ſurely this exceſſive perſpiration might be more effectually checked by different kinds of manure, ſuch as aſhes, lime, chalk, or marle, of which laſt it ſeems there are many pits in this kingdom: As for the warmth, it would be much more equally obtained by encloſures; one half of the ground which is now covered would be retrieved; the cultivation would require leſs labour; and the ploughs, harrows, and horſes, would not ſuffer half the damage which they now ſuſtain.

Theſe north-weſtern parts are by no means fertile in corn. The ground is naturally barren and mooriſh. The peaſants are poorly lodged, meagre in their looks, mean in their apparel, and remarkably dirty. This laſt reproach they might eaſily waſh off, by means of thoſe lakes, rivers, and rivulets of pure water, with which they are ſo liberally ſupplied by nature. Agriculture cannot be expected to flouriſh where the farms are ſmall, the leaſes ſhort, and the huſbandman begins upon a rack-rent, without a ſufficient ſtock to anſwer the purpoſes of improvement. The granaries of Scotland are the banks of the Tweed, the

counties of Eaſt and Mid Lothian, the Carſe of Gowrie, in Perthſhire, equal in fertility to any part of England, and ſome tracts in Aberdeenſhire and Moray, where I am told the harveſt is more early than in Northumberland, although they lie above two degrees farther north. I have a ſtrong curioſity to viſit many places beyond the Forth, and the Tay, ſuch as Perth, Dundee, Montroſe, and Aberdeen, which are towns equally elegant and thriving; but the ſeaſon is too far advanced to admit of this addition to my original plan.

I am ſo far happy as to have ſeen Glaſgow, which, to the beſt of my recollection and judgment, is one of the prettieſt towns in Europe; and, without all doubt, it is one of the moſt flouriſhing in Great Britain. In ſhort, it is a perfect bee-hive in point of induſtry. It ſtands partly on a gentle declivity; but the greateſt part of it is in a plain, watered by the river Clyde. The ſtreets are ſtraight, open, airy, and well paved; and the houſes lofty and well built of hewn ſtone. At the upper end of the town, there is a venerable cathedral, that may be compared with Yorkminſter or Weſtminſter; and, about the middle of the deſcent from this to the croſs, is the college, a reſpectable pile of building, with all manner of accommodation for the profeſſors and ſtudents, including an elegant library, and an obſervatory well provided with aſtronomical inſtruments. The number of inhabitants is ſaid to amount to thirty thouſand; and marks of opulence and independency appear in every quarter of this commercial city, which, however, is not without its inconveniences and defects. The water of their public pumps is generally hard and brackiſh, an imperfection the leſs excuſable, as the river Clyde runs by their doors, in the lower part of the town; and there are rivulets and ſprings above the cathedral, ſufficient to fill a large reſervoir with excellent water, which might be thence diſtributed to all the different parts of the city. It is of more conſequence to conſult the health of the inhabitants in this artiele than to employ ſo much attention in beautifying their town with new ſtreets, ſquares, and churches. Another defect, not ſo eaſily remedied, is the ſhallowneſs of the river, which will not float veſſels of any burden within ten or twelve miles of the city; ſo that the merchants are oblig-

ed to load and unload their ſhips at Greenock and Port Glaſgow, ſituated about fourteen miles nearer the mouth of the Frith, where it is about two miles broad.

The people of Glaſgow have a noble ſpirit of enterpriſe —Mr. Moore, a ſurgeon, to whom I was recommended from Edinburgh, introduced me to all the principal merchants of the place. Here I became acquainted with Mr. Cochran, who may be ſtyled one of the ſages of this kingdom. He was firſt magiſtrate at the time of the laſt rebellion. I ſat as member when he was examined in the Houſe of Commons; upon which occaſion Mr. P—— obſerved he had never heard ſuch a ſenſible evidence given at that bar. I was alſo introduced to Dr. John Gordon, a patriot of a truly Roman ſpirit, who is the father of the linen manufacture in this place, and was the great promoter of the city work-houſe, infirmary, and other works of public utility.—Had he lived in ancient Rome, he would have been honoured with a ſtatue at the public expence. I moreover converſed with one Mr. G—ſ—d, whom I take to be one of the greateſt merchants in Europe. In the laſt war, he is ſaid to have had at one time five and twenty ſhips, with their cargoes, his own property, and to have traded for above half a million Sterling a year. The laſt war was a fortunate period for the commerce of Glaſgow—The merchants, conſidering that their ſhips bound for America, launching out at once into the Atlantic by the north of Ireland, purſued a tract very little frequented by privateers, reſolved to enſure one another, and ſaved a very conſiderable ſum by this reſolution, as few or none of their ſhips were taken—You muſt know I have a ſort of national attachment to this part of Scotland—The great church dedicated to St. Mongah, the river Clyde, and, among other particulars, that ſmack of our Welch language and cuſtoms, contribute to flatter me with the notion, that theſe people are the deſcendants of the Britons, who once poſſeſſed this country. Without all queſtion, this was a Cumbrian kingdom: Its capital was Dumbarton (a corruption of Dunbritton), which ſtill exiſts as a royal borough, at the influx of the Clyde and Leven, ten miles below Glaſgow. The ſame neighbourhood gave birth to St. Patrick, the apoſtle of Ireland, at a place where there is ſtill a church and village, which retain his

name. Hard by are ſome veſtiges of the famous Roman wall, built in the reign of Antonine, from the Clyde to the Forth, and fortified with caſtles to reſtrain the incurſions of the Scotch or Caledonians, who inhabited the Weſt Highlands. In a line parallel to this wall, the merchants of Glaſgow have determined to make a navigable canal betwixt the two Friths, which will be of incredible advantage to their commerce, in tranſporting merchandiſe from one ſide of the iſland to the other.

From Glaſgow we travelled along the Clyde, which is a delightful ſtream, adorned on both ſides with villas, towns, and villages. Here is no want of groves, and meadows, and corn fields interſperſed; but on this ſide of Glaſgow, there is little other grain than oats and barley; the firſt are much better, the laſt much worſe, than thoſe of the ſame ſpecies in England. I wonder there is ſo little rye, which is a grain that will thrive in almoſt any ſoil; and it is ſtill more ſurpriſing, that the cultivation of potatoes ſhould be ſo much neglected in the Highlands, where the poor people have not meal enough to ſupply them with bread through the winter. On the other ſide of the river are the towns of Paiſley and Renfrew. The firſt, from an inconſiderable village, is become one of the moſt flouriſhing places of the kingdom, enriched by the linen, cambric, flowered lawn, and ſilk manufactures. It was formerly noted for a rich monaſtery of the monks of Clugny, who wrote the famous *Scoti-Chronicon*, called *The Black Book of Paiſley*. The old abbey ſtill remains, converted into a dwelling-houſe, belonging to the Earl of Dundonald. Renfrew is a pretty town, on the banks of Clyde, capital of the ſhire, which was heretofore the patrimony of the Stuart family, and gave the title of Baron to the king's eldeſt ſon, which is ſtill aſſumed by the Prince of Wales.

The Clyde we left a little on our left hand at Dunbritton, where it widens into an eſtuary or frith, being augmented by the influx of the Leven. On this ſpot ſtands the caſtle formerly called Alcluyd, waſhed by theſe two rivers on all ſides, except a narrow iſthmus, which at every ſpring-tide is overflowed. The whole is a great curioſity, from the quality and form of the rock, as well as from the nature of its ſituation. We now croſſed the

water of Leven, which, though nothing near ſo conſiderable as the Clyde, is much more tranſparent, paſtoral, and delightful. This charming ſtream is the outlet of Loch Lomond, and through a tract of four miles purſues its winding courſe, murmuring over a bed of pebbles, till it joins the frith at Dunbritton. A very little above its ſource, on the lake, ſtands the houſe of Cameron, belonging to Mr. Smollett, ſo emboſomed in an oak wood, that we did not ſee it till we were within fifty yards of the door. I have ſeen the Lago di Gardi, Albano, De Vico, Bolſena, and Geneva, and, upon my honour, I prefer Loch Lomond to them all; a preference which is certainly owing to the verdant iſlands that ſeem to float upon its ſurface, affording the moſt enchanting objects of repoſe to the excurſive view. Nor are the banks deſtitute of beauties, which even partake of the ſublime. On this ſide they diſplay a ſweet variety of woodland, corn-field, and paſture, with ſeveral agreeable villas emerging as it were out of the lake, till, at ſome diſtance, the proſpect terminates in huge mountains, covered with heath, which being in the bloom, affords a very rich covering of purple. Every thing here is romantic beyond imagination. This country is juſtly ſtyled the Arcadia of Scotland; and I don't doubt but it may vie with Arcadia in every thing but climate. I am ſure it excels it in verdure, wood, and water. What ſay you to a natural baſon of pure water, near thirty miles long, and in ſome places ſeven miles broad, and in many above an hundred fathoms deep, having four and twenty habitable iſlands, ſome of them ſtocked with deer, and all of them covered with wood; containing immenſe quantities of delicious fiſh, ſalmon, pike, trout, perch, flounders, eels, and powans, the laſt a delicate kind of freſh-water herring peculiar to this lake; and, finally, communicating with the ſea, by ſending off the Leven, through which all thoſe ſpecies (except the powan), make their exit and entrance occaſionally?

Encloſed I ſend you the copy of a little ode to this river, by Dr. Smollett, who was born on the banks of it, within two miles of the place where I am now writing. It is at leaſt picturesque and accurately deſcriptive, if it has no other merit.—There is an idea of truth, in an agreeable

landſcape taken from nature, which pleaſes me more than the gayeſt fiction which the moſt luxuriant fancy can diſplay.

I have other remarks to make; but as my paper is full, I muſt reſerve them till the next occaſion. I ſhall only obſerve at preſent, that I am determined to penetrate at leaſt forty miles into the Highlands, which now appear like a vaſt fantaſtic viſion in the clouds, inviting the approach of

Yours always,

Cameron, Aug. 28. MATT. BRAMBLE.

ODE TO LEVEN WATER.

On Leven's banks, while free to rove,
And tune the rural pipe to love,
I envied not the happieſt ſwain
That ever trod th' Arcadian plain.

Pure ſtream! in whoſe tranſparent wave
My youthful limbs I wont to lave;
No torrents ſtain thy limpid ſource;
No rocks impede thy dimpling courſe,
That ſweetly warbles o'er its bed,
With white, round, poliſh'd pebbles ſpread;
While, lightly pois'd, the ſcaly brood
In myriads cleave thy cryſtal flood;
The ſpringing trout in ſpeckled pride;
The ſalmon, monarch of the tide;
The ruthleſs pike, intent on war;
The ſilver eel, and motled par *.

Devolving from thy parent lake,
A charming maze thy waters make,
By bow'rs of birch, and groves of pine,
And hedges flower'd with eglantine.
Still on thy banks, ſo gayly green,
May num'rous herds and flocks be ſeen,
And laſſes chanting o'er the pail,
And ſhepherds piping in the dale,
And ancient faith that knows no guile,
And induſtry embrown'd with toil,
And hearts reſolv'd, and hands prepar'd,
The bleſſings they enjoy to guard.

* The par is a ſmall fiſh, not unlike the ſmelt, which it rivals in delicacy and flavour.

To Dr. Lewis.

DEAR DOCTOR,

IF I was diſpoſed to be critical, I ſhould ſay this houſe of Cameron is too near the lake, which approaches on one ſide to within ſix or ſeven yards of the window. It might have been placed in a higher ſite, which would have afforded a more extenſive proſpect and a drier atmoſphere; but this imperfection is not chargeable on the preſent proprietor, who purchaſed it ready built, rather than be at the trouble of repairing his own family houſe of Bonhill, which ſtands two miles from hence on the Leven, ſo ſurrounded with plantation, that it uſed to be known by the name of the Mavis (or thruſh) Neſt. Above that houſe is a romantic glen or cleft of a mountain, covered with hanging woods, having at bottom a ſtream of fine water that forms a number of caſcades in its deſcent to join the Leven; ſo that the ſcene is quite enchanting. A captain of a man of war, who had made the circuit of the globe with Mr. Anſon, being conducted to this glen, exclaimed, "Juan Fernandez, by God!"

Indeed, this country would be a perfect paradiſe, if it was not, like Wales, curſed with a weeping climate, owing to the ſame cauſes in both, the neighbourhood of high mountains, and a weſterly ſituation, expoſed to the vapours of the Atlantic ocean. This air, however, notwithſtanding its humidity, is ſo healthy, that the natives are ſcarce ever viſited by any other diſeaſe than the ſmall-pox, and certain cutaneous evils, which are the effects of dirty living, the great and general reproach of the commonalty of this kingdom. Here are a great many living monuments of longevity, and, among the reſt, a perſon whom I treat with ſingular reſpect, as a venerable druid, who has lived near ninety years, without pain or ſickneſs, among oaks of his own planting. He was once proprietor of theſe lands: But, being of a projecting ſpirit, ſome of his ſchemes miſcarried, and he was obliged to part with his poſſeſſion, which hath ſhifted hands two or three times ſince that period; but every ſucceeding proprietor hath done every thing in his power to make his old age

eaſy and comfortable. He has a ſufficiency to procure the neceſſaries of life; and he and his old woman reſide in a ſmall convenient farm-houſe, having a little garden which he cultivates with his own hands. This ancient couple live in great health, peace, and harmony, and, knowing no wants, enjoy the perfection of content. Mr. Smollett calls him the Admiral, becauſe he inſiſts upon ſteering his pleaſure-boat upon the lake; and he ſpends moſt of his time in ranging through the woods, which he declares he enjoys as much as if they were ſtill his own property. I aſked him the other day, if he was never ſick? and he anſwered, Yes; he had a ſlight fever the year before the Union. If he was not deaf, I ſhould take much pleaſure in his converſation; for he is very intelligent, and his memory is ſurpriſingly retentive.—Theſe are the happy effects of temperance, exerciſe, and good-nature.—Notwithſtanding all his innocence, however, he was the cauſe of great perturbation to my man Clinker, whoſe natural ſuperſtition has been much injured by the hiſtories of witches, fairies, ghoſts, and goblins, which he has heard in this country.—On the evening after our arrival, Humphry ſtrolled into the wood in the courſe of his meditation, and all at once the admiral ſtood before him, under the ſhadow of a ſpreading oak. Though the fellow is far from being timorous in caſes that are not ſuppoſed preternatural, he could not ſtand the ſight of this apparation, but ran into the kitchen, with his hair ſtanding on end, ſtaring wildly, and deprived of utterance. Mrs. Jenkins, ſeeing him in this condition, ſcreamed aloud, "Lord have mercy upon us, he has ſeen ſomething!" Mrs. Tabitha was alarmed, and the whole houſe in confuſion. When he was recruited with a dram, I deſired him to explain the meaning of all this agitation; and, with ſome reluctance, he owned he had ſeen a ſpirit, in the ſhape of an old man with a white beard, a black cap, and a plaid night gown. He was undeceived by the admiral in perſon, who coming in at this juncture, appeared to be a creature of real fleſh and blood.

Do you know how we fare in this Scottiſh paradiſe? We make free with our landlord's mutton, which is excellent, his poultry-yard, his garden, his dairy, and his

cellar, which are all well ſtored. We have delicious ſalmon, pike, trout, perch, par, &c. at the door, for the taking. The frith of Clyde, on the other ſide of the hill, ſupplies us with mullet, red and gray, cod, mackerel, whiting, and a variety of ſea-fiſh, including the fineſt herrings I ever taſted. We have ſweet juicy beef, and tolerable veal, with delicate bread, from the little town of Dunbritton; and plenty of partridge, growſe, heath-cock, and other game in preſents.

We have been viſited by all the gentlemen in the neighbourhood, and they have entertained us at their houſes, not barely with hoſpitality, but with ſuch marks of cordial affection, as one would wiſh to find among near relations, after an abſence of many years.

I told you, in my laſt, I had projected an excurſion to the Highlands, which project I have now happily executed, under the auſpices of Sir George Colquhoun, a colonel in the Dutch ſervice, who offered himſelf as our conductor on this occaſion. Leaving our women at Cameron, to the care and inſpection of Lady H— C——, we ſet out on horſeback for Inveraray, the county town of Argyll, and dined on the road with the Laird of Macfarlane, the greateſt genealogiſt I ever knew in any country, and perfectly acquainted with all the antiquities of Scotland.

The Duke of Argyll has an old caſtle at Inveraray, where he reſides when he is in Scotland; and hard by is the ſhell of a noble Gothic palace, built by the laſt Duke, which, when finiſhed, will be a great ornament to this part of the Highlands. As for Inveraray, it is a place of very little importance.

This country is amazingly wild, eſpecially towards the mountains, which are heaped upon the backs of one another, making a moſt ſtupendous appearance of ſavage nature, with hardly any ſigns of cultivation, or even of population. All is ſublimity, ſilence, and ſolitude. The people live together in glens or bottoms, where they are ſheltered from the cold and ſtorms of winter: But there is a margin of plain ground ſpread along the ſea-ſide, which is well inhabited and improved by the arts of huſbandry; and this I take to be one of the moſt agreeable tracts of the whole iſland; the ſea not only keeps it

warm, and ſupplies it with fiſh, but affords one of the moſt raviſhing proſpects in the whole world; I mean the appearance of the Hebrides, or Weſtern Iſlands, to the number of three hundred, ſcattered as far as the eye can reach, in the moſt agreeable confuſion. As the ſoil and climate of the Highlands are but ill adapted to the cultivation of corn, the people apply themſelves chiefly to the breeding and feeding of black cattle, which turn to good account. Thoſe animals run wild all the winter, without any ſhelter or ſubſiſtence, but what they can find among the heath. When the ſnow lies ſo deep and hard, that they cannot penetrate to the roots of the graſs, they make a diurnal progreſs, guided by a ſure inſtinct, to the ſea-ſide at low water, where they feed on the *alga marina*, and other plants that grow on the beach.

Perhaps this branch of huſbandry, which requires very little attendance and labour, is one of the principal cauſes of that idleneſs and want of induſtry which diſtinguiſhes theſe mountaineers in their own country—When they come forth into the world, they become as diligent and alert as any people upon earth. They are undoubtedly a very diſtinct ſpecies from their fellow-ſubjects of the Lowlands, againſt whom they indulge an ancient ſpirit of animoſity; and this difference is very diſcernible even among perſons of family and education. The Lowlanders are generally cool and circumſpect, the Highlanders fiery and ferocious; but this violence of their paſſions ſerves only to inflame the zeal of their devotion to ſtrangers, which is truly enthuſiaſtic.

We proceeded about twenty miles beyond Inveraray, to the houſe of a gentleman, a friend of our conductor, where we ſtaid a few days, and were feaſted in ſuch a manner, that I began to dread the conſequence to my conſtitution.

Notwithſtanding the ſolitude that prevails among theſe mountains, there is no want of people in the Highlands. I am credibly informed, that the Duke of Argyll can aſſemble five thouſand men in arms, of his own clan and ſurname, which is Campbell; and there is beſides a tribe of the ſame appellation, whoſe chief is the Earl of Breadalbane. The M'Donalds are as numerous, and remarkably warlike: The Camerons, M'Leods, Frafers, Grants, M'Kenzies, M'Kays, M'Pherſons, M'Intoſhes, are power-

ful clans; ſo that, if all the Highlanders, including the inhabitants of the Iſles, were united, they could bring into the field an army of forty thouſand fighting men, capable of undertaking the moſt dangerous enterpriſe. We have lived to ſee four thouſand of them, without diſcipline, throw the whole kingdom of Great Britain into confuſion. They attacked and defeated two armies of regular troops accuſtomed to ſervice. They penetrated into the centre of England; and afterwards marched back with deliberation, in the face of two other armies, through an enemy's country, where every precaution was taken to cut off their retreat. I know not any other people in Europe, who, without the uſe or knowledge of arms, will attack regular forces ſword in hand, if their chief will head them in battle. When diſciplined, they cannot fail of being excellent ſoldiers. They do not walk like the generality of mankind, but trot and bounce like deer, as if they moved upon ſprings. They greatly excel the Lowlanders in all the exerciſes that require agility; they are incredibly abſtemious, and patient of hunger and fatigue; ſo ſteeled againſt the weather, that, in travelling, even when the ground is covered with ſnow, they never look for a houſe, or any other ſhelter but their plaid, in which they wrap themſelves up, and go to ſleep under the cope of heaven. Such people, in quality of ſoldiers, muſt be invincible, when the buſineſs is to perform quick marches in a difficult country, to ſtrike ſudden ſtrokes, beat up the enemies quarters, haraſs their cavalry, and perform expeditions without the formality of magazines, baggage, forage, and artillery. The chieftanſhip of the Highlanders is a very dangerous influence operating at the extremity of the iſland, where the eyes and hands of government cannot be ſuppoſed to ſee and act with preciſion and vigour. In order to break the force of clanſhip, adminiſtration has always practiſed the political maxim, *Divide et impera*. The legiſlature hath not only diſarmed theſe mountaineers, but alſo deprived them of their ancient garb, which contributed in a great meaſure to keep up their military ſpirit; and their ſlaviſh tenures are all diſſolved by act of parliament; ſo that they are at preſent as free and independent of their chiefs as the[illegible] can make them: But the original attachment ſtill [illegible]

and is founded on ſomething prior to the *feudal ſyſtem*, about which the writers of this age have made ſuch a pother, as if it was a new diſcovery, like the *Copernican ſyſtem*. Every peculiarity of policy, cuſtom, and even temperament, is affectedly traced to this origin, as if the feudal conſtitution had not been common to almoſt all the natives of Europe. For my part, I expect to ſee the uſe of trunk-hoſe and buttered ale aſcribed to the influence of the *feudal ſyſtem*. The connection between the clans and their chiefs is without all doubt *patriarchal*. It is founded on hereditary regard and affection, cheriſhed through a long ſucceſſion of ages. The clan conſider the chief as their father, they bear his name, they believe themſelves deſcended from his family, and they obey him as their lord, with all the ardour of filial love and veneration; while he, on his part, exerts a paternal authority, commanding, chaſtiſing, rewarding, protecting, and maintaining them as his own children. If the legiſlature would entirely deſtroy this connection, it muſt compel the Highlanders to change their habitation and their names. Even this experiment has been formerly tried without ſucceſs—In the reign of James VI. a battle was fought within a few ſhort miles of this place, between two Clans, the M'Gregors and the Colquhouns, in which the latter were defeated: The laird of M'Gregor made ſuch a barbarous uſe of his victory, that he was forfeited and outlawed by act of parliament: His lands were given to the family of Montroſe, and his clan were obliged to change their name. They obeyed ſo far, as to call themſelves ſeverally Campbell, Graham, or Drummond, the ſurnames of the families of Argyll, Montroſe, and Perth, that they might enjoy the protection of thoſe houſes; but they ſtill added M'Gregor to their new appellation; and as their chief was deprived of his eſtate, they robbed and plundered for his ſubſiſtence.—Mr. Cameron of Lochiel, the chief of that clan, whoſe father was attainted for having been concerned in the laſt rebellion, returning from France, in obedience to a proclamation and act of parliament paſſed at the beginning of the late war, paid a viſit to his own country, and hired a farm in the neighbourhood of his father's houſe, which had been burnt to the ground. The clan, though ruined

and ſcattered, no ſooner heard of his arrival, than they flocked to him from all quarters, to welcome his return, and in a few days ſtocked his farm with ſeven hundred black cattle, which they had ſaved in the general wreck of their affairs: But their beloved chief, who was a promiſing youth, did not live to enjoy the fruits of their fidelity and attachment.

The moſt effectual method I know to weaken, and at length deſtroy this influence, is to employ the commonalty in ſuch a manner as to give them a taſte of property and independence—In vain the government grants them advantageous leaſes on the forfeited eſtates, if they have no property to proſecute the means of improvement—The ſea is an inexhauſtible fund of riches; but the fiſhery cannot be carried on without veſſels, caſks, ſalt, lines, nets, and other tackle. I converſed with a ſenſible man of this country, who, from a real ſpirit of patriotiſm, had ſet up a fiſhery on the coaſt, and a manufacture of coarſe linen, for the employment of the poor Highlanders. Cod is here in ſuch plenty, that he told me he had ſeen ſeven hundred taken on one line, at one haul. It muſt be obſerved, however, that the line was of immenſe length, and had two thouſand hooks, baited with muſſels; but the fiſh was ſo ſuperior to the cod caught on the banks of Newfoundland, that his correſpondent at Liſbon ſold them immediately at his own price, although Lent was juſt over when they arrived, and the people might be ſuppoſed quite cloyed with this kind of diet.—His linen manufacture was likewiſe in a proſperous way; when, the late war intervening, all his beſt hands were preſſed into the ſervice.

It cannot be expected, that the gentlemen of this country ſhould execute commercial ſchemes to render their vaſſals independent; nor indeed are ſuch ſchemes ſuited to their way of life and inclination: But a company of merchants might, with proper management, turn to good account a fiſhery eſtabliſhed in this part of Scotland—Our people have a ſtrange itch to colonize America, when the uncultivated parts of our own iſland might be ſettled to greater advantage.

After having rambled through the mountains and glens of Argyll, we viſited the adjacent iſlands of Iſla, Jura,

Mull, and Icolmkill. In the firſt, we ſaw the remains of a caſtle, built in a lake, where M'Donald, Lord or King of the Iſles, formerly reſided. Jura is famous for having given birth to one M'Crain, who lived one hundred and eighty years in one houſe, and died in the reign of Charles the Second. Mull affords ſeveral bays, where there is ſafe anchorage; in one of which, the Florida, a ſhip of the Spaniſh armada, was blown up by one of Mr. Smollett's anceſtors. About forty years ago, John Duke of Argyll is ſaid to have conſulted the Spaniſh regiſters, by which it appeared that this ſhip had the military cheſt on board—He employed experienced divers to examine the wreck, and they found the hull of the veſſel ſtill entire, but ſo covered with ſand, that they could not make their way between decks; however, they picked up ſeveral pieces of plate that were ſcattered about in the bay, and a couple of fine braſs cannon.

Icolmkill, or Iona, is a ſmall iſland which St. Columba choſe for his habitation—It was reſpected for its ſanctity, and college or ſeminary of eccleſiaſtics.—Part of its church is ſtill ſtanding, with the tombs of ſeveral Scottiſh, Iriſh, and Daniſh ſovereigns, who were here interred.—Theſe iſlanders are very bold and dexterous watermen, conſequently the better adapted to the fiſhery: In their manners, they are leſs ſavage and impetuous than their countrymen on the continent; and they ſpeak the Erſe or Gaelic in its greateſt purity.

Having ſent round our horſes by land, we embarked in the diſtrict of Cowal for Greenock, which is a neat little town, on the other ſide of the Frith, with a curious harbour, formed by three ſtone jetties, carried out a good way into the ſea.—New Port Glaſgow is ſuch another place, about two miles higher up.—Both have a face of buſineſs and plenty, and are ſupported entirely by the ſhipping of Glaſgow, of which I counted ſixty large veſſels in theſe harbours.—Taking boat again at Newport, we were in leſs than an hour landed on the other ſide, within two ſhort miles of our head-quarters, where we found our women in good health and ſpirits. They had been, two days before, joined by Mr. Smollett and his lady, to whom we have ſuch obligations as I cannot mention, even to you, without bluſhing.

To-morrow we ſhall bid adieu to the Scots Arcadia, and begin our progreſs to the ſouthward, taking our way by Lanark and Nithſdale, to the weſt borders of England. I have received ſo much advantage and ſatisfaction from this tour, that, if my health ſuffers no revolution in the winter, I believe I ſhall be tempted to undertake another expedition to the northern extremity of Caithneſs, unencumbered by thoſe impediments which now clog the heels of

Yours,

Cameron, Sept. 6. MATT. BRAMBLE.

To MISS LÆTITIA WILLIS, *at Glouceſter.*

MY DEAREST LETTY,

NEVER did poor priſoner long for deliverance more than I have longed for an opportunity to diſburden my cares into your friendly boſom; and the occaſion which now preſents itſelf is little leſs than miraculous.—Honeſt Saunders M'Awley, the travelling Scotchman, who goes every year to Wales, is now at Glaſgow, buying goods, and coming to pay his reſpects to our family, has undertaken to deliver this letter into your own hand.—We have been ſix weeks in Scotland, and ſeen the principal towns of the kingdom, where we have been treated with great civility. The people are very courteous; and the country being exceedingly romantic, ſuits my turn and inclinations. I contracted ſome friendſhips at Edinburgh, which is a large and lofty city, full of gay company; and, in particular, commenced an intimate correſpondence with one Miſs R—t—n, an amiable young lady of my own age, whoſe charms ſeemed to ſoften, and even to ſubdue, the ſtubborn heart of my brother Jery; but he no ſooner left the place, than he relapſed into his former inſenſibility.—I feel, however, that this indifference is not the family conſtitution—I never admitted but one idea of love, and that has taken ſuch root in my heart, as to be equally proof againſt all the pulls of diſcretion, and the froſts of neglect.

Dear Letty! I had an alarming adventure at the hunters ball in Edinburgh—While I ſat diſcourſing with a friend in a corner, all at once the very image of Wilſon ſtood before me, dreſſed exactly as he was in the character of Aimwell!—It was one Mr. Gordon, whom I had not ſeen before. Shocked at the ſudden apparition, I fainted away, and threw the whole aſſembly into confuſion. However, the cauſe of my diſorder remained a ſecret to every body but my brother, who was likewiſe ſtruck with the reſemblance, and ſcolded after we came home. I am very ſenſible of Jery's affection, and know he ſpoke as well with a view to my own intereſt and happineſs, as in regard to the honour of the family; but I cannot bear to have my wounds probed ſeverely. I was not ſo much affected by the cenſure he paſſed upon my own indiſcretion, as with the reflection he made on the conduct of Wilſon—He obſerved, that, if he was really the gentleman he pretended to be, and harboured nothing but honourable deſigns, he would have vindicated his pretenſions in the face of day. This remark made a deep impreſſion upon my mind—I endeavoured to conceal my thoughts; and this endeavour had a bad effect upon my health and ſpirits; ſo it was thought neceſſary that I ſhould go to the Highlands, and drink goat-milk whey.

We went accordingly to Loch Lomond, one of the moſt enchanting ſpots in the whole world; and what with this remedy, which I had every morning freſh from the mountains, and the pure air, and cheerful company, I have recovered my fleſh and appetite; though there is ſomething ſtill at bottom, which it is not in the power of air, exerciſe, company, or medicine, to remove. Theſe incidents would not touch me ſo nearly, if I had a ſenſible confidant to ſympathize with my affliction, and comfort me with wholeſome advice. I have nothing of this kind, except Win. Jenkins, who is really a good body in the main, but very ill qualified for ſuch an office. The poor creature is weak in her nerves, as well as in her underſtanding; otherwiſe I might have known the true name and character of that unfortunate youth.—But why do I call him *unfortunate?*—perhaps the epithet is more applicable to me, for having liſtened to the falſe profeſſions of——But hold—I have as yet no right, and ſure I

have no inclination, to believe any thing to the prejudice of his honour. In that reflection I ſhall ſtill exert my patience. As for Mrs. Jenkins, ſhe herſelf is really an object of compaſſion—Between vanity, Methodiſm, and love, her head is almoſt turned. I ſhould have more regard for her, however, if ſhe had been more conſtant in the object of her affection; but, truly, ſhe aimed at conqueſt, and flirted at the ſame time with my uncle's footman, Humphry Clinker, who is really a deſerving young man, and one Dutton, my brother's valet de chambre, a debauched fellow, who, leaving Win in the lurch, ran away with another man's bride at Berwick.

My dear Willis, I am truly aſhamed of my own ſex.—We complain of advantages which the men take of our youth, inexperience, ſenſibility, and all that; but I have ſeen enough to believe, that our ſex in general make it their buſineſs to enſnare the other; and for this purpoſe employ arts which are by no means to be juſtified. In point of conſtancy, they certainly have nothing to reproach the male part of the creation. My poor aunt, without any regard to her years and imperfections, has gone to market with her charms in every place where ſhe thought ſhe had the leaſt chance to diſpoſe of her perſon, which, however, hangs ſtill heavy on her hands. I am afraid ſhe has uſed even religion as a decoy, though it has not anſwered her expectation—She has been praying, preaching, and catechiſing, among the Methodiſts, with whom this country abounds; and pretends to have ſuch manifeſtations and revelations, as even Clinker himſelf can hardly believe, though the poor fellow is half crazy with enthuſiaſm. As for Jenkins, ſhe affects to take all her miſtreſs's reveries for goſpel—She has alſo her heart-heavings and motions of the ſpirit; and, God forgive me if I think uncharitably, but all this ſeems to me to be downright hypocriſy and deceit. Perhaps, indeed, the poor girl impoſes on herſelf—She is generally in a flutter, and is much ſubject to vapours—Since we came to Scotland, ſhe has ſeen apparitions, and pretends to prophecy. If I could put faith in all theſe ſupernatural viſitations, I ſhould think myſelf abandoned of grace; for I have neither ſeen, heard, nor felt, any thing of this nature, although I endeavour to diſcharge the duties of religion

with all the ſincerity, zeal, and devotion, that is in the power of,

Dear Letty,

Your ever affectionate

Glaſgow, Sept. 7. LYDIA MELFORD.

We are ſo far on our return to Brambletonhall; and I would fain hope we ſhall take Glouceſter in our way, in which caſe I ſhall have the inexpreſſible pleaſure of embracing my dear Willis.—Pray remember me to my worthy governeſs.

To MRS. MARY JONES, *at Brambletonhall.*

DEAR MARY,

SUNDERS MACULLY, the Scotchman, who puſhes directly for Vails, has promiſed to give it you into your own hand, and therefore I would not miſs the opportunity to let you now as I am ſtill in the land of the living; and yet I have been on the brink of the other world ſince I ſent you my laſt letter. We went by ſea to another kingdom, called Fife, and, coming back, had like to have gone to pot in a ſtorm.—What between the frite and ſickneſs, I thought I ſhould have brought my heart up; even Mr. Clinker was not his own man for eight and forty hours after we got aſhore.—It was well for ſome folks that we 'ſcaped drownding; for miſtreſs was very frexious, and ſeemed but indifferently prepared for a change; but, thank God, ſhe was ſoon put in a better frame by the private exaltations of the Reverend Mr. Macrocodile.—We afterwards churned to Starling and Graſcow, which are a kipple of handſome towns; and then we went to a gentleman's houſe at Loff Loming, which is a wonderful ſea of freſh water, with a power of hylands in the midſt on't—They ſay as how it has got ne'er a bottom, and was made by a muſician—and, truly, I believe it; for it is not in the coarſe of nature.—It has got *waves without wind, fiſh without fins, and a floating hyland;* and one of them is a crutch-yard, where the dead are buried; and always

before the perſon dies, a bell rings of itſelf to give warning.

O Mary! this is the land of congyration—The bell knolled when we were there—I ſaw lights, and heard lamentations.—The gentleman, our landlord, has got another houſe, which he was fain to quit, on account of a miſchievous ghoſt, that would not ſuffer people to lie in their beds.—The fairies dwell in a hole of Kairmann, a mounting hard by; and they ſteal away the good women that are in the ſtraw, if ſo be as how there a'n't a horſhoe nailed to the door—And I was ſhown an old vitch, called Elſpath Ringavey, with a red petticoat, bleared eyes, and a mould of grey briſtles on her ſin.—That ſhe mought do me no harm, I croſſed her hand with a taſter, and bid her tell my fortune; and ſhe told me ſuch things—deſcriving Mr. Clinker to a hair—but it ſhall ne'er be ſaid that I minchioned a word of the matter.—As I was troubled with fits, ſhe adviſed me to bathe in the loffe, which was holy water; and ſo I went in the morning to a private place, along with the houſe-maid, and we bathed in our birth-day ſoot, after the faſhion of the country; and behold, whilſt we dabbled in the loff, Sir George Coon ſtarted up with a gun; but we clapt our hands to our faces, and paſſed by him to the place where we had left our ſmocks.—A civil gentleman would have turned his head another way—My comfit is, he knew not which was which; and, as the ſaying is, *all cats in the dark are gray*.—While we ſtaid at Loff Loming, he and our two ſquires went three or four days churning among the wild men of the mountings; a parcel of ſelvidges that lie in caves among the rocks, devour young children, and ſpeak Welch, but the vords are different. Our ladies would not part with Mr. Clinker, becauſe he is ſo ſtout, and ſo pye-houſe, that he fears neither man nor devils, if ſo be as they don't take him by ſurpriſe.—Indeed, he was once ſo ſurried by an operition, that he had like to have ſounded—He made believe as if it had been the ould edmiral; but the ould edmiral could not have made his air to ſtand on end, and his teeth to ſhatter; but he ſaid ſo in prudence, that the ladies mought not be affeard.—Mis Liddy has been puny, and like to go into a decline.—I doubt her pore art is too tinder—but the got's fey has ſat her

on her legs again.—You nows got's fey is mother's milk to a Velchvoman.—As for miſtreſs, bleſſed be God, ſhe ails nothing.—Her ſtomach is good, and ſhe improves in greaſe and godlineſs; but, for all that, ſhe may have infections like other people; and, I believe, ſhe would'n't be ſorry to be called *your Ladyſhip*, whenever Sir George thinks proper to ax the queſtion.—But, for my part, whatever I may ſee or hear, not a pratical ſhall ever paſs the lips of,

Dear Molly,
Your loving friend,

Graſco, Sept. 7. WIN. JENKINS.

Remember me, as uſual, to Saul.—We are now coming home, though not the neareſt road.—I do ſuppoſe I ſhall find the kitten a fine boar at my return.

To Sir WATKIN PHILLIPS, *Bart. at Oxon.*

DEAR KNIGHT,

ONCE more I tread upon Engliſh ground, which I like not the worſe for the ſix weeks ramble I have made among the woods and mountains of Caledonia; no offence to the *land of cakes, where bannocks grow upon ſtraw*. I never ſaw my uncle in ſuch health and ſpirits as he now enjoys. Liddy is perfectly recovered; and Mrs. Tabitha has no reaſon to complain. Nevertheleſs, I believe, ſhe was, till yeſterday, inclined to give the whole Scotch nation to the devil, as a pack of inſenſible brutes, upon whom her accompliſhments had been diſplayed in vain.—At every place where we halted did ſhe mount the ſtage, and flouriſhed her ruſty arms, without being able to make one conqueſt. One of her laſt eſſays was againſt the heart of Sir George Colquhoun, with whom ſhe fought all the weapons more than twice over. She was grave and gay by turns—ſhe moralized and methodized—ſhe laughed, and romped, and danced, and ſung, and ſighed, and ogled, and liſped, and fluttered, and flattered—but all was preaching to the deſert.—The baronet,

being a well-bred man, carried his civilities as far as ſhe could in conſcience expect, and, if evil tongues are to be believed, ſome degrees farther; but he was too much a veteran in gallantry, as well as in war, to fall into any ambuſcade that ſhe could lay for his affection.—While we were abſent in the Highlands, ſhe practiſed alſo upon the Laird of Ladriſhmore, and even gave him the rendezvous in the wood of Drumſcailloch; but the laird had ſuch a reverend care of his own reputation, that he came attended with the parſon of the pariſh, and nothing paſſed but ſpiritual communications.—After all theſe miſcarriages, our aunt ſuddenly recollected Lieutenant Liſmahago, whom, ever ſince our firſt arrival at Edinburgh, ſhe ſeemed to have utterly forgot; but now ſhe expreſſed her hopes of ſeeing him at Dumfries, according to his promiſe.

We ſet out from Glaſgow, by the way of Lanark, the county town of Clydeſdale, in the neighbourhood of which, the whole river Clyde, ruſhing down a ſteep rock, forms a very noble and ſtupendous caſcade. Next day we were obliged to halt in a ſmall borough, until the carriage, which had received ſome damage, ſhould be repaired; and here we met with an incident, which warmly intereſted the benevolent ſpirit of Mr. Bramble.—As we ſtood at the window of an inn that fronted the public priſon, a perſon arrived on horſeback, genteelly, though plainly, dreſſed in a blue frock, with his own hair cut ſhort, and a gold-laced hat upon his head. Alighting, and giving his horſe to the landlord, he advanced to an old man who was at work in paving the ſtreet, and accoſted him in theſe words—"This is hard work for ſuch an old man as you."—So ſaying, he took the inſtrument out of his hand, and began to thump the pavement.—After a few ſtrokes, "Have you never a ſon (ſaid he) to eaſe you of this labour?" "Yes, an' pleaſe your honour (replied the ſenior), I have three hopeful lads, but, at preſent, they are out of the way." "Honour not me (cried the ſtranger; it more becomes me to honour your gray hairs—Where are thoſe ſons you talk of? The ancient pavior ſaid, his eldeſt ſon was a captain in the Eaſt Indies, and the youngeſt had lately enliſted as a ſoldier, in hopes of proſpering like his brother. The gentleman deſiring to know what was

become of the ſecond, he wiped his eyes, and owned he had taken upon him his old father's debts, for which he was now in the priſon hard by.

The traveller made three quick ſteps towards the gaol—then turning ſhort—"Tell me (ſaid he), has that unnatural captain ſent you nothing to relieve your diſtreſſes?" "Call him not unnatural (replied the other); God's bleſſing be upon him! he ſent me a great deal of money, but I made a bad uſe of it; I loſt it by being ſecurity for a gentleman that was my landlord, and was ſtript of all I had in the world beſides." At that inſtant a young man, thruſting out his head and neck between two iron bars in the priſon-window, exclaimed, "Father! father! if my brother William is in life, that's he." "I am! I am! (cried the ſtranger, claſping the old man in his arms, and ſhedding a flood of tears)—I am your ſon Willy, ſure enough!"—Before the father, who was quite confounded, could make any return to this tenderneſs, a decent old woman bolting out from the door of a poor habitation, cried, "Where is my bairn? where is my dear Willy!"—The captain no ſooner beheld her, than he quitted his father, and ran into her embrace.

I can aſſure you, my uncle, who ſaw and heard every thing that paſſed, was as much moved as any one of the parties concerned in this pathetic recognition.—He ſobbed, and wept, and clapped his hands, and hollowed, and finally ran down into the ſtreet.—By this time, the captain had retired with his parents, and all the inhabitants of the place were aſſembled at the door.—Mr. Bramble, nevertheleſs, preſſed through the crowd, and entering the houſe, "Captain (ſaid he), I beg the favour of your acquaintance.—I would have travelled a hundred miles to ſee this affecting ſcene; and I ſhall think myſelf happy, if you and your parents will dine with with me at the public houſe."—The captain thanked him for his kind invitation, which, he ſaid, he would accept with pleaſure; but, in the mean time, he could not think of eating or drinking, while his poor brother was in trouble.—He forthwith depoſited a ſum equal to the debt, in the hands of the magiſtrate, who ventured to ſet his brother at liberty, without farther proceſs; and then the whole family repaired to the inn with my uncle, attended by the

crowd, the individuals of which ſhook their townſman by the hand, while he returned their careſſes without the leaſt ſign of pride or affectation.

This honeſt favourite of fortune, whoſe name was Brown, told my uncle, that he had been bred a weaver, and, about eighteen years ago, had, from a ſpirit of idleneſs and diſſipation, enliſted as a ſoldier in the ſervice of the Eaſt India Company; that, in the courſe of duty, he had the good fortune to attract the notice and approbation of Lord Clive, who preferred him from one ſtep to another, till he had attained the rank of captain and paymaſter to the regiment, in which capacities he had honeſtly amaſſed above twelve thouſand pounds, and at the peace, reſigned his commiſſion.—He had ſent ſeveral remittances to his father, who received the firſt only, conſiſting of one hundred pounds; the ſecond had fallen into the hands of a bankrupt; and the third had been conſigned to a gentleman of Scotland, who died before it arrived, ſo that it ſtill remained to be accounted for by his executors. He now preſented the old man with fifty pounds for his preſent occaſions, over and above bank-notes for one hundred, which he had depoſited for his brother's releaſe.—He brought along with him a deed ready executed, by which he ſettled a perpetuity of fourſcore pounds upon his parents, to be inherited by the other two ſons after their deceaſe. He promiſed to purchaſe a commiſſion for his youngeſt brother; to take the other as his own partner in a manufacture which he intends to ſet up, to give employment and bread to the induſtrious; and to give five hundred pounds, by way of dower, to his ſiſter, who had married a farmer in low circumſtances.—Finally, he gave fifty pounds to the poor of the town where he was born, and feaſted all the inhabitants without exception.

My uncle was ſo charmed with the character of Captain Brown, that he drank his health three times ſucceſſively at dinner.—He ſaid, he was proud of his acquaintance; that he was an honour to his country, and had in ſome meaſure redeemed human nature from the reproach of pride, ſelfiſhneſs, and ingratitude.—For my part, I was as much pleaſed with the modeſty as with the filial virtue of this honeſt ſoldier, who aſſumed no merit from

his ſucceſs, and ſaid very little of his own tranſactions, though the anſwers he made to our inquiries were equally ſenſible and laconic. Mrs. Tabitha behaved very graciouſly to him, until ſhe underſtood that he was going to make a tender of his hand to a perſon of low eſtate, who had been his ſweetheart while he worked as a journeyman weaver.—Our aunt was no ſooner made acquainted with this deſign, than ſhe ſtarched up her behaviour with a double portion of reſerve: and, when the company broke up, ſhe obſerved with a toſs of her noſe, that Brown was a civil fellow enough, conſidering the lowneſs of his origin; but that Fortune, though ſhe had mended his circumſtances, was incapable to raiſe his ideas, which were ſtill humble and plebeian.

On the day that ſucceeded this adventure, we went ſome miles out of our road to ſee Drumlanrig, a ſeat belonging to the Duke of Queenſberry, which appears like a magnificent palace, erected by magic, in the midſt of a wilderneſs.—It is indeed a princely manſion, with ſuitable parks and plantations, rendered ſtill more ſtriking by the nakedneſs of the ſurrounding country, which is one of the wildeſt tracts in all Scotland.—This wilderneſs, however, is different from that of the Highlands; for here the mountains, inſtead of heath, are covered with a fine green ſward, affording paſture to innumerable flocks of ſheep. But the fleeces of this country, called Nithſdale, are not comparable to the wool of Galloway, which is ſaid to equal that of Saliſbury plain. Having paſſed the night at the caſtle of Drumlanrig, by invitation from the Duke himſelf, who is one of the beſt men that ever breathed, we proſecuted our journey to Dumfries, a very elegant trading town near the borders of England, where we found plenty of good proviſion and excellent wine, at very reaſonable prices, and the accommodation as good in all reſpects as in any part of South Britain.—If I was confined to Scotland for life, I would chooſe Dumfries as the place of my reſidence. Here we made inquiries about Captain Liſmahago, of whom hearing no tidings, we proceeded by the Solway Frith, to Carliſle.—You muſt know, that the Solway ſands, upon which travellers paſs at low water, are exceedingly dangerous, becauſe, as the tide makes, they become quick in different places, and

the flood ruſhes in ſo impetuouſly, that paſſengers are often overtaken by the ſea, and periſh.

In croſſing theſe treacherous ſyrtes with a guide, we perceived a drowned horſe, which Humphry Clinker, after due inſpection, declared to be the very identical beaſt which Mr. Liſmahago rode when he parted with us at Felton-bridge in Northumberland. This information, which ſeemed to intimate that our friend the lieutenant had ſhared the fate of his horſe, affected us all, and above all our aunt Tabitha, who ſhed ſalt tears, and obliged Clinker to pull a few hairs out of the dead horſe's tail, to be worn in a ring as a remembrance of his maſter. But her grief and ours was not of long duration; for one of the firſt perſons we ſaw in Carliſle was the lieutenant *in propria perſona*, bargaining with a horſe-dealer for another ſteed, in the yard of the inn where we alighted.—Mrs. Bramble was the firſt that perceived him, and ſcreamed as if ſhe had ſeen a ghoſt; and, truly, at a proper time and place, he might very well have paſſed for an inhabitant of another world; for he was more meagre and grim than before. We received him the more cordially for having ſuppoſed he had been drowned; and he was not deficient in expreſſions of ſatisfaction at this meeting.—He told us he had inquired for us at Dumfries, and been informed by a travelling merchant from Glaſgow, that we had reſolved to return by the way of Coldſtream.—He ſaid, that, in paſſing the ſands without a guide, his horſe had knocked up; and he himſelf muſt have periſhed, if he had not been providentially relieved by a return poſt-chaiſe.—He moreover gave us to underſtand, that his ſcheme of ſettling in his own country having miſcarried, he was ſo far in his way to London, with a view to embark for North America, where he intended to paſs the reſt of his days among his old friends the Miamis, and amuſe himſelf in finiſhing the education of the ſon he had by his beloved Squinkinacooſta.

This project was by no means agreeable to our good aunt, who expatiated upon the fatigues and dangers that would attend ſuch a long voyage by ſea, and afterwards ſuch a tedious journey by land.—She enlarged particularly on the riſk he would run, with reſpect to the concerns of his precious ſoul, among ſavages who had not yet re-

ceived the glad tidings of ſalvation; and ſhe hinted, that his abandoning Great Britain might, perhaps, prove fatal to the inclinations of ſome deſerving perſon, whom he was qualified to make happy for life. My uncle, who is really a Don Quixote in generoſity, underſtanding that Liſmahago's real reaſon for leaving Scotland was the impoſſibility of ſubſiſting in it with any decency upon the wretched proviſion of a ſubaltern's half pay, began to be warmly intereſted on the ſide of compaſſion. He thought it very hard, that a gentleman, who had ſerved his country with honour, ſhould be driven by neceſſity to ſpend his old age among the refuſe of mankind, in ſuch a remote part of the world.—He diſcourſed with me upon the ſubject, obſerving, that he would willingly offer the lieutenant an aſylum at Brambletonhall, if he did not foreſee that his ſingularities and humour of contradiction would render him an intolerable houſe-mate, though his converſation at ſome times might be both inſtructive and entertaining; but, as there ſeemed to be ſomething particular in his attention to Mrs. Tabitha, he and I agreed in opinion, that this intercourſe ſhould be encouraged, and improved, if poſſible, into a matrimonial union; in which caſe there would be a comfortable proviſion for both; and they might be ſettled in a houſe of their own, ſo that Mr. Bramble ſhould have no more of their company than he deſired.

In purſuance of this deſign, Liſmahago has been invited to paſs the winter at Brambletonhall, as it will be time enough to execute his American project in the ſpring.—He has taken time to conſider of this propoſal; meanwhile, he will keep us company as far as we travel in the road to Briſtol, where he has hopes of getting a paſſage for America. I make no doubt but that he will poſtpone his voyage, and proſecute his addreſſes to a happy conſummation; and ſure, if it produces any fruit, it muſt be of a very peculiar flavour. As the weather continues favourable, I believe we ſhall take the Peak of Derbyſhire and Buxton Wells in our way.—At any rate, from the firſt place where we make any ſtay, you ſhall hear again from

Yours always,

Carliſle, Sept. 12. J. MELFORD.

To Dr. Lewis.

Dear Doctor,

The peaſantry of Scotland are certainly on a poor footing all over the kingdom; and yet they look better, and are better clothed, than thoſe of the ſame rank in Burgundy, and many other places of France and Italy; nay, I will venture to ſay they are better fed, notwithſtanding the boaſted wine of theſe foreign countries. The country people of North Britain live chiefly on oat-meal, and milk-cheeſe, butter, and ſome garden ſtuff, with now and then a pickled herring, by way of delicacy; but fleſh-meat they seldom or never taſte, nor any kind of ſtrong liquor, except twopenny, at times of uncommon feſtivity.—Their breakfaſt is a kind of haſty-pudding, of oat-meal, or peaſe-meal, eaten with milk. They have commonly pottage to dinner, compoſed of cale or cole, leeks, barley, or big, and butter; and this is reinforced with bread, and cheeſe made of ſkimmed milk. At night they ſup on ſowens or ſummery of oat-meal.—In a ſcarcity of oats, they uſe the meal of barley and peaſe, which is both nouriſhing and palatable. Some of them have potatoes; and you find parſnips in every peaſant's garden.—They are clothed with a coarſe kind of ruſſet of their own making, which is both decent and warm.—They dwell in poor huts, built of looſe ſtones and turf, without any mortar, having a fire-place or hearth in the middle, generally made of an old mill-ſtone, and a hole at top to let out the ſmoke.

Theſe people, however, are content, and wonderfully ſagacious.—All of them read the Bible, and are even qualified to diſpute upon the articles of their faith, which, in thoſe parts I have ſeen, is entirely Preſbyterian. I am told, that the inhabitants of Aberdeenſhire are ſtill more acute.—I once knew a Scotch gentleman at London, who had declared war againſt this part of his country, and ſwore that the impudence and knavery of the Scotch in that quarter had brought a reproach upon the whole nation.

The river Clyde, above Glaſgow, is quite [illegible], and the banks of it are every where adorned [illegible]

T

From the ſea to its ſource, we may reckon the ſeats of many families of the firſt rank, ſuch as the Duke of Argyll at Roſeneath, the Earl of Bute in the iſle of that name, the Earl of Glencairn at Finlayſton, Lord Blantyre at Areſkine, the Ducheſs of Douglas at Bothwell, Duke of Hamilton at Hamilton, the Duke of Douglas at Douglas, and the Earl of Hyndford at Carmichael. Hamilton is a noble palace, magnificently furniſhed; and hard by is the village of that name, one of the neateſt little towns I have ſeen in any country. The old caſtle of Douglas being burnt to the ground by accident, the late duke reſolved, as head of the firſt family in Scotland, to have the largeſt houſe in the kingdom, and ordered a plan for this purpoſe; but there was only one wing of it finiſhed when he died. It is to hoped that his nephew, who is now in poſſeſſion of his great fortune, will complete the deſign of his predeceſſor.—Clydeſdale is in general populous and rich, containing a great number of gentlemen, who are independent in their fortune; but it produces more cattle than corn.—This is alſo the caſe with Tweeddale, through part of which we paſſed, and Nidſdale, which is generally rough, wild, and mountainous. Theſe hills are covered with ſheep; and this is the ſmall delicious mutton, ſo much preferable to that of the London market. As their feeding coſts ſo little, the ſheep are not killed till five years old, when their fleſh, juices, and flavour are in perfection; but their fleeces are much damaged by the tar with which they are ſmeared to preſerve them from the rot in winter, during which they run wild night and day, and thouſands are loſt under huge wreaths of ſnow—'Tis a pity the farmers cannot contrive ſome means to ſhelter this uſeful animal from the inclemencies of a rigorous climate, eſpecially from the perpetual rains, which are more prejudicial than the greateſt extremity of cold weather.

On the little river Nid, is ſituated the caſtle of Drumlanrig, one of the nobleſt ſeats in Great Britain, belonging to the Duke of Queenſberry; one of thoſe few noblemen whoſe goodneſs of heart does honour to human nature—I ſhall not pretend to enter into a deſcription of this palace, which is really an inſtance of the ſublime in magnificence, as well as in ſituation, and puts one in mind of the beautiful city of Palmyra, riſing like a viſion in

the midſt of the wilderneſs. His grace keeps open houſe, and lives with great ſplendour—He did us the honour to receive us with great courteſy, and detain us all night, together with above twenty other gueſts, with all their ſervants and horſes, to a very conſiderable number—The ducheſs was equally gracious, and took our ladies under her immediate protection. The longer I live, I ſee more reaſon to believe that prejudices of education are never wholly eradicated, even when they are diſcovered to be erroneous and abſurd. Such habits of thinking as intereſt the grand paſſions, cleave to the human heart in ſuch a manner, that though an effort of reaſon may force them from their hold for a moment, this violence no ſooner ceaſes, than they reſume their graſp with an increaſed elaſticity and adheſion.

I am led into this reflection, by what paſſed at the Duke's table after ſupper. The converſation turned upon the vulgar notions of ſpirits and omens, that prevail among the commonalty of North Britain, and all the company agreed, that nothing could be more ridiculous. One gentleman, however, told a remarkable ſtory of himſelf, by way of ſpeculation—"Being on a party of hunting in the north (ſaid he), I reſolved to viſit an old friend, whom I had not ſeen for twenty years—So long he had been retired and ſequeſtrated from all his acquaintance, and lived in a moping melancholy way, much afflicted with lowneſs of ſpirits, occaſioned by the death of his wife, whom he had loved with uncommon affection. As he reſided in a remote part of the country, and we were five gentlemen, with as many ſervants, we carried ſome proviſion with us from the next market town, leſt we ſhould find him unprepared for our reception. The roads being bad, we did not arrive at the houſe till two o'clock in the afternoon; and were agreeably ſurpriſed to find a very good dinner ready in the kitchen; and the cloth laid with ſix covers. My friend himſelf appeared in his beſt apparel at the gate, and received us with open arms, telling me he had been expecting us theſe two hours—Aſtoniſhed at this declaration, I aſked who had given him intelligence of our coming? and he ſmiled, without making any other reply—However, preſuming upon our former intimacy, I afterwards inſiſted upon knowing; and he told me, very

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ter of his paſſion, he cried, "Degenerate raſcal: you have made my father's houſe a den of thieves;" and at the ſame time chaſtiſed him with his horſe-whip; then, riding round the adjoining village, he had viſited the burying-ground of his anceſtors by moon-light; and, having paid his reſpects to their *manes*, travelled all night to another part of the country—Finding the head of his family in ſuch a diſgraceful ſituation, all his own friends dead or removed from the places of their former reſidence, and the expence of living increaſed to double of what it had been, when he firſt left his native country, he had bid it an eternal adieu, and was determined to ſeek for repoſe among the forests of America.

I was no longer at a loſs to account for the apparition, which had been deſcribed at Drumlanrig; and when I repeated the ſtory to the lieutenant, he was much pleaſed to think his reſentment had been ſo much more effectual than he intended; and he owned, he might at ſuch an hour, and in ſuch an equipage, very well paſs for the ghoſt of his father, whom he was ſaid greatly to reſemble —Between friends, I fancy Liſmahago will find a retreat without going ſo far as the wigwams of the Miamis. My ſiſter Tabby is making continual advances to him, in the way of affection; and, if I may truſt to appearances, the captain is diſpoſed to take opportunity by the forelock. For my part, I intend to encourage this correſpondence, and ſhall be glad to ſee them united—In that caſe we ſhall find a way to ſettle them comfortably in our own neighbourhood. I, and my ſervants, will get rid of a very troubleſome and tyrannic governante; and I ſhall have the benefit of Liſmahago's converſation, without being obliged to take more of his company than I deſire; for though an olla is a high-flavoured diſh, I could not bear to dine upon it every day of my life.

I am much pleaſed with Mancheſter, which is one of the moſt agreeable and flouriſhing towns in Great Britain; and I perceive that this is the place which hath animated the ſpirit, and ſuggeſted the chief manufactures of Glaſgow. We propoſe to viſit Chatſworth, the Peak, and Buxton, from which laſt place we ſhall proceed directly homewards, though by eaſy journeys. If the ſeaſon has been as favourable in Wales as in the north, your

harveſt is happily finiſhed; and we have nothing left to think of but our October, of which let Barnes be properly reminded. You will find me much better in fleſh than I was at our parting; and this ſhort ſeparation has given a new edge to thoſe ſentiments of friendſhip with which I always have been, and ever ſhall be,

Yours,

Manchester, Sept. 15. MATT. BRAMBLE.

To MRS. GWILLIM, *houſekeeper at Brambletonhall.*

MRS. GWILLIM.

IT has pleaſed Providence to bring us ſafe back to England, and partake us in many pearls by land and water, in particular, the *Devil's Harſe-a-pike*, and *Hoyden's Hole*, which hath got no bottom; and, as we are drawing houmwards, it may be proper to upriſe you, that Brambletonhall may be in a condition to receive us, after this long jurney to the iſlands of Scotland. By the firſt of next month you may begin to make conſtant fires in my brother's chamber and mine; and burn a fagget every day in the yellow damaſk room; have the teſter and curtains duſted, and the feather-bed and matroſſes well haired; becauſe, perhaps, with bliſſing of Heaven, they may be yuſed on ſome occaſion. Let the ould hogſheads be well ſkewred and ſeaſoned for bear, as Mat is reſolved to have his ſeller choak-fool.

If the houſe was mine, I would turn over a new leaf —I don't ſee why the ſarvants of Wales ſhouldn't drink fair water, and eat hot cakes and barley cale, as they do in Scotland, without troubling the botcher above once a quarter—I hope you keep accunt of Roger's purſeeding in reverence to the butter-milk. I expect my due when I come huom, without baiting an aſs, I'll aſſure you.—As you muſt have layed a great many more eggs than would be eaten, I do ſuppoſe there is a power of turks, chickings, and guzzling about the houſe; and a brave kergo of cheeſe ready for market; and that the owl has been ſent to Crickhowel, ſaving what the maide ſpun in the family.

Pray let the whole houſe and furniture have a through cleaning from top to bottom, for the honour of Wales; and let Roger ſearch into, and make a general clearance of the ſlit holes which the maids have in ſecret; for I know they are much given to ſloath and uncleanneſs. I hope you have worked a reformation among them, as I exhorted you in my laſt, and ſet their hearts upon better things than they can find in junkitting and caterwauling with the fellows of the country.

As for Win Jenkins, ſhe has undergone a perfect metamurphyſis, and is become a new creeter from the ammunition of Humphry Clinker, our new footman, a pious young man, who has laboured exceedingly, that ſhe may bring forth fruits of repentance. I make no doubt but he will take the ſame pains with that pert huſſy Mary Jones, and all of you; and that he may have power given to penetrate and inſtill his goodneſs, even into your moſt inward parts, is the fervent prayer of,

Your friend in the ſpirit,

Sept. 18. TAB. BRAMBLE.

To DR. LEWIS.

DEAR LEWIS,

LISMAHAGO is more paradoxical than ever.—The late gulp he had of his native air ſeems to have blown freſh ſpirits into all his polemical faculties. I congratulated him the other day on the preſent flouriſhing ſtate of his country, obſerving, that the Scotch were now in a fair way to wipe off the national reproach of poverty, and expreſſing my ſatisfaction at the happy effects of the Union, ſo conſpicuous in the improvement of their agriculture, commerce, manufactures, and manners—The lieutenant, ſcrewing up his features into a look of diſſent and diſguſt, commented on my remarks to this effect—"Thoſe who reproach a nation for its poverty, when it is not owing to the profligacy or vice of the people, deſerve no anſwer.—The Lacedemonians were poorer than

Scotch, when they took the lead among all the free
s of Greece, and were eſteemed above them all for
: valour and their virtue. The moſt reſpectable he-
of ancient Rome, ſuch as Fabricius, Cincinnatus,
Regulus, were poorer than the pooreſt freeholder in
land; and there are at this day individuals in North
ain, one of whom can produce more gold and ſilver
the whole republic of Rome could raiſe at thoſe
s when her public virtue ſhone with unrivalled luſtre;
poverty was ſo far from being a reproach, that it
:d freſh laurels to her fame, becauſe it indicated a
e contempt of wealth, which was proof againſt all
arts of corruption. If poverty be a ſubject of re-
ich, it follows, that wealth is the object of eſteem
veneration. In that caſe there are Jews and others in
ſterdam and London, enriched by uſury, peculation,
different ſpecies of fraud and extortion, who are
e eſtimable than the moſt virtuous and illuſtrious
nbers of the community; an abſurdity which no man
is ſenſes will offer to maintain. Riches are certainly
proof of merit: Nay, they are often (if not moſt
monly) acquired by perſons of ſordid minds and mean
nts; Nor do they give any intrinſic worth to the poſ-
r: but, on the contrary, tend to pervert his under-
ding, and render his morals more depraved. But
ting that poverty were really matter of reproach, it
not be juſtly imputed to Scotland. No country is
r that can ſupply its inhabitants with the neceſſaries
ife, and even afford articles for exportation. Scot-
l is rich in natural advantages: It produces every
ies of proviſion in abundance, vaſt herds of cattle,
flocks of ſheep, with a great number of horſes; pre-
ous quantities of wool and flax, with plenty of copſe
d, and in ſome parts large foreſts of timber. The
h is ſtill more rich below than above the ſurface. It
ds inexhauſtible ſtores of coal, free-ſtone, marble,
, iron, copper, and ſilver, with ſome gold. The ſea
unds with excellent fiſh, and ſalt to cure them for
portation; and there are creeks and harbours round
whole kingdom, for the convenience and ſecurity of
igation. The face of the country diſplays a ſurpriſ-
number of cities, towns, villas, and villages, ſwarming

with people; and there ſeems to be no want of art, induſtry, government, and police.—Such a kingdom never can be called poor, in any ſenſe of the word, though there may be many others more powerful and opulent. But the proper uſe of thoſe advantages, and the preſent proſperity of the Scotch, you ſeem to derive from the Union of the two kingdoms."

I ſaid, I ſuppoſed he would not deny that the appearance of the country was much mended; that the people lived better, had more trade, and a greater quantity of money circulating ſince the Union, than before. "I may ſafely admit theſe premiſes (anſwered the lieutenant), without ſubſcribing to your inference. The difference you mention, I ſhould take to be the natural progreſs of improvement—Since that period, other nations, ſuch as the Swedes, the Danes, and in particular the French, have greatly increaſed in commerce, without any ſuch cauſe aſſigned. Before the Union, there was a remarkable ſpirit of trade among the Scotch, as appeared in the caſe of their Darien company, in which they had embarked no leſs than four hundred thouſand pounds Sterling; and in the flouriſhing ſtate of the maritime towns in Fife, and on the eaſtern coaſt, enriched by their trade with France, which failed in conſequence of the Union. The only ſolid commercial advantage reaped from that meaſure, was the privilege of trading to the Engliſh plantations; yet, excepting Glaſgow and Dumfries, I don't know any other Scotch towns concerned in that traffic. In other reſpects, I conceive, the Scotch were loſers by the Union. They loſt the independency of their ſtate, the greateſt prop of national ſpirit; they loſt their parliament, and their courts of juſtice were ſubjected to the reviſion and ſupremacy of an Engliſh tribunal."

"Softly, Captain (cried I), you cannot be ſaid to have loſt your own parliament, while you are repreſented in that of Great Britain." "True (ſaid he, with a ſarcaſtic grin), in debates of national competition, the ſixteen peers and forty-five commoners of Scotland muſt make a formidable figure in the ſcale, againſt the whole Engliſh legiſlature." "Be that as it may (I obſerved), while I had the honour to ſit in the lower houſe, the Scotch members had always the majority on their ſide." "I

underſtand you, Sir (ſaid he), they generally ſide with the majority; ſo much the worſe for their conſtituents. But even this evil is not the worſt they have ſuſtained by the Union. Their trade has been ſaddled with grievous impoſitions, and every article of living ſeverely taxed, to pay the intereſt of enormous debts, contracted by the Engliſh, in ſupport of meaſures and connections in which the Scotch had no intereſt nor concern." I begged he would at leaſt allow, that, by the Union, the Scotch were admitted to all the privileges and immunities of Engliſh ſubjects; by which means multitudes of them were provided for in the army and navy, and got fortunes in different parts of England and its dominions. "All theſe (ſaid he) become Engliſh ſubjects to all intents and purpoſes, and are in a great meaſure loſt to their mother country. The ſpirit of rambling and adventure has been always peculiar to the natives of Scotland. If they had not met with encouragement in England, they would have ſerved and ſettled, as formerly, in other countries, ſuch as Muſcovy, Sweden, Denmark, Poland, Germany, France, Piedmont, and Italy, in all which nations their deſcendents continue to flouriſh even at this day."

By this time my patience began to fail, and I exclaimed, "For God's ſake, what has England got by this Union, which, you ſay, has been ſo productive of misfortune to the Scotch?" "Great and manifold are the advantages which England derives from the Union (ſaid Liſmahago, in a ſolemn tone): Firſt and foremoſt, the ſettlement of the Proteſtant ſucceſſion, a point which the Engliſh miniſtry drove with ſuch eagerneſs, that no ſtone was left unturned to cajole and bribe a few leading men, to cram the Union down the throats of the Scottiſh nation, who were ſurpriſingly averſe to the expedient. They gained by it a conſiderable addition of territory, extending their dominion to the ſea on all ſides of the iſland, thereby ſhutting up all back-doors againſt the enterpriſes of their enemies. They got an acceſſion of above a million of uſeful ſubjects, conſtituting a never-failing nurſery of ſeamen, ſoldiers, labourers, and mechanics; a moſt valuable acquiſition to a trading country, expoſed to foreign wars, and obliged to maintain a number of ſettlements in all the four quarters of the globe. In the courſe

of ſeven years, during the laſt war, Scotland furniſhed the Engliſh army and navy with ſeventy thouſand men, over and above thoſe who migrated to their colonies, or mingled with them at home in the civil departments of life. This was a very conſiderable and ſeaſonable ſupply to a nation, whoſe people had been for many years decreaſing in number, and whoſe lands and manufactures were actually ſuffering for want of hands. I need not remind you of the hackneyed maxim, that, to a nation in ſuch circumſtances, a ſupply of induſtrious people is a ſupply of wealth; nor repeat an obſervation, which is now received as an eternal truth, even among the Engliſh themſelves, that the Scotch who ſettle in South Britain are remarkably ſober, orderly, and induſtrious."

I allowed the truth of this remark, adding, that, by their induſtry, economy, and circumſpection, many of them in England, as well as in her colonies, amaſſed large fortunes, with which they returned to their own country, and this was ſo much loſt to South Britain."—"Give me leave, Sir (ſaid he), to aſſure you, that in your fact you are miſtaken, and in your deduction erroneous. —Not one in two hundred that leave Scotland ever returns to ſettle in his own country; and the few that do return, carry thither nothing that can poſſibly diminiſh the ſtock of South Britain; for none of their treaſure ſtagnates in Scotland—There is a continual circulation, like that of the blood in the human body, and England is the heart, to which all the ſtreams which it diſtributes are refunded and returned; nay, in conſequence of that luxury, which our connection with England hath greatly encouraged, if not introduced, all the produce of our lands, and all the profits of our trade, are engroſſed by the natives of South Britain; for you will find that the exchange between the two kingdoms is always againſt Scotland, and that ſhe retains neither gold nor ſilver ſufficient for her own circulation. The Scotch, not content with their own manufactures and produce, which would very well anſwer all neceſſary occaſions, ſeem to vie with each other in purchaſing ſuperfluities from England, ſuch as broad cloth, velvets, ſtuffs, ſilks, lace, furs, jewels, furniture of all ſorts, ſugar, rum, tea, chocolate, and coffee; in a word, not only every mode of the moſt extrava-

gant luxury, but even many articles of convenience, which they might find as good, and much cheaper in their own country. For all theſe particulars, England, I conceive, may touch about one millions Sterling a-year.—I don't pretend to make an exact calculation; perhaps it may be ſomething leſs, and perhaps a great deal more.—The annual revenue ariſing from all the private eſtates of Scotland cannot fall ſhort of a million Sterling; and I ſhould imagine their trade will amount to as much more. I know, the linen manufacture alone returns near half a million, excluſive of the home conſumption of that article. If, therefore, North Britain pays a balance of a million annually to England, I inſiſt upon it, that country is more valuable to her, in the way of commerce, than any colony in her poſſeſſion, over and above the other advantages which I have ſpecified; therefore, they are no friends either to England or to truth, who affect to depreciate the northern part of the united kingdom."

I muſt own, I was at firſt a little nettled to find myſelf ſchooled in ſo many particulars.—Though I did not receive all his aſſertions as goſpel, I was not prepared to refute them; and I cannot help now acquieſcing in his remarks, ſo far as to think, that the contempt for Scotland, which prevails too much on this ſide of the Tweed, is founded on prejudice and error.—After ſome recollection, "Well, Captain (ſaid I), you have argued ſtoutly for the importance of your own country: For my part, I have ſuch a regard for our fellow-ſubjects of North-Britain, that I ſhould be glad to ſee the day when your peaſants can afford to give all their oats to their cattle, hogs, and poultry, and indulge themſelves with good wheaten loaves, inſtead of ſuch poor, unpalatable, and inflammatory diet." Here again I brought myſelf into a præmunire with the diſputatious Caledonian. He ſaid, he hoped he ſhould never ſee the common people lifted out of that ſphere for which they were intended by nature and the courſe of things; that they might have ſome reaſon to complain of their bread, if it were mixed, like that of Norway, with ſaw-duſt and fiſh-bones: but that oat-meal was, he apprehended, as nouriſhing and ſalutary as wheat-flour, and the Scoth in general thought it at leaſt as ſavoury.—He affirmed, that a mouſe, which

in the article of ſelf-preſervation, might be ſuppoſed to act from infallible inſtinct, would always prefer oats to wheat, as appeared from experience; for, in a place where there was a parcel of each, that animal had never begun to feed upon the latter till all the oats were conſumed. For their nutritive quality, he appealed to the hale robuſt conſtitutions of the people, who lived chiefly upon oat-meal: and, inſtead of being inflammatory, he aſſerted, that it was cooling, ſubacid, balſamic, and mucilaginous; inſomuch, that, in all inflammatory diſtempers, recourſe was had to water-gruel, and flummery made of oat-meal.

"At leaſt (ſaid I), give me leave to wiſh them ſuch a degree of commerce as may enable them to follow their own inclinations." "Heaven forbid! (cried this philoſopher). Wo be to that nation, where the multitude is at liberty to follow their own inclinations! Commerce is undoubtedly a bleſſing, while reſtrained within its proper channels; but a glut of wealth brings along with it a glut of evils: It brings falſe taſte, falſe appetite, falſe wants, profuſion, venality, contempt of order, engendering a ſpirit of licentiouſneſs, inſolence, and faction, that keeps the community in continual ferment, and in time deſtroys all the diſtinctions of civil ſociety; ſo that univerſal anarchy and uproar muſt enſue. Will any ſenſible man affirm, that the national advantages of opulence are to be ſought on theſe terms? No, ſure;—but I am one of thoſe who think, that, by proper regulations, commerce may produce every national benefit, without the allay of ſuch concomitant evils."

So much for the dogmata of my friend Liſmahago, whom I deſcribe the more circumſtantially, as I firmly believe he will ſet up his reſt in Monmouthſhire. Yeſterday, while I was alone with him, he aſked, in ſome confuſion, If I ſhould have any objection to the ſucceſs of a gentleman and a ſoldier, provided he ſhould be ſo fortunate as to engage my ſiſter's affection? I anſwered, without heſitation, that my ſiſter was old enough to judge for herſelf; and that I ſhould be very far from diſapproving any reſolution ſhe might take in his favour. His eyes ſparkled at this declaration. He declared, he ſhould think himſelf the happieſt man on earth to be connected with my family; and that he ſhould never be weary of giving

me proofs of his gratitude and attachment. I ſuppoſe Tabby and he are already agreed, in which caſe we ſhall have a wedding at Brambleton-hall, and you ſhall give away the bride. It is the leaſt thing you can do, by way of atonement for your former cruelty to that poor love-ſick maiden, who has been ſo long a thorn in the ſide of,

Yours,

Sept. 20. MATT. BRAMBLE.

We have been at Buxton; but, as I did not much reliſh either the company or the accommodations, and had no occaſion for the water, we ſtaid but two nights in the place.

To Sir WATKIN PHILLIPS, *Bart. at Oxon.*

DEAR WAT,

ADVENTURES begin to thicken as we advance to the ſouthward. Liſmahago has now profeſſed himſelf the admirer of our aunt, and carries on his addreſſes under the ſanction of her brother's approbation; ſo that we ſhall certainly have a wedding by Chriſtmas. I ſhould be glad you was preſent at the nuptials, to help me to throw the ſtocking, and perform other ceremonies peculiar to the occaſion. I am ſure it will be productive of ſome diverſion; and, truly, it would be worth your while to come acroſs the country on purpoſe to ſee two ſuch original figures in bed together, with their laced night caps; he the emblem of good cheer, and ſhe the picture of good nature. All this agreeable proſpect was clouded, and had well nigh vaniſhed entirely, in conſequence of a late miſunderſtanding between the future brothers-in-law, which, however, is now happily removed.

A few days ago, my uncle and I, going to viſit a relation, met with Lord Oxmington at his houſe, who aſked us to dine with him next day, and we accepted the invitation. Accordingly, leaving our women under the care of Captain Liſmahago, at the inn where we had lodged the preceding night, in a little town, about a mile

from his lordſhip's dwelling, we went at the hour appointed, and had a faſhionable meal, ſerved up with much oſtentation, to a company of about a dozen perſons, none of whom we had ever ſeen before. His lordſhip is much more remarkable for his pride and caprice, than for his hoſpitality and underſtanding; and, indeed, it appeared that he conſidered his gueſts merely as objects to ſhine upon, ſo as to reflect the luſtre of his own magnificence. There was much ſtate, but no courteſy; and a great deal of compliment, without any converſation. Before the deſert was removed, our noble entertainer propoſed three general toaſts; then calling for a glaſs of wine, and bowing all round, wiſhed us a good afternoon. This was the ſignal for the company to break up, and they obeyed it immediately, all except our ſquire, who was greatly ſhocked at the manner of this diſmiſſion. He changed countenance, bit his lip in ſilence, but ſtill kept his ſeat, ſo that his lordſhip found himſelf obliged to give us another hint, by ſaying, he ſhould be glad to ſee us another time. "There is no time like the preſent time (cried Mr. Bramble); your lordſhip has not yet drank a bumper to *the beſt in Chriſtendom.*" "I'll drink no more bumpers to-day (anſwered our landlord); and I am ſorry to ſee you have drank too many—Order the gentleman's carriage to the gate." So ſaying, he roſe and retired abruptly; our ſquire ſtarting up at the ſame time, laying his hand upon his ſword, and eyeing him with a moſt ferocious aſpect. The maſter having vaniſhed in this manner, our uncle bade one of the ſervants ſee what was to pay; and the fellow anſwering, "This is no inn:"—"I cry you mercy (ſaid the other), I perceive it is not; if it were, the landlord would be more civil. There's a guinea, however, take it, and tell your lord, that I ſhall not leave the country till I have had an opportunity to thank him in perſon for his politeneſs and hoſpitality."

We then walked down ſtairs through a double range of lacqueys, and, getting into the chaiſe, proceeded homewards. Perceiving the ſquire much ruffled, I ventured to diſapprove of his reſentment, obſerving, that, as Lord Oxmington was well known to have his brain very ill timbered, a ſenſible man ſhould rather laugh than be angry at his ridiculous want of breeding. Mr. Bramble

took umbrage at my preſuming to be wiſer than he upon this occaſion; and told me, that, as he had always thought for himſelf in every occurrence in life, he would ſtill uſe the ſame privilege, with my good leave.

When we returned to our inn, he cloſeted Liſmahago; and having explained his grievance, deſired that gentleman to go and demand ſatisfaction of Lord Oxmington in his name. The lieutenant charged himſelf with this commiſſion, and immediately ſet out a-horſeback for his lordſhip's houſe, attended, at his own requeſt, by my man Archy Macalpine, who had been uſed to military ſervice; and truly, if Macalpine had been mounted upon an aſs, this couple might have paſſed for the Knight of La Mancha and his ſquire Panza. It was not till after ſome demur, that Liſmahago obtained a private audience, at which he formally defied his lordſhip to ſingle combat, in the name of Mr. Bramble, and deſired him to appoint the time and place. Lord Oxmington was ſo confounded at this unexpected meſſage, that he could not, for ſome time, make any articulate reply; but ſtood ſtaring at the lieutenant with manifeſt marks of perturbation. At length, ringing a bell with great vehemence, he exclaimed, "What! a commoner ſend a challenge to a peer of the realm!—Privilege! privilege!—Here's a perſon brings me a challenge from the Welchman that dined at my table. An impudent fellow!—My wine is not yet out of his head."

The whole houſe was immediately in commotion.—Macalpine made a ſoldierly retreat with the two horſes; but the captain was ſuddenly ſurrounded and diſarmed by the footmen, whom a French valet de chambre headed in this exploit; his ſword was paſſed through a cloſe ſtool, and his perſon through the horſe pond. In this plight he returned to the inn, half mad with his diſgrace. So violent was the rage of his indignation, that he miſtook its object. He wanted to quarrel with Mr. Bramble; he ſaid, he had been diſhonoured on his account, and he looked for reparation at his hands. My uncle's back was up in a moment; and he deſired him to explain his pretenſions." "Either compel Lord Oxmington to give me ſatisfaction (cried he), or give it me in your perſon." "The latter part of the alternative is the moſt eaſy and

expeditious (replied the ſquire, ſtarting up); if you are diſpoſed for a walk, I'll attend you this moment."

Here they were interrupted by Mrs. Tabby, who had overheard all that paſſed. She now burſt into the room, and running betwixt them, in great agitation, "Is this your regard for me (ſaid ſhe to the lieutenant), to ſeek the life of my brother?" Liſmahago, who ſeemed to grow cool as my uncle grew hot, aſſured her he had a very great reſpect for Mr. Bramble, but he had ſtill more for his own honour, which had ſuffered pollution; but if that could be once purified, he ſhould have no farther cauſe of diſſatisfaction. The ſquire ſaid, he ſhould have thought it incumbent upon him to vindicate the lieutenant's honour; but as he now carved for himſelf, he might ſwallow and digeſt it as well as he could—In a word, what betwixt the mediation of Mrs. Tabitha, the recollection of the captain, who perceived he had gone too far, and the remonſtrances of your humble ſervant, who joined them at this juncture, thoſe two originals were perfectly reconciled; and then we proceeded to deliberate upon the means of taking vengeance for the inſults they had received from the petulant peer; for until that aim ſhould be accompliſhed, Mr. Bramble ſwore, with great emphaſis, that he would not leave the inn where we now lodged, even if he ſhould paſs his Chriſtmas on the ſpot.

In conſequence of our deliberations, we next day, in the forenoon, proceeded in a body to his lordſhip's houſe, all of us, with our ſervants, including the coachman, mounted a-horſeback, with our piſtols loaded and ready primed.—Thus prepared for action, we paraded ſolemnly and ſlowly before his lordſhip's gate, which we paſſed three times, in ſuch a manner, that he could not but ſee us, and ſuſpect the cauſe of our appearance.—After dinner we returned, and performed the ſame cavalcade, which was again repeated the morning following; but we had no occaſion to perſiſt in theſe manœuvres.—About noon we were viſited by the gentleman at whoſe houſe we had firſt ſeen Lord Oxmington —He now came to make apologies in the name of his lordſhip, who declared he had no intention to give offence to my uncle, in practiſing what had been always the cuſtom of his

houſe; and that as for the indignities which had been put upon the officer, they were offered without his lordſhip's knowledge, at the inſtigation of his valet de chambre. —"If that be the caſe (ſaid my uncle, in a peremptory tone), I ſhall be contented with Lord Oxmington's perſonal excuſes; and I hope my friend will be ſatisfied with his lordſhip's turning that inſolent raſcal out of his ſervice."—Sir (cried Liſmahago), I muſt inſiſt upon taking perſonal vengeance for the perſonal injuries I have ſuſtained."

After ſome debate, the affair was adjuſted in this manner. His lordſhip, meeting us at our friend's houſe, declared he was ſorry for what had happened; and that he had no intention to give umbrage.—The valet de chambre aſked pardon of the lieutenant upon his knees, when Liſmahago, to the aſtoniſhment of all preſent, gave him a violent kick on the face, which laid him on his back, exclaiming in a furious tone, "*Oui je te pardonne, gens foutre.*"

Such was the fortunate iſſue of this perilous adventure, which threatened abundance of vexation to our family; for the ſquire is one of thoſe who will ſacrifice both life and fortune, rather than leave what he conceives to be the leaſt ſpeck or blemiſh upon his honour and reputation. His lordſhip had no ſooner pronounced his apology, with a very bad grace, than he went away in ſome diſorder, and, I dare ſay, he will never invite another Welchman to his table.

We forthwith quitted the field of this achievement, in order to proſecute our journey; but we follow no determinate courſe.—We make ſmall deviations, to ſee the remarkable towns, villas, and curioſities on each ſide of our route; ſo that we advance by ſlow ſteps towards the borders of Monmouthſhire: But, in the midſt of theſe irregular motions, there is no aberration nor eccentricity in that affection with which I am, dear Wat,

Yours always,

September 28. J. MELFORD.

To DR. LEWIS.

DEAR DICK,

AT what time of life may a man think himſelf exempted from the neceſſity of ſacrificing his repoſe to the punctilios of a contemptible world? I have been engaged in a ridiculous adventure, which I ſhall recount at meeting; and this, I hope, will not be much longer delayed, as we have now performed almoſt all our viſits, and ſeen every thing that I think has any right to retard us in our journey homewards—A few days ago, underſtanding, by accident, that my old friend Baynard was in the country, I would not paſs ſo near his habitation without paying him a viſit, though our correſpondence had been interrupted for a long courſe of years.

I felt myſelf very ſenſibly affected by the ideas of our paſt intimacy, as we approached the place where we had ſpent ſo many happy days together; but when we arrived at the houſe, I could not recognize any one of thoſe objects which had been ſo deeply impreſſed upon my remembrance—The tall oaks that ſhaded the avenue had been cut down, and the iron gates at the end of it removed, together with the high wall that ſurrounded the court-yard. The houſe itſelf, which was formerly a convent of Ciſtercian monks, had a venerable appearance; and along the front that looked into the garden, was a ſtone gallery, which afforded me many an agreeable walk, when I was diſpoſed to be contemplative.—Now the old front is covered with a ſcreen of modern architecture; ſo that all without is Grecian, and all within Gothic.—As for the garden, which was well ſtocked with the beſt fruit which England could produce, there is not now the leaſt veſtige remaining of trees, walls, or hedges.—Nothing appears but a naked circus of looſe ſand, with a dry baſon and a leaden Triton in the middle.

You muſt know, that Baynard, at his father's death, had a clear eſtate of fifteen hundred pounds a-year, and was in other reſpects extremely well qualified to make a reſpectable figure in the commonwealth; but, what with ſome exceſſes of youth, and the expence of a conteſted

election, he, in a few years, found himſelf encumbered with a debt of ten thouſand pounds, which he reſolved to diſcharge by means of a prudent marriage.—He accordingly married a Miſs Thomſon, whoſe fortune amounted to double the ſum that he owed.—She was the daughter of a citizen who had failed in trade; but her fortune came by an uncle, who died in the Eaſt Indies.—Her own parents being dead, ſhe lived with a maiden aunt, who had ſuperintended her education, and, in all appearance, was well enough qualified for the uſual purpoſes of the married ſtate.—Her virtues, however, ſtood rather upon a negative than a poſitive foundation.—She was neither proud, inſolent, nor capricious, nor given to ſcandal, nor addicted to gaming, nor inclined to gallantry.—She could read, and write, and dance, and ſing, and play upon the harpſichord, and ſmatter French, and take a hand at whiſt and ombre; but even theſe accompliſhments ſhe poſſeſſed by halves.—She excelled in nothing. Her converſation was flat, her ſtyle mean, and her expreſſion embarraſſed—In a word, her character was totally inſipid. Her perſon was not diſagreeable; but there was nothing graceful in her addreſs, nor engaging in her manners; and ſhe was ſo ill qualified to do the honours of the houſe, that, when ſhe ſat at the head of the table, one was always looking for the miſtreſs of the family in ſome other place.

Baynard had flattered himſelf that it would be no difficult matter to mould ſuch a ſubject after his own faſhion, and that ſhe would cheerfully enter into his views, which were wholly turned to domeſtic happineſs. He propoſed to reſide always in the country, of which he was fond to a degree of enthuſiaſm; to cultivate his eſtate, which was very improveable; to enjoy the exerciſe of rural diverſions; to maintain an intimacy of correſpondence with ſome friends that were ſettled in his neighbourhood; to keep a comfortable houſe, without ſuffering his expences to exceed the limits of his income; and to find pleaſure and employment for his wife in the management and avocations of her own family.—This, however, was a viſionary ſcheme, which he never was able to realize.—His wife was as ignorant as a new-born babe of every thing that related to the conduct of a family; and ſhe

had no idea of a country life—Her underſtanding did not reach ſo far as to comprehend the firſt principles of diſcretion; and indeed, if her capacity had been better than it was, her natural indolence would not have permitted her to abandon a certain routine to which ſhe had been habituated. She had not taſte enough to reliſh any rational enjoyment; but her ruling paſſion was vanity, not that ſpecies which ariſes from ſelf-conceit of ſuperior accompliſhments, but that which is of a baſtard and idiot nature, excited by ſhow and oſtentation, which implies not even the leaſt conſciouſneſs of any perſonal merit.

The nuptial peal of noiſe and nonſenſe being rung out in all the uſual changes, Mr. Baynard thought it high time to make her acquainted with the particulars of the plan which he had projected—He told her that his fortune, though ſufficient to afford all the comforts of life, was not ample enough to command all the ſuperfluities of pomp and pageantry, which, indeed, were equally abſurd and intolerable—He therefore hoped ſhe would have no objection to their leaving London in the ſpring, when he would take the opportunity to diſmiſs ſome unneceſſary domeſtics, whom he had hired for the occaſion of their marriage—She heard him in ſilence, and, after ſome pauſe, "So (ſaid ſhe), I am to be buried in the country!" He was ſo confounded at this reply, that he could not ſpeak for ſome minutes: At length he told her he was much mortified to find he had propoſed any thing that was diſagreeable to her ideas.—"I am ſure (added he) I meant nothing more than to lay down a comfortable plan of living within the bounds of our fortune, which is but moderate." "Sir (added ſhe), you are the beſt judge of your own affairs—My fortune, I know, does not exceed twenty thouſand pounds—Yet, even with that pittance, I might have had a huſband who would not have begrudged me a houſe in London—" "Good God! my dear (cried poor Baynard, in the utmoſt agitation), you don't think me ſo ſordid—I only hinted what I thought—But I don't pretend to impoſe—" "Yes, Sir (reſumed the lady), it is your prerogative to command, and my duty to obey—"

So ſaying, ſhe burſt into tears, and retired to her chamber, where ſhe was joined by her aunt—He endeavoured

to recollect himſelf, and act with vigour of mind on this occaſion; but was betrayed by the tenderneſs of his nature, which was the greateſt defect of his conſtitution. He found the aunt in tears, and the niece in a fit, which held her the beſt part of eight hours, at the expiration of which, ſhe began to talk incoherently about *death* and her *dear huſband*, who had ſat by her all this time, and now preſſed her hand to his lips, in a tranſport of grief and penitence for the offence he had given—From thenceforward, he carefully avoided mentioning the country; and they continued to be ſucked deeper and deeper into the vortex of extravagance and diſſipation, leading what is called a faſhionable life in town—About the latter end of July, however, Mrs. Baynard, in order to exhibit a proof of conjugal obedience, deſired, of her own accord, that they might pay a viſit to his country-houſe, as there was no company left in London. He would have excuſed himſelf from this excurſion, which was no part of the economical plan he had propoſed; but ſhe inſiſted upon making this ſacrifice to his taſte and prejudices, and away they went with ſuch an equipage as aſtoniſhed the whole country—All that remained of the ſeaſon was engroſſed by receiving and returning viſits in the neighbourhood; and, in this intercourſe, it was diſcovered that Sir John Chickwell had a houſe-ſteward and one footman in livery more than the compliment of Mr. Baynard's houſehold.—This remark was made by the aunt at table, and aſſented to by the huſband, who obſerved, that Sir John Chickwell might very well afford to keep more ſervants than were found in the family of a man who had not half his fortune. Mrs. Baynard eat no ſupper that evening; but was ſeized with a violent fit, which completed her triumph over the ſpirit of her conſort. The two ſupernumerary ſervants were added—The family plate was ſold for old ſilver, and a new ſervice procured; faſhionable furniture was provided, and the whole houſe turned topſy turvy.

At their return to London, in the beginning of winter, he, with a heavy heart, communicated theſe particulars to me in confidence. Before his marriage he had introduced me to the lady as his particular friend; and I now offered, in that character, to lay before her the neceſſity

of reforming her economy, if ſhe had any regard to the intereſt of her own family, or complaiſance for the inclinations of her huſband.—But Baynard declined my offer, on the ſuppoſition that his wife's nerves were too delicate to bear expoſtulation; and that it would only ſerve to overwhelm her with ſuch diſtreſs as would make himſelf miſerable.

Baynard is a man of ſpirit, and had ſhe proved a termagant, he would have known how to deal with her; but, either by accident or inſtinct, ſhe faſtened upon the weak ſide of his ſoul, and held it ſo faſt, that he has been in ſubjection ever ſince.—I afterwards adviſed him to carry her abroad to France and Italy, where he might gratify her vanity for half the expence it coſt him in England; and this advice he followed accordingly.—She was agreeably flattered with the idea of ſeeing and knowing foreign parts and foreign faſhions, of being preſented to ſovereigns, and living familiarly with princes. She forthwith ſeized the hint, which I had thrown out on purpoſe, and even preſſed Mr. Baynard to haſten his departure; ſo that, in a few weeks, they croſſed the ſea to France, with a moderate train, ſtill including the aunt, who was her boſom counſellor, and abetted her in all her oppoſition to her huſband's will.—Since that period I have had little or no opportunity to renew our former correſpondence.—All that I knew of his tranſactions amounted to no more than that, after an abſence of two years, they returned ſo little improved in economy, that they launched out into new oceans of extravagance, which at length obliged him to mortgage his eſtate.—By this time ſhe had bore him three children, of which the laſt only ſurvives, a puny boy of twelve or thirteen, who will be ruined in his education by the indulgence of his mother.

As for Baynard, neither his own good ſenſe, nor the dread of indigence, nor the conſideration of his children, has been of force ſufficient to ſtimulate him into the reſolution of breaking at once the ſhameful ſpell by which he ſeems enchanted.—With a taſte capable of the moſt refined enjoyment, a heart glowing with all the warmth of friendſhip and humanity, and a diſpoſition ſtrongly turned to the more rational pleaſures of a retired and country life, he is hurried about in a perpetual tumult,

amidſt a mob of beings pleaſed with rattles, baubles, and gewgaws, ſo void of ſenſe and diſtinction, that even the moſt acute philoſophy would find it a very hard taſk to diſcover for what wiſe purpoſes of providence they were created.—Friendſhip is not to be found, nor can the amuſements for which he ſighs be enjoyed, within the rotation of abſurdity to which he is doomed for life. He has long reſigned all views of improving his fortune by management and attention to the exerciſe of huſbandry, in which he delighted; and, as to domeſtic happineſs, not the leaſt glimpſe of hope remains to amuſe his imagination. Thus blaſted in all his proſpects, he could not fail to be overwhelmed with melancholy and chagrin, which have preyed upon his health and ſpirits in ſuch a manner, that he is now threatened with a conſumption.

I have given you a ſketch of the man whom the other day I went to viſit.—At the gate we found a great number of powdered lacqueys, but no civility.—After we had ſat a conſiderable time in the coach, we were told, that Mr. Baynard had rode out, and that his lady was dreſſing; but we were introduced to a parlour, ſo very fine and delicate, that in all appearance it was deſigned to be ſeen only, not inhabited. The chairs and couches were carved, gilt, and covered with rich damaſk, ſo ſmooth and ſleek, that they looked as if they had never been ſat upon. There was no carpet on the floor; but the boards were rubbed and waxed in ſuch a manner, that we could not walk, but were obliged to ſlide along them; and, as for the ſtove, it was too bright and poliſhed to be polluted with ſea-coal, or ſtained by the ſmoke of any groſs material fire.—When we had remained above half an hour, ſacrificing to the inhoſpitable powers in this *temple of cold reception*, my friend Baynard arrived, and, underſtanding we were in the houſe, made his appearance, ſo meagre, yellow, and dejected, that I really ſhould not have known him, had I met with him in any other place.—Running up to me, with great eagerneſs, he ſtrained me in his embrace, and his heart was ſo full, that for ſome minutes he could not ſpeak.—Having ſaluted us all round, he perceived our uncomfortable ſituation, and, conducting us into another apartment, which had fire in the chimney, called for chocolate; then withdrawing, he

returned with a compliment from his wife, and, in the mean time, preſented his ſon Harry, a ſhambling bleareyed boy, in the habit of a huſſar, very rude, forward, and impertinent—His father would have ſent him to a boarding-ſchool, but his mamma and aunt would not hear of his lying out of the houſe; ſo that there was a clergyman engaged as his tutor in the family.

As it was but juſt turned of twelve, and the whole houſe was in commotion to prepare a formal entertainment, I foreſaw it would be late before we dined, and propoſed a walk to Mr. Baynard, that we might converſe together freely. In the courſe of this perambulation, when I expreſſed ſome ſurpriſe that he had returned ſo ſoon from Italy, he gave me to underſtand, that his going abroad had not at all anſwered the purpoſe for which he left England; that, although the expence of living was not ſo great in Italy as at home, reſpect being had to the ſame rank of life in both countries, it had been found neceſſary for him to lift himſelf above his uſual ſtyle, that he might be on ſome footing with the counts, marquiſſes, and cavaliers, with whom he kept company.—He was obliged to hire a great number of ſervants, to take off a great variety of rich clothes, and to keep a ſumptuous table for the faſhionable ſorocconi of the country, who, without a conſideration of this kind, would not have paid any attention to an untitled foreigner, let his family or fortune be ever ſo reſpectable.—Beſides, Mrs. Baynard was continually ſurrounded by a train of expenſive loungers, under the denominations of language-maſters, muſicians, painters, and ciceroni; and had actually fallen into the diſeaſe of buying pictures and antiques upon her own judgment, which was far from being infallible.—At length ſhe met with an affront, which gave her a diſguſt to Italy, and drove her back to England with ſome precipitation. —By means of frequenting the Ducheſs of B——'s converſazione while her grace was at Rome, Mrs. Baynard became acquainted with all the faſhionable people of that city, and was admitted to their aſſemblies without ſcruple. Thus favoured, ſhe conceived too great an idea of her own importance, and, when the ducheſs left Rome, reſolved to have a converſazione that ſhould leave the Romans no room to regret her grace's departure. She pro-

vided hands for a muſical entertainment, and ſent bighetti of invitation to every perſon of diſtinction; but not one Roman of the female ſex appeared at her aſſembly.—She was that night ſeized with a violent fit, and kept her bed three days, at the expiration of which ſhe declared that the air of Italy would be the ruin of her conſtitution. In order to prevent this cataſtrophe, ſhe was ſpeedily removed to Geneva, from whence they returned to England by the way of Lyons and Paris. By the time they arrived at Calais, ſhe had purchaſed ſuch a quantity of ſilks, ſtuffs, and laces, that it was neceſſary to hire a veſſel to ſmuggle them over, and this veſſel was taken by a cuſtomhouſe cutter; ſo that they loſt the whole cargo, which had coſt them above eight hundred pounds.

It now appeared that her travels had produced no effect upon her, but that of making her more expenſive and fantaſtic than ever.—She affected to lead the faſhion, not only in point of female dreſs, but in every article of taſte and connoiſſeurſhip. She made a drawing of the new façade to the houſe in the country; ſhe pulled up the trees, and pulled down the walls of the garden, ſo as to let in the eaſterly wind, which Mr. Baynard's anceſtors had been at great pains to exclude. To ſhow her taſte in laying out ground, ſhe ſeized into her own hand a farm of two hundred acres, about a mile from the houſe, which ſhe parcelled out into walks and ſhrubberies, having a great baſon in the middle, into which ſhe poured a whole ſtream that turned two mills, and afforded the beſt trout in the country. The bottom of the baſon, however, was ſo ill ſecured, that it would not hold the water, which ſtrained through the earth, and made a bog of the whole plantation.—In a word, the ground which formerly paid him one hundred and fifty pounds a-year, now coſt him two hundred pounds a-year to keep it in tolerable order, over and above the firſt expence of trees, ſhrubs, flowers, turf, and gravel. There was not an inch of garden ground left about the houſe, nor a tree that produced fruit of any kind; nor did he raiſe a truſs of hay or a buſhel of oats for his horſes, nor had he a ſingle cow to afford milk for his tea, far leſs did he ever dream of feeding his own mutton, pigs, and poultry; every article of houſekeeping, even the moſt inconſiderable, was brought from the next

market-town, at the diſtance of five miles, and thither they ſent a courier every morning to fetch hot rolls for breakfaſt.—In ſhort, Baynard fairly owned, that he ſpent double his income, and that in a few years he ſhould be obliged to ſell his eſtate for the payment of his creditors. He ſaid, his wife had ſuch delicate nerves, and ſuch imbecility of ſpirit, that ſhe could neither bear remonſtrance, be it ever ſo gentle, nor practiſe any ſcheme of retrenchment, even if ſhe perceived the neceſſity of ſuch a meaſure.—He had, therefore, ceaſed ſtruggling againſt the ſtream, and endeavoured to reconcile himſelf to ruin, by reflecting, that his child, at leaſt, would inherit his mother's fortune, which was ſecured to him by the contract of marriage.

The detail which he gave me of his affairs filled me at once with grief and indignation. I inveighed bitterly againſt the indiſcretion of his wife, and reproached him with his unmanly acquieſcence under the abſurd tyranny which ſhe exerted. I exhorted him to recollect his reſolution, and make one effectual effort to diſengage himſelf from a thraldom equally ſhameful and pernicious. I offered him all the aſſiſtance in my power. I undertook to regulate his affairs, and even to bring about a reformation in his family, if he would only authoriſe me to execute the plan I ſhould form for his advantage. I was ſo affected by the ſubject, that I could not help mingling tears with my remonſtrances; and Baynard was ſo penetrated with theſe marks of my affection, that he loſt all power of utterance. He preſſed me to his breaſt with great emotion, and wept in ſilence. At length he exclaimed, "Friendſhip is undoubtedly the moſt precious balm of life! Your words, dear Bramble, have in a great meaſure recalled me from an abyſs of deſpondence, in which I have been long overwhelmed.—I will, upon honour, make you acquainted with a diſtinct ſtate of my affairs, and, as far as I am able to go, will follow the courſe you preſcribe. But there are certain lengths which my nature ——The truth is, there are tender connections, of which a bachelor has no idea.—Shall I own my weakneſs?—I cannot bear the thoughts of making that woman uneaſy." —"And yet (cried I) ſhe has ſeen you unhappy for a ſeries of years—unhappy from her miſconduct, without

ever ſhowing the leaſt inclination to alleviate your diſtreſs."——"Nevertheleſs (ſaid he), I am perſuaded ſhe loves me with the moſt warm affection; but theſe are incongruities in the compoſition of the human mind which I hold to be inexplicable."

I was ſhocked at his infatuation, and changed the ſubject, after we had agreed to maintain a cloſe correſpondence for the future.—He then gave me to underſtand that he had two neighbours, who, like himſelf, were driven by their wives at full ſpeed in the high road to bankruptcy and ruin. All the three huſbands were of diſpoſitions very different from each other, and, according to this variation, their conſorts were admirably ſuited to the purpoſe of keeping them all three in ſubjection. The views of the ladies were exactly the ſame. They vied in grandeur, that is, in oſtentation, with the wife of Sir Charles Chickwell, who had four times their fortune; and ſhe again piqued herſelf upon making an equal figure with a neighbouring peereſs, whoſe revenue trebled her own. Here then was the fable of the frog and the ox realized in four different inſtances within the ſame county—one large fortune and three moderate eſtates in a fair way of being burſt by the inflation of female vanity; and, in three of theſe inſtances, three different forms of female tyranny were exerciſed.—Mr. Baynard was ſubjugated by practiſing upon the tenderneſs of his nature. Mr. Milkſan, being of a timorous diſpoſition, truckled to the inſolence of a termagant. Mr. Sowerby, who was of a temper neither to be moved by fits, nor driven by menaces, had the fortune to be fitted with a helpmate who aſſailed him with the weapons of irony and ſatire; ſometimes ſneering in the way of compliment; ſometimes throwing out ſarcaſtic compariſons, implying reproaches upon his want of taſte, ſpirit, and generoſity: By which means ſhe ſtimulated his paſſions from one act of extravagance to another, juſt as the circumſtances of her vanity required.

All theſe three ladies have at this time the ſame number of horſes, carriages, and ſervants in and out of livery; the ſame variety of dreſs; the ſame quantity of plate and china; the like ornaments in furniture; and in their entertainments they endeavour to exceed one another in the

variety, delicacy, and expence of their diſhes. I believe it will be found upon inquiry, that nineteen out of twenty, who are ruined by extravagance, fall a ſacrifice to the ridiculous pride and vanity of ſilly women, whoſe parts are held in contempt by the very men whom they pillage and enſlave. Thank Heaven, Dick, that among all the follies and weakneſſes of human nature, I have not yet fallen into that of matrimony.

After Baynard and I had diſcuſſed all theſe matters at leiſure, we returned towards the houſe, and met Jery with our two women, who had come forth to take the air, as the lady of the manſion had not yet made her appearance. In ſhort, Mrs. Baynard did not produce herſelf, till about a quarter of an hour before dinner was upon the table. Then her huſband brought her into the parlour, accompanied by her aunt and ſon, and ſhe received us with a coldneſs of reſerve ſufficient to freeze the very ſoul of hoſpitality. Though ſhe knew I had been the intimate friend of her huſband, and had often ſeen me with him in London, ſhe ſhowed no marks of recognition or regard, when I addreſſed myſelf to her in the moſt friendly terms of ſalutation. She did not expreſs the common compliment of, *I am glad to ſee you;* or, *I hope you have enjoyed your health ſince we had the pleaſure of ſeeing you;* or ſome ſuch words of courſe: Nor did ſhe once open her mouth in the way of welcome to my ſiſter and my niece, but ſat in ſilence like a ſtatue, with an aſpect of inſenſibility. Her aunt, the model upon which ſhe had been formed, was indeed the very eſſence of inſipid formality: But the boy was very pert and impudent, and prated without ceaſing.

At dinner, the lady maintained the ſame ungracious indifference, never ſpeaking but in whiſpers to her aunt; and as to the repaſt, it was made up of a parcel of kickſhaws, contrived by a French cook, without one ſubſtantial article adapted to the ſatisfaction of an Engliſh appetite. The pottage was little better than bread ſoaked in diſh-waſhings, lukewarm. The ragouts looked as if they had been once eaten and half digeſted: The fricaſſees were involved in a naſty yellow poultice; and the rotis were ſcorched and ſtinking, for the honour of the fumet. The deſert conſiſted of faded fruit and iced froth, a good emblem of our

landlady's character; the table-beer was ſour, the water foul, and the wine vapid; but there was a parade of plate and china, and a powdered lacquey ſtood behind every chair, except thoſe of the maſter and miſtreſs of the houſe, who were ſerved by two vallets dreſſed like gentlemen. We dined in a large old gothic parlour, which was formerly the hall. It was now paved with marble; and notwithſtanding the fire, which had been kindled about an hour, ſtruck me with ſuch a chill ſenſation, that, when I entered it, the teeth chattered in my jaws—In ſhort, every thing was cold, comfortleſs, and diſguſting, except the looks of my friend Baynard, which declared the warmth of his affection and humanity.

After dinner we withdrew into another apartment, where the boy began to be impertinently troubleſome to my niece Liddy. He wanted a playfellow, forſooth; and would have romped with her, had ſhe encouraged his advances—He was even ſo impudent as to ſnatch a kiſs, at which ſhe changed countenance, and ſeemed uneaſy; and though his father checked him for the rudeneſs of his behaviour, he became ſo outrageous as to thruſt his hand in her boſom: An inſult to which ſhe did not tamely ſubmit, though one of the mildeſt creatures upon earth. Her eyes ſparkled with reſentment, ſhe ſtarted up, and lent him ſuch a box in the ear, as ſent him ſtaggering to the other ſide of the room.

"Miſs Melford (cried his father), you have treated him with the utmoſt propriety.—I am only ſorry that the impertinence of any child of mine ſhould have occaſioned this exertion of your ſpirit, which I cannot but applaud and admire." His wife was ſo far from aſſenting to the candour of his apology, that ſhe roſe from table, and, taking her ſon by the hand, "Come, child (ſaid ſhe), your father cannot abide you." So ſaying, ſhe retired with this hopeful youth, and was followed by her governante: But neither the one nor the other deigned to take the leaſt notice of the company.

Baynard was exceedingly diſconcerted; but I [illegible] his uneaſineſs was tinctured with reſentment, [illegible] ed a good omen from this diſcovery. I ordered [illegible] to be put to the carriage; and, though he made [illegible] forts to detain us all night, I inſiſted upon lea[illegible]

houſe immediately; but before I went away, I took an opportunity of ſpeaking to him again in private.—I ſaid every thing I could recollect, to animate his endeavours in ſhaking off thoſe ſhameful trammels. I made no ſcruple to declare, that his wife was unworthy of that tender complaiſance which he had ſhown for her foibles: That ſhe was dead to all the genuine ſentiments of conjugal affection; inſenſible of her own honour and intereſt, and ſeemingly deſtitute of common ſenſe and reflection. I conjured him to remember what he owed to his father's houſe, to his own reputation, and to his family, including even this unreaſonable woman herſelf, who was driving on blindly to her own deſtruction. I adviſed him to form a plan for retrenching ſuperfluous expence, and try to convince the aunt of the neceſſity for ſuch a reformation, that ſhe might gradually prepare her niece for its execution; and I exhorted him to turn that diſagreeable piece of formality out of the houſe, if he ſhould find her averſe to his propoſal.

Here he interrupted me with a ſigh, obſerving, that ſuch a ſtep would undoubtedly be fatal to Mrs. Baynard—"I ſhall loſe all patience (cried I), to hear you talk ſo weakly—Mrs. Baynard's fits will never hurt her conſtitution. I believe in my conſcience they are all affected: I am ſure ſhe has no feeling for your diſtreſſes; and, when you are ruined, ſhe will appear to have no feeling for her own." Finally, I took his word and honour, that he would make an effort, ſuch as I had adviſed; that he would form a plan of economy, and if he found it impracticable without my aſſiſtance, he would come to Bath in the winter, where I promiſed to give him the meeting and contribute all in my power to the retrieval of his affairs—With this mutual engagement we parted; and I ſhall think myſelf ſupremely happy, if, by my means a worthy man, whom I love and eſteem, can be ſaved from miſery, diſgrace, and deſpair.

I have only one friend more to viſit in this part of the country, but he is of a complexion very different from that of Baynard. You have heard me mention Sir Thomas Bulford, whom I knew in Italy. He is now become a country gentleman; but, being diſabled by the gout from enjoying any amuſement abroad, he entertains him-

ſelf within doors, by keeping open houſe for all comers, and playing upon the oddities and humours of his company: But he himſelf is generally the greateſt original at his table. He is very good-humoured, talks much, and laughs without ceaſing. I am told, that all the uſe he makes of his underſtanding at preſent is, to excite mirth, by exhibiting his gueſts in ludicrous attitudes. I know not how far we may furniſh him with entertainment of this kind; but I am reſolved to beat up his quarters, partly with a view to laugh with the knight himſelf, and partly to pay my reſpects to his lady, a good-natured ſenſible woman, with whom he lives upon very eaſy terms, although ſhe has not had the good fortune to bring him an heir to his eſtate.

And now, dear Dick, I muſt tell you for your comfort, that you are the only man upon earth to whom I would preſume to ſend ſuch a long-winded epiſtle, which I could not find in my heart to curtail, becauſe the ſubject intereſted the warmeſt paſſions of my heart; neither will I make any other apology to a correſpondent who has been ſo long accuſtomed to the impertinence of

Sept. 30. MATT. BRAMBLE.

To SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, *Bart. at Oxon.*

DEAR KNIGHT,

I BELIEVE there is ſomething miſchievous in my diſpoſition, for nothing diverts me ſo much as to ſee certain characters tormented with falſe terrors—We laſt night lodged at the houſe of Sir Thomas Bulford, an old friend of my uncle, a jolly fellow, of moderate intellects, who, in ſpite of the gout, which hath lamed him, is reſolved to be merry to the laſt; and mirth he has a particular knack in extracting from his gueſts, let their humour be never ſo cauſtic or refractory—Beſides our company, there was in the houſe a fat-headed juſtice of the peace, called Frogmore, and a country practitioner in ſurgery, who ſeemed to be our landlord's chief companion and confident. We found the knight ſitting on a couch, with his crutches by

his ſide, and his feet ſupported on cuſhions; but he received us with a hearty welcome, and ſeemed greatly rejoiced at our arrival. After tea, we were entertained with a ſonata on the harpſichord, by Lady Bulford, who ſung and played to admiration; but Sir Thomas ſeemed to be a little aſinine in the article of ears, though he affected to be in raptures; and begged his wife to favour us with an *arietta* of her own compoſing. This *arietta*, however, ſhe no ſooner began to perform, than he and the juſtice fell aſleep; but the moment ſhe ceaſed playing, the knight waked ſnorting, and exclaimed, "*O cara!* what d'ye think, gentlemen? Will you talk any more of your Pargoleſi and your Corelli?"—At the ſame time, he thruſt his tongue in one cheek, and leered with one eye at the doctor and me, who ſat on his left hand—He concluded the pantomime with a loud laugh, which he could command at all times extempore—Notwithſtanding his diſorder, he did not do penance at ſupper, nor did he ever refuſe his glaſs when the toaſt went round, but rather encouraged a quick circulation both by precept and example.

I ſoon perceived the doctor had made himſelf very neceſſary to the baronet—He was the whetſtone of his wit, the butt of his ſatire, and his operator in certain experiments of humour, which were occaſionally tried upon ſtrangers. Juſtice Frogmore was an excellent ſubject for this ſpecies of philoſophy: Sleek and corpulent, ſolemn and ſhallow, he had ſtudied Burn with uncommon application; but he ſtudied nothing ſo much as the art of living (that is, eating) well. This fat buck had often afforded good ſport to our landlord; and he was frequently ſtarted with tolerable ſucceſs, in the courſe of this evening; but the baronet's appetite for ridicule ſeemed to be chiefly excited by the appearance, addreſs, and converſation of Liſmahago, whom he attempted in all the different modes of expoſition; but he put me in mind of a conteſt that I once ſaw betwixt a young hound and an old hedgehog—The dog turned him over and over, and bounced, and barked, and mumbled; but as often as he attempted to bite, he felt a prickle in his jaws, and recoiled in manifeſt confuſion—The captain, when left to himſelf, will not fail to turn his ludicrous ſide to the company; but if any man attempts to force him into that attitude, he becomes

ſtubborn as a mule, and unmanageable as an elephant unbroke.

Divers tolerable jokes were cracked upon the juſtice, who eat a moſt unconſcionable ſupper, and among other things, a large plate of broiled muſhrooms, which he had no ſooner ſwallowed than the doctor obſerved, with great gravity, that they were of the kind called *champignons*, which, in ſome conſtitutions, had a poiſonous effect—Mr. Frogmore, ſtartled at this remark, aſked, in ſome confuſion, why he had not been ſo kind as to give him that notice ſooner. He anſwered, that he took it for granted, by his eating them ſo heartily, that he was uſed to the diſh; but as he ſeemed to be under ſome apprehenſion, he preſcribed a bumper of plague-water, which the juſtice drank off immediately, and retired to reſt, not without marks of terror and diſquiet.

At midnight we were ſhown to our different chambers, and in half an hour I was faſt aſleep in bed; but about three o'clock in the morning I was waked with a diſmal cry of *Fire!* and ſtarting up, ran to the window in my ſhirt—The night was dark and ſtormy; and a number of people half-dreſſed, ran backwards and forwards through the court-yard, with links and lanterns, ſeemingly in the utmoſt hurry and trepidation—Slipping on my clothes in a twinkling, I ran down ſtairs, and, upon inquiry, found the fire was confined to a back-ſtair, which led to a detached apartment where Liſmahago lay—By this time, the lieutenant was alarmed by a bawling at his window, which was in the ſecond ſtory, but he could not find his clothes in the dark, and his room-door was locked on the outſide—The ſervants called to him, that the houſe had been robbed; that, without all doubt, the villains had taken away his clothes, faſtened the door, and ſet the houſe on fire, for the ſtair-caſe was in flames. In this dilemma, the poor lieutenant ran about the room naked, like a ſquirrel in a cage, popping out his head at the window between whiles, and imploring aſſiſtance—At length, the knight in perſon was brought out in his chair, attended by my uncle and all the family, including our aunt Tabitha, who ſcreamed, and cried, and tore her hair, as if ſhe had been diſtracted—Sir Thomas had already ordered his people to bring a long ladder, which was applied to the

captain's window, and now he exhorted him earneſtly to deſcend—There was no need of much rhetoric to perſuade Liſmahago, who forthwith made his exit by the window, roaring all the time to the people below to hold faſt the ladder.

Notwithſtanding the gravity of the occaſion, it was impoſſible to behold this ſcene without being ſeized with an inclination to laugh—The rueful aſpect of the lieutenant in his ſhirt, with a quilted night-cap faſtened under his chin, and his long lank limbs and poſteriors expoſed to the wind, made a very picturesque appearance, when illuminated by the links and torches which the ſervants held up to light him in his deſcent—All the company ſtood round the ladder, except the knight, who ſat in the chair, exclaiming, from time to time, "Lord have mercy upon us!—ſave the gentleman's life—mind your footing, dear Captain! ſoftly!—ſtand faſt!—claſp the ladder with both hands!—there!—well done, my dear boy!—O bravo!—an old ſoldier for ever!—bring a blanket—bring a warm blanket to comfort his poor carcaſe—warm the bed in the green room—give me your hand, dear Captain—I'm rejoiced to ſee thee ſafe and ſound with all my heart." Liſmahago was received at the foot of the ladder by his inamorato, who ſnatching a blanket from one of the maids, wrapped it about his body; two men-ſervants took him under the arms, and a female conducted him to the green room, ſtill accompanied by Mrs. Tabitha, who ſaw him fairly put to bed.—During this whole tranſaction, he ſpoke not a ſyllable, but looked exceeding grim, ſometimes at one, ſometimes at another of the ſpectators, who now adjourned in a body to the parlour where we had ſupped, every one ſurveying another with marks of aſtoniſhment and curioſity.

The knight being ſeated in an eaſy chair, ſeized my uncle by the hand, and, burſting into a long and loud laugh, "Mat (cried he), crown me with oak, or ivy, or laurel, or parſley, or what you will, and acknowledge this to be a *coup de maitre* in the way of waggery—ha, ha, ha!—Such a *camiſicata, ſcagliata, beffata!—O che roba!*—O, what a ſubject!—O, what *caricatura!*—O, for a Roſa, a Rembrandt, a Schalken!—Zooks, I'll give a hundred guineas to have it painted—what a fine deſcent from the croſs, or aſcent to the gallows!—what lights and ſha-

dows !—what a groupe below !—what expreſſion above!—what an aſpect !---did you mind the aſpect ?—ha, ha, ha ! —and the limbs, and the muſcles—every toe denoted terror !---ha, ha, ha !—then the blanket !---O, what *coſtume !* St. Andrew ! St. Lazarus ! St. Barrabas !---ha, ha, ha !" "After all then (cried Mr. Bramble very gravely), this was no more than a falſe alarm---We have been frightened out of our beds, and almoſt out of our ſenſes, for the joke's ſake !" "Ay, and ſuch a joke ! (cried our landlord), ſuch a farce ! ſuch a *denouement !* ſuch a *cataſtrophe !*"

"Have a little patience (replied our ſquire), we are not yet come to the *cataſtrophe ;* and pray God it may not turn out a tragedy inſtead of a farce—The captain is one of thoſe ſaturnine ſubjects, who have no idea of humour —He never laughs in his own perſon ; nor can he bear that other people ſhould laugh at his expence. Beſides, if the ſubject had been properly choſen, the joke was too ſevere in all conſcience." "'Sdeath ! (cried the knight), I could not have bated him an ace, had he been my own father ; and as for the ſubject, ſuch another does not preſent itſelf once in half a century." Here Mrs. Tabitha interpoſing, and bridling up, declared, ſhe did not ſee that Mr. Liſmahago was a fitter ſubject for ridicule than the knight himſelf ; and that ſhe was very much afraid, he would very ſoon find he had miſtaken his man.—The baronet was a good deal diſconcerted by this intimation, ſaying, that he muſt be a Goth and a Barbarian, if he did not enter into the ſpirit of ſuch a happy and humorous contrivance. He begged, however, that Mr. Bramble and his ſiſter would bring him to reaſon ; and this requeſt was reinforced by Lady Bulford, who did not fail to read the baronet a lecture upon his indiſcretion, which lecture he received with ſubmiſſion on one ſide of the face, and a leer upon the other.

We now went to bed for the ſecond time ; and before I got up, my uncle had viſited Liſmahago in the green room, and uſed ſuch arguments with him, that, when we met in the parlour, he ſeemed to be quite appeaſed.—He received the knight's apology with a good grace, and even profeſſed himſelf pleaſed at finding he had contributed to the diverſion of the company—Sir Thomas ſhook him by the hand, laughing heartily ; and then deſired a pinch of

ſnuff, in token of perfect reconciliation.—The lieutenant putting his hand in his waiſtcoat pocket, pulled out, inſtead of his own Scotch mull, a very fine gold ſnuff-box, which he no ſooner perceived than he ſaid, "Here is a ſmall miſtake." "No miſtake at all (cried the baronet); a fair exchange is no robbery.—Oblige me ſo far, Captain, as to let me keep your mull as a memorial." "Sir (ſaid the lieutenant), the mull is much at your ſervice; but this machine I can by no means retain.—It looks like compounding a ſort of felony in the code of honour.—Beſides, I don't know but there may be another joke in this conveyance; and I don't find myſelf diſpoſed to be brought upon the ſtage again—I won't preſume to make free with your pockets, but I beg you will put it up again with your own hand."—So ſaying, with a certain auſterity of aſpect, he preſented the ſnuff-box to the knight, who received it in ſome confuſion, and reſtored the mull, which he would by no means keep, except on the terms of exchange.

This tranſaction was like to give a grave caſt to the converſation, when my uncle took notice that Mr. Juſtice Frogmore had not made his appearance either at the night alarm, or now at the general rendezvous. The baronet hearing Frogmore mentioned, "Odſo! (cried he) I had forgot the juſtice.—Pr'ythee, doctor, go and bring him out of his kennel."—Then laughing till his ſides were well ſhaken, he ſaid he would ſhow the captain, that he was not the only perſon of the drama exhibited for the entertainment of the company. As to the night ſcene, it could not affect the juſtice, who had been purpoſely lodged in the farther end of the houſe, remote from the noiſe, and lulled with a doſe of opium into the bargain. In a few minutes, Mr. Juſtice was led into the parlour in his night-cap, and looſe morning-gown, rolling his head from ſide to ſide, and groaning piteouſly all the way.—"Jeſu! neighbour Frogmore (exclaimed the baronet) what is the matter;—you look as if you was not a man for this world—Set him down ſoftly on the couch—poor gentleman!—Lord have mercy upon us!—What makes him ſo pale, and yellow, and bloated?" "Oh, Sir Thomas! (cried the juſtice) I doubt it is all over with me——Theſe muſhrooms I eat at your table have done my bu-

ſineſs—ah! oh! hey!" "Now the Lord forbid! (ſaid the other)---what! man,—have a good heart.---How does thy ſtomach feel?—hah."

To this interrogation he made no reply, but throwing aſide his night-gown, diſcovered that his waiſtcoat would not meet upon his belly by five good inches at leaſt. "Heaven protect us all (cried Sir Thomas)—what a melancholy ſpectacle:—never did I ſee a man ſo ſuddenly ſwelled, but when he was either juſt dead, or juſt dying—Doctor, canſt thou do nothing for this poor object?" "I don't think the caſe is quite deſperate (ſaid the ſurgeon), but I would adviſe Mr. Frogmore to ſettle his affairs with all expedition; the parſon may come and pray by him, while I prepare a clyſter and an emetic draught." The juſtice rolling his languid eyes, ejaculated with great fervency, "Lord have mercy upon us! Chriſt have mercy upon us!"—Then he begged the ſurgeon, in the name of God, to diſpatch—"As for my worldy affairs (ſaid he), they are all ſettled but one mortgage, which muſt be left to my heirs—but, my poor ſoul! my poor ſoul! what will become of my poor ſoul?—miſerable ſinner that I am!" Nay, pr'ythee, my dear boy, compoſe thyſelf (reſumed the knight); conſider the mercy of Heaven is infinite; thou canſt not have any ſins of a very deep dye on thy conſcience, or the devil's in't." "Name not the devil (exclaimed the terrified Frogmore), I have more ſins to anſwer for than the world dreams of—Ah! friend, I have been fly—fly—damn'd fly!—Send for the parſon without loſs of time, and put me to bed, for I am poſting to eternity." He was accordingly raiſed from the couch, and ſupported by two ſervants, who led him back to his room; but before he quitted the parlour, he entreated the good company to aſſiſt him with their prayers. He added, "Take warning by me, who am ſuddenly cut off in my prime, like a flower of the field; and God forgive you, Sir Thomas, for ſuffering ſuch poiſonous traſh to be eaten at your table."

He was no ſooner removed out of hearing than the baronet abandoned himſelf to a violent fit of laughing, in which he was joined by the greateſt part of the company; but we could hardly prevent the good lady from going to undeceive the patient, by diſcovering, that, while he ſlept,

his waiſtcoat had been ſtraitened by the contrivance of the ſurgeon; and that the diſorder in his ſtomach and bowels was occaſioned by ſome antimonial wine, which he had taken over night, under the denomination of plague-water. She ſeemed to think that his apprehenſion might put an end to his life: The knight ſwore he was no ſuch chicken, but a tough old rogue, that would live long enough to plague all his neighbours. Upon inquiry we found his character did not entitle him to much compaſſion or reſpect, and therefore we let our landlord's humour take its courſe. A clyſter was actually adminiſtered by an old woman of the family, who had been Sir Thomas's nurſe, and the patient took a draught made of oxymel of ſquills to forward the operation of the antimonial wine, which had been retarded by the opiate of the preceding night. He was viſited by the vicar, who read prayers, and began to take an account of the ſtate of his ſoul, when thoſe medicines produced their effect: ſo that the parſon was obliged to hold his noſe while he poured forth ſpiritual conſolation from his mouth. The ſame expedient was uſed by the knight and me, who, with the doctor, entered the chamber at this juncture, and found Frogmore enthroned on an eaſing chair, under the preſſure of a double evacuation. The ſhort intervals betwixt every heave he employed in crying for mercy, confeſſing his ſins, or aſking the vicar's opinion of his caſe; and the vicar anſwered, in a ſolemn ſnuffling tone, that heightened the ridicule of the ſcene. The emetic having done its office, the doctor interfered, and ordered the patient to be put in bed again. When he examined the *egeſta*, and felt his pulſe, he declared that much of the *virus* was diſcharged, and, giving him a compoſing draught, aſſured him he had good hopes of his recovery. This welcome hint he received with the tears of joy in his eyes, proteſting, that, if he ſhould recover, he would always think himſelf indebted for his life to the great ſkill and tenderneſs of his doctor, whoſe hands he ſqueezed with great fervour; and thus he was left to his repoſe.

We were preſſed to ſtay dinner, that we might be witneſſes of his reſuſcitation; but my uncle inſiſted upon our departing before noon, that we might reach this town before it ſhould be dark. In the mean time, Lady

Bulford conducted us into the garden to ſee a fiſh pond juſt finiſhed, which Mr. Bramble cenſured as being too near the parlour, where the knight now ſat by himſelf, dozing in an elbow chair, after the fatigues of his morning achievement—In this ſituation he reclined, with his feet wrapped in flannel, and ſupported in a line with his body, when the door flying open with a violent ſhock, Lieutenant Liſmahago ruſhed into the room, with horror in his looks, exclaiming, "A mad dog! a mad dog!" and throwing up the window ſaſh, leaped into the garden. Sir Thomas, waked by this tremendous exclamation, ſtarted up, and, forgetting his gout, followed the lieutenant's example by a kind of inſtinctive impulſe. He not only bolted through the window like an arrow from a bow, but ran up to his middle in the pond before he gave the leaſt ſign of recollection. Then the captain began to bawl, "Lord have mercy upon us! pray take care of the gentleman!—for God's ſake mind your footing my dear boy!—get warm blankets—comfort his poor carcaſe—warm the bed in the green room."

Lady Bulford was thunderſtruck at this phenomenon, and the reſt of the company gazed in ſilent aſtoniſhment, while the ſervants haſtened to aſſiſt their maſter, who ſuffered himſelf to be carried back into the parlour without ſpeaking a word. Being inſtantly accommodated with dry clothes and flannels, comforted with a cordial, and replaced *in ſtatu quo*, one of the maids was ordered to chafe his lower extremities, an operation in conſequence of which his ſenſes ſeemed to return, and his good humour to revive—As we had followed him into the room, he looked at every individual in his turn, with a certain ludicrous expreſſion in his countenance, but fixed his eye in particular upon Liſmahago, who preſented him with a pinch of ſnuff; and when he took it in ſilence, "Sir Thomas Bulford (ſaid he), I am much obliged to you for all your favours, and ſome of them I have endeavoured to repay in your own coin." "Give me thy hand (cried the baronet): thou haſt indeed paid me *ſcot and lot*; and even left a balance in my hands, for which, in preſence of this company, I promiſe to be accountable." So ſaying, he laughed very heartily, and even ſeemed to enjoy the retaliation which had been exact-

ed at his own expence; but Lady Bulford looked very grave; and, in all probability, thought the lieutenant had carried his reſentment too far, conſidering that her huſband was valetudinary—but, according to the proverb, *he that will play at bowls muſt expect to meet with rubbers.*

I have ſeen a tame bear, very diverting when properly managed, become a very dangerous wild beaſt when teazed for the entertainment of the ſpectators—As for Liſmahago, he ſeemed to think the fright and the cold bath would have a good effect upon his patient's conſtitution; but the doctor hinted ſome apprehenſion that the gouty matter might, by ſuch a ſudden ſhock, be repelled from the extremities, and thrown upon ſome of the more vital parts of the machine. I ſhould be very ſorry to ſee this prognoſtic verified upon our facetious landlord, who told Mrs. Tabitha at parting, that he hoped ſhe would rememember him in the diſtribution of the bride's favours, as he had taken ſo much pains to put the captain's parts and mettle to the proof. After all, I am afraid our ſquire will appear to be the greateſt ſufferer by the baronet's wit; for his conſtitution is by no means calculated for night alarms—He has yawned and ſhivered all day, and gone to bed without ſupper; ſo that, as we have got into good quarters, I imagine we ſhall make a halt to-morrow; in which caſe, you will have at leaſt one day's reſpite from the perſecution of

Oct. 3. J. MELFORD.

To Mrs. MARY JONES, *at Brambletonhall.*

DEAR MARY,

MISS LIDDY is ſo good as to uncloſe me in a kiver as fur as Gloſter, and the carrier will bring it to hand—God ſend us all ſafe to Monmouthſhire, for I'm quite jaded with rambling—'Tis true ſaying, *live and learn*—O woman, what chuckling and changing have I ſeen!—Well there's nothin ſartin in this world—Who would have thought that miſtriſs, after all the pains taken for the good of her pru-

ſias ſole, would go for to throw away her poor body? that ſhe would caſt the heys of infection upon ſuch a carrying crow as Laſhmyhago! as old as Mathewſullin, as dry as a red herring, and as pore as a ſtarved veezel—O, Molly! hadſt thou ſeen him come down the ladder, in a ſhurt ſo ſcanty, that it could not kiver his nakedneſs! The young ſquire called him Dunquickſet; but he looked for all the world like Cradoc-ap-Morgan, the ould tinker that ſuffered at Abergany for ſtealing of kettle. Then he's a profane ſcuffle, and, as Mr. Clinker ſays, no better than an impfiddle, continually playing upon the pyebill and the new burth. I doubt he has as little manners as money; for he can't ſay a civil word, much more make me a preſent of a pair of gloves for good will; but he looks as if he wanted to be very foreward and familiar. O! that ever a gentlewoman of years and diſcretion ſhould tare her air, and cry and diſporridge herſelf for ſuch a nubjack! as the ſong goes—

"I vow ſhe wou'd fain have a burd
"That bids ſuch a price for an owl."

But, for ſartin, he muſt have dealt with ſome Scotch muſician to bring her to this paſs—As for me, I put my truſt in the Lord; and I have got a ſlice of witchelm ſowed in the gathers of my under petticoat; and Mr. Clinker aſſures me, that, by the new light of greaſe, I may defy the devil and all his works—But I noſe what I noſe—If miſtreſs ſhould take up with Laſhmyhago, this is no ſarvice for me. Thank God, there's not want of places; and if I want for one thing, I would—but, no matter. Madam Baynar's woman has twenty good pounds a-year and parquiſites; and dreſſes like a parſon of diſtinkſon. I dined with her and the valey de ſhambles, with bags and golden jackets: but there was nothing kimfittable to eat, being as how they live upon board; and having nothing but a piſs of could cuddling tart and ſome blamangey, I was tuck with the cullick, and a murcy it was that miſtreſs had her viol of aſſings in the cox.

But, as I was ſaying, I think for ſartin this match will go forewood; for things are come to a creeſus; and I have ſeen with my own heys, ſuch ſmuggling—But I

ſcorn for to excloſe the ſecrets of the family; and if it wance comes to marrying, who noſe but the frolic may go round—I believes as how Miſs Liddy would have no reverſion if her ſwan would appear; and you would be ſurpriſed, Molly, to receive a bride's ſever from your humble ſarvant—but this is all ſuppoſitory, dear girl; and I have ſullenly promiſed to Mr. Clinker, that neither man, woman, nor child, ſhall no that arrow ſaid a civil thing to me in the way of infection—I hopes to drink your health at Brambletonhall, in a horn of October, before the month be out. Pray let my bed be turned once a-day, and the windore opened, while the weather is dry; and burn a few billets with ſome bruſh in the footman's garret, and ſee their mattraſh be dry as a bone; for both our gentlemen have got a ſad could by lying in damp ſhits at Sir Tummus Ballfart's.—No more, at preſent, but my ſervice to Saul and the reſt of our fellow-ſarvants, being

Dear Mary Jones,
always yours,

Oct. 4. WIN. JENKINS.

To Miſs LÆTITIA WILLIS, *at Glouceſter.*

MY DEAR LETTY,

THIS method of writing to you from time to time, without any hopes of an anſwer, affords me, I own, ſome eaſe and ſatisfaction in the midſt of my diſquiet, as it in ſome degree lightens the burden of affliction; but it is at beſt a very imperfect enjoyment of friendſhip, becauſe it admits of no return of confidence and good counſel—I would give the whole world to have your company for a ſingle day. I am heartily tired of this itinerant way of life. I am quite dizzy with a perpetual ſucceſſion of objects. Beſides, it is impoſſible to travel ſuch a length of way, without being expoſed to inconveniencies, dangers, and diſagreeable accidents, which prove very grievous to a poor creature of weak nerves like me, and make me pay very dear for the gratification of my curioſity.

Nature never intended me for the buſy world—I long for repoſe and ſolitude, where I can enjoy that diſintereſted friendſhip which is not to be found among crowds, and indulge thoſe pleaſing reveries that ſhun the hurry and tumult of faſhionable ſociety. Unexperienced as I am in the commerce of life, I have ſeen enough to give me a diſguſt to the generality of thoſe who carry it on—There is ſuch malice, treachery, and diſſimulation, even among profeſſed friends and intimate companions, as cannot fail to ſtrike a virtuous mind with horror; and when vice quits the ſtage for a moment, her place is immediately occupied by folly, which is often too ſerious to excite any thing but compaſſion. Perhaps I ought to be ſilent on the foibles of my poor aunt; but with you, my dear Willis, I have no ſecrets; and truly, her weakneſſes are ſuch as cannot be concealed. Since the firſt moment we arrived at Bath, ſhe has been employed conſtantly in ſpreading nets for the other ſex; and, at length, ſhe has caught a ſuperannuated lieutenant, who is in a fair way to make her change her name. My uncle and my brother ſeem to have no objection to this extraordinary match, which, I make no doubt, will afford abundance of matter of converſation and mirth; for my part, I am too ſenſible of my own weakneſſes, to be diverted with thoſe of other people. At preſent, I have ſomething at heart that employs my whole attention, and keeps my mind in the utmoſt terror and ſuſpenſe.

Yeſterday, in the forenoon, as I ſtood with my brother at the parlour window of an inn, where we had lodged, a perſon paſſed a-horſeback, whom (gracious Heaven)! I inſtantly diſcovered to be Wilſon! He wore a white riding coat, with the cap buttoned up to his chin; looked remarkably pale, and paſſed at a round trot, without ſeeming to obſerve us—Indeed, he could not ſee us; for there was a blind that concealed us from the view. You may gueſs how I was affected at this apparition—The light forſook my eyes; and I was ſeized with ſuch a palpitation and trembling, that I could not ſtand. I ſat down upon a couch, and ſtrove to compoſe myſelf, that my brother might not perceive my agitation; but it was impoſſible to eſcape his prying eyes—He had obſerved the object that alarmed me; and, doubtleſs, knew him

at the firſt glance—He now looked at me with a ſtern countenance; then he ran out into the ſtreet, to ſee what road the unfortunate horſeman had taken—He afterwards diſpatched his man for farther intelligence, and ſeemed to meditate ſome violent deſign. My uncle being out of order, we remained another night at the inn; and all day long Jery acted the part of an indefatigable ſpy upon my conduct—he watched my very looks with ſuch eagerneſs of attention, as if he would have penetrated into the inmoſt receſſes of my heart—This may be owing to his regard for my honour, if it is not the effect of his own pride; but he is ſo hot, and violent, and unrelenting, that the ſight of him alone throws me into a flutter; and really it will not be in my power to afford him any ſhare of my affection, if he perſiſts in perſecuting me at this rate. I am afraid he has formed ſome ſcheme of vengeance, which will make me completely wretched! I am afraid he ſuſpects ſome colluſion from this appearance of Wilſon. Good God! did he really appear! or was it only a phantom, a pale ſpectre to appriſe me of his death?

O Letty, what ſhall I do?—where ſhall I turn for advice and conſolation?—ſhall I implore the protection of my uncle, who has been always kind and compaſſionate?—This muſt be my laſt reſource. I dread the thoughts of making him uneaſy; and would rather ſuffer a thouſand deaths than live the cauſe of diſſenſion in the family. I cannot perceive the meaning of Wilſon's coming hither: Perhaps he was in queſt of us, in order to diſcloſe his real name and ſituation—But wherefore paſs without ſtaying to make the leaſt inquiry?—My dear Willis, I am loſt in conjecture—I have not cloſed an eye ſince I ſaw him. All night long have I been toſſed about from one imagination to another.—The reflection finds no reſting place. I have prayed, and ſighed, and wept plentifully. If this terrible ſuſpenſe continues much longer, I ſhall have another fit of illneſs, and then the whole family will be in confuſion. If it was conſiſtent with the wiſe purpoſes of Providence, would I were in my grave. But it is my duty to be reſigned. My deareſt Letty, excuſe my weakneſs—excuſe theſe blots—my tears fall ſo faſt that I cannot keep the paper dry—yet I ought to conſider that I have as yet no cauſe to deſpair—but I am ſuch a faint-hearted timorous creature!

Thank God, my uncle is much better than he was yeſterday—He is reſolved to purſue our journey ſtraight to Wales. I hope we ſhall take Glouceſter in our way—that hope cheers my poor heart—I ſhall once more embrace my beſt beloved Willis, and pour all my griefs into her friendly boſom. O Heaven! is it poſſible that ſuch happineſs is reſerved for

The dejected and forlorn

Oct. 4. LYDIA MELFORD.

To SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, *Bart. of Jeſus College, Oxon.*

DEAR WATKIN,

I YESTERDAY met with an incident which I believe you will own to be very ſurpriſing. As I ſtood with Liddy at the window of the inn where we had lodged, who ſhould paſs by but Wilſon a-horſeback?—I could not be miſtaken in the perſon, for I had a full view of him as he advanced; I plainly perceived by my ſiſter's confuſion that ſhe recognized him at the ſame time. I was equally aſtoniſhed and incenſed at his appearance, which I could not but interpret into an inſult, or ſomething worſe. I ran out at the gate, and, ſeeing him turn the corner of the ſtreet, I diſpatched my ſervant to obſerve his motions, but the fellow was too late to bring me that ſatisfaction. He told me, however, that there was an inn, called the Red Lion, at that end of the town, where he ſuppoſed the horſeman had alighted, but that he would not inquire without farther orders. I ſent him back immediately to know what ſtrangers were in the houſe, and he returned with a report, that there was one Mr. Wilſon lately arrived. In conſequence of this information, I charged him with a note directed to that gentleman, deſiring him to meet me, in half an hour, in a certain field at the town's end, with a caſe of piſtols, in order to decide the difference which could not be determined at our laſt rencounter: But I did not think proper to ſubſcribe the billet. My man aſſured me he had delivered it into his own

hand; and that, having read it, he declared he would wait upon the gentleman at the place and time appointed.

M'Alpine being an old ſoldier, and luckily ſober at the time, I intruſted him with my ſecret. I ordered him to be within call; and, having given him a letter to be delivered to my uncle in caſe of accident, I repaired to the rendezvous, which was an encloſed field at a little diſtance from the highway. I found my antagoniſt had already taken his ground, wrapped in a dark horſeman's coat, with a laced hat flapped over his eyes: But what was my aſtoniſhment, when, throwing off this wrapper, he appeared to be a perſon whom I had never ſeen before! He had one piſtol ſtuck in a leather belt, and another in his hand ready for action, and, advancing a few ſteps, called to know if I was ready—I anſwered, "No," and deſired a parley; upon which he turned the muzzle of his piece towards the earth, then replaced it in his belt, and met me half way—When I aſſured him he was not the man I expected to meet, he ſaid, *it might be ſo:* That he had received a ſlip of paper directed to Mr. Wilſon, requeſting him to come hither; and that, as there was no other in the place of that name, he naturally concluded the note was intended for him, and him only—I then gave him to underſtand, that I had been injured by a perſon who aſſumed that name, which perſon I had actually ſeen within the hour, paſſing through the ſtreet on horſeback; that, hearing there was a Mr. Wilſon at the Red Lion, I took it for granted he was the man, and in that belief had writ the billet; and I expreſſed my ſurpriſe, that he, who was a ſtranger to me and my concerns, ſhould give me ſuch a rendezvous, without taking the trouble to demand a previous explanation—He replied, that there was no other of his name in the whole country; that no ſuch horſeman had alighted at the Red Lion ſince nine o'clock, when he arrived; that having had the honour to ſerve his Majeſty, he thought he could not decently decline any invitation of this kind, from what quarter ſoever it might come; and that, if any explanation was neceſſary, it did not belong to him to demand it, but to the gentleman who ſummoned him into the field—Vexed as I was at this adventure, I could not help admiring the coolneſs of this officer, whoſe open counte-

nance prepoſſeſſed me in his favour.—He ſeemed to be turned of forty; wore his own ſhort black hair, which curled naturally about his ears, and was very plain in his apparel—When I begged pardon for the trouble I had given him, he received my apology with great good humour.—He told me that he lived about ten miles off, at a ſmall farm-houſe, which would afford me tolerable lodging, if I would come and take the diverſion of hunting with him for a few weeks; in which caſe, we might perhaps find out the man who had given me offence—I thanked him very ſincerely for his courteous offer, which, I told him, I was not at liberty to accept at preſent, on account of my being engaged in a family party; and ſo we parted, with mutual profeſſions of good will and eſteem.

Now tell me, dear knight, what I am to make of this ſingular adventure?—Am I to ſuppoſe that the horſeman I ſaw was really a thing of fleſh and blood, or a bubble that vaniſhed into air?—or muſt I imagine Liddy knows more of the matter than ſhe chooſes to diſcloſe?—If I thought her capable of carrying on any clandeſtine correſpondence with ſuch a fellow, I ſhould at once diſcard all tenderneſs, and forget that ſhe was connected with me by the ties of blood—But how is it poſſible that a girl of her ſimplicity and inexperience ſhould maintain ſuch an intercourſe, ſurrounded, as ſhe is, with ſo many eyes, deſtitute of all opportunity, and ſhifting quarters every day of her life?—Beſides, ſhe has ſolemnly promiſed—No—I can't think the girl ſo baſe—ſo inſenſible to the honour of her family.—What diſturbs me chiefly is the impreſſion which theſe occurrences ſeem to make upon her ſpirits—Theſe are the ſymptoms from which I conclude that the raſcal has ſtill a hold on her affection—ſurely I have a right to call him a raſcal, and to conclude that his deſigns are infamous—But it ſhall be my fault if he does not one day repent his preſumption—I confeſs I cannot think, much leſs write on this ſubject, with any degree of temper or patience: I ſhall therefore conclude with telling you, that we hope to be in Wales by the latter end of the month; but before that period you will probably hear again from

Your affectionate

October 4. J. MELFORD.

To SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, *Bart. at Oxon.*

DEAR PHILLIPS,

WHEN I wrote you by laſt poſt, I did not imagine I ſhould be tempted to trouble you again ſo ſoon: But I now ſit down with a heart ſo full, that it cannot contain itſelf; though I am under ſuch agitation of ſpirits, that you are to expect neither method nor connection in this addreſs.—We have been this day within a hair's breadth of loſing honeſt Matthew Bramble, in conſequence of a curſed accident, which I will endeavour to explain.—In croſſing the country to get into the poſt-road, it was neceſſary to ford a river, and we that were a-horſeback paſſed without any danger or difficulty; but a great quantity of rain having fallen laſt night and this morning, there was ſuch an accumulation of water, that a mill-head gave way, juſt as the coach was paſſing under it, and the flood ruſhed down with ſuch impetuoſity, as firſt floated, and then fairly overturned the carriage in the middle of the ſtream.—Liſmahago and I, and the two ſervants, alighting inſtantaneouſly, ran into the river to give all the aſſiſtance in our power.—Our aunt, Mrs. Tabitha, who had the good fortune to be uppermoſt, was already half way out of the coach window, when her lover approaching, diſengaged her entirely; but, whether his foot ſlipt, or the burden was too great, they fell over head and ears in each other's arms. He endeavoured more than once to get up, and even to diſentangle himſelf from her embrace, but ſhe hung about his neck like a millſtone (no bad emblem of matrimony); and if my man had not proved a ſtaunch auxiliary, thoſe two lovers would in all probability have gone hand in hand to the ſhades below. For my part, I was too much engaged to take any cognizance of their diſtreſs—I ſnatched out my ſiſter by the hair of the head, and, dragging her to the bank, recollected that my uncle had not yet appeared—Ruſhing again into the ſtream, I met Clinker haling aſhore Mrs. Jenkins, who looked like a mermaid with her hair diſhevelled about her ears; but, when I aſked if his maſter was ſafe, he forthwith ſhook her from him, and ſhe muſt have gone to pot,

if a miller had not ſeaſonably come to her relief.—As for Humphry, he flew like lightning to the coach, that was by this time filled with water, and, diving into it, brought up the poor ſquire, to all appearance deprived of life—It is not in my power to deſcribe what I felt at this melancholy ſpectacle. It was ſuch an agony as baffles all deſcription! The faithful Clinker, taking him up in his arms, as if he had been an infant of ſix months, carried him aſhore, howling moſt piteouſly all the way, and I followed him, in a tranſport of grief and conſternation. When he was laid upon the graſs, and turned from ſide to ſide, a great quantity of water ran out at his mouth, then he opened his eyes, and fetched a deep ſigh. Clinker, perceiving theſe ſigns of life, immediately tied up his arm with a garter, and, pulling out a horſe-fleam, let him blood in the farrier ſtyle.—At firſt a few drops only iſſued from the orifice; but the arm being chafed, in a little time the blood began to flow in a continued ſtream; and he uttered ſome incoherent words, which were the moſt welcome ſounds that ever ſaluted my ear. There was a country inn hard by, the landlord of which had by this time come with his people to give their aſſiſtance. Thither my uncle being carried, was undreſſed, and put to bed, wrapped in warm blankets; but having been moved too ſoon, he fainted away, and once more lay without ſenſe or motion, notwithſtanding all the efforts of Clinker and the landlord, who bathed his temples with Hungary-water, and held a ſmelling-bottle to his noſe. As I had heard of the efficacy of ſalt in ſuch caſes, I ordered all that was in the houſe to be laid under his head and body; and whether this application had the deſired effect, or Nature of herſelf prevailed, he, in leſs than a quarter of an hour, began to breathe regularly, and ſoon retrieved his recollection, to the unſpeakable joy of all the by-ſtanders. As for Clinker, his brain ſeemed to be affected—He laughed, and wept, and danced about in ſuch a diſtracted manner, that the landlord very judiciouſly conveyed him out of the room. My uncle, ſeeing me dropping wet, comprehended the whole of what had happened, and aſked if all the company was ſafe?—Being anſwered in the affirmative, he inſiſted upon my putting on dry clothes; and, having ſwallowed a little warm

wine, deſired he might be left to his repoſe. Before I went to ſhift myſelf, I inquired about the reſt of the family—I found Mrs. Tabitha ſtill delirious from her fright, diſcharging very copiouſly the water ſhe had ſwallowed. She was ſupported by the captain, diſtilling drops from his uncurled periwig, ſo lank and ſo dank, that he looked like father Thame without his ſedges, embracing Iſis, while ſhe caſcaded in his urn. Mrs. Jenkins was preſent alſo, in a looſe bed-gown, without either cap or handkerchief; but ſhe ſeemed to be as little *compos mentis* as her miſtreſs, and acted ſo many croſs purpoſes in the courſe of her attendance, that, between the two, Liſmahago had occaſion for all his philoſophy. As for Liddy, I thought the poor girl would have actually loſt her ſenſes. The good woman of the houſe had ſhifted her linen, and put her into bed; but ſhe was ſeized with the idea that her uncle had periſhed, and, in this perſuaſion, made a diſmal outcry; nor did ſhe pay the leaſt regard to what I ſaid, when I ſolemnly aſſured her he was ſafe. Mr. Bramble hearing the noiſe, and being informed of her apprehenſion, deſired ſhe might be brought into his chamber; and ſhe no ſooner received this intimation, than ſhe ran thither half naked, with the wildeſt expreſſion of eagerneſs in her countenance.—Seeing the ſquire ſitting up in the bed, ſhe ſprung forwards, and, throwing her arms about his neck, exclaimed, in a moſt pathetic tone, "Are you—Are you indeed my uncle—My dear uncle!—My beſt friend! My father!—Are you really living? or is it an illuſion of my poor brain?" Honeſt Matthew was ſo much affected, that he could not help ſhedding tears, while he kiſſed her forehead, ſaying, "My dear Liddy, I hope I ſhall live long enough to ſhow how ſenſible I am of your affection—But your ſpirits are fluttered, child—You want reſt—Go to bed and compoſe yourſelf—" "Well, I will (ſhe replied)—but ſtill methinks this cannot be real—The coach was full of water—My uncle was under us all—Gracious God!—You was under water—How did you get out?—Tell me that; or I ſhall think this is all a deception." "In what manner I was brought out, I know as little as you do, my dear (ſaid the ſquire): And truly that is a circumſtance of which I want to be informed." I would have given him a detail of the whole

adventure, but he would not hear me until I ſhould change my clothes; ſo that I had only time to tell him, that he owed his life to the courage and fidelity of Clinker; and having given him this hint, I conducted my ſiſter to her own chamber.

This accident happened about three o'clock in the afternoon, and in little more than half an hour the hurricane was all over; but as the carriage was found to be ſo much damaged, that it could not proceed without conſiderable repairs, a blackſmith and wheelwright were immediately ſent for to the next market-town, and we congratulated ourſelves upon being houſed at an inn, which, though remote from the poſt-road, afforded exceeding good lodging. The women being pretty well compoſed, and the men all afoot, my uncle ſent for his ſervant, and, in the preſence of Liſmahago and me, accoſted him in theſe words—"So, Clinker, I find you are reſolved I ſhan't die by water—As you have fiſhed me up from the bottom at your own riſk, you are at leaſt entitled to all the money that was in my pocket, and there it is." So ſaying, he preſented him with a purſe containing thirty guineas, and a ring nearly of the ſame value.—"God forbid! (cried Clinker), your Honour ſhall excuſe me—I am a poor fellow; but I have a heart—O! if your Honour did but know how I rejoiced to ſee—Bleſſed be his holy name, that made me the humble inſtrument—But as for the lucre of gain, I renounce it—I have done no more than my duty—No more than I would have done for the moſt worthleſs of my fellow-creatures—No more than I would have done for Captain Liſmahago, or Archy M'Alpine, or any ſinner upon earth—But for your Worſhip, I would go through fire as well as water." I do believe it, Humphry (ſaid the ſquire); but as you think it was your duty to ſave my life at the hazard of your own, I think it is mine to expreſs the ſenſe I have of your extraordinary fidelity and attachment—I inſiſt upon your receiving this ſmall token of my gratitude; but don't imagine that I look upon this as an adequate recompence for the ſervice you have done me—I have determined to ſettle thirty pounds a-year upon you for life; and I deſire theſe gentlemen will bear witneſs to this my intention, of which I have a memo-

randum in my pocketbook." "Lord make me thankful for all theſe mercies! (cried Clinker, ſobbing); I have been a poor bankrupt from the beginning—Your Honour's goodneſs found me, when I was—naked—when I was—ſick and forlorn—I underſtand your Honour's looks—I would not give offence—but my heart is very full—and if your Worſhip won't give me leave to ſpeak—I muſt vent it in prayers to Heaven for my benefactor." When he quitted the room, Liſmahago ſaid, he ſhould have a much better opinion of his honeſty, if he did not whine and cant ſo abominably; but that he had always obſerved thoſe weeping and praying fellows were hypocrites at bottom. Mr. Bramble made no reply to this ſarcaſtic remark, proceeding from the lieutenant's reſentment of Clinker's having, in pure ſimplicity of heart, ranked him with M'Alpine and the ſinners of the earth.—The landlord being called to receive ſome orders about the beds, told the ſquire, that his houſe was very much at his ſervice, but he was ſure he ſhould not have the honour to lodge him and his company. He gave us to underſtand, that his maſter, who lived hard by, would not ſuffer us to be at a public houſe, when there was accommodation for us at his own; and that, if he had not dined abroad in the neighbourhood, he would have undoubtly come to offer his ſervices at our firſt arrival. He then launched out in praiſe of that gentleman, whom he had ſerved as butler, repreſenting him as a perfect miracle of goodneſs and generoſity. He ſaid he was a perſon of great learning, and allowed to be the beſt farmer in the country—that he had a lady who was as much beloved as himſelf, and an only ſon, a very hopeful young gentleman, juſt recovered from a dangerous fever, which had like to have proved fatal to the whole family; for, if the ſon had died, he was ſure the parents would not have ſurvived their loſs.—He had not yet finiſhed the encomium of Mr. Denniſon, when this gentleman arrived in a poſt-chaiſe, and his appearance ſeemed to juſtify all that had been ſaid in his favour. He is pretty well advanced in years, but hale, robuſt, and florid, with an ingenuous countenance, expreſſive of good ſenſe and humanity. Having condoled with us on the accident which had happened, he ſaid he was come to conduct us to his

habitation, where we ſhould be leſs incommoded than at ſuch a paltry inn, and expreſſed his hope that the ladies would not be the worſe for going thither in his carriage, as the diſtance was not above a quarter of a mile. My uncle having made a proper return to this courteous exhibition, eyed him attentively, and then aſked if he had not been at Oxford, a commoner of Queen's college? When Mr. Denniſon anſwered, "Yes," with ſome marks of ſurpriſe—"Look at me then (ſaid our ſquire), and let us ſee if you can recollect the features of an old friend, whom you have not ſeen theſe forty years." The gentleman, taking him by the hand, and gazing at him earneſtly,—"I proteſt (cried he), I do think I recal the idea of Matthew Lloyd of Glamorganſhire, who was ſtudent of Jeſus." Well remembered, my dear friend Charles Denniſon (exclaimed my uncle, preſſing him to his breaſt), I am that very indentical Matthew Lloyd of Glamorgan." Clinker, who had juſt entered the room with ſome coals for the fire, no ſooner heard theſe words, than, throwing down the ſcuttle on the toes of Liſmahago, he began to caper as if he was mad, crying, "Matthew Lloyd of Glamorgan!—O Providence!—Matthew Lloyd of Glamorgan!" Then, claſping my uncle's knees, he went on in this manner—"Your Worſhip muſt forgive me—Matthew Lloyd of Glamorgan!—O Lord, Sir!—I can't contain myſelf!—I ſhall loſe my ſenſes—" "Nay, thou haſt loſt them already, I believe (ſaid the ſquire, peeviſhly), pr'ythee, Clinker, be quiet—What is the matter?"—Humphry, fumbling in his boſom, pulled out an old wooden ſnuff-box, which he preſented in great trepidation to his maſter, who, opening it immediately, perceived a ſmall cornelian ſeal, and two ſcraps of paper—At ſight of theſe articles he ſtarted, and changed colour, and caſting his eye upon the inſcriptions—"Ha! how!—what!—where (cried he) is the perſon here named!—"—Clinker, knocking his own breaſt, could hardly pronounce theſe words—"Here—here—here is Matthew Lloyd, as the certificate ſhoweth—Humphry Clinker was the name of the farrier that took me 'prentice."—"And who gave you theſe tokens?" ſaid my uncle, haſtily—"My poor mother on her death bed," replied the other.—"And who was your mother?"—

" Dorothy Twyford, an' pleaſe your Honour, heretofore bar-keeper at the Angel at Chippenham"—" And why were not theſe tokens produced before?"—My mother told me ſhe had wrote to Glamorganſhire, at the time of my birth, but had no anſwer; and that afterwards, when ſhe made inquiry, there was no ſuch perſon in that county."—" And ſo, in conſequence of my changing my name, and going abroad at that very time, thy poor mother and thou have been left to want and miſery—I am really ſhocked at the conſequence of my own folly." —Then, laying his hand on Clinker's head, he added, " Stand forth, Matthew Lloyd—You ſee, gentlemen, how the ſins of my youth riſe up in judgment againſt me—Here is my direction written with my own hand, and a ſeal which I left at the woman's requeſt; and this is a certificate of the child's baptiſm, ſigned by the curate of the pariſh."—The company were not a little ſurpriſed at this diſcovery, upon which Mr. Denniſon facetiouſly congratulated both the father and the ſon: For my part, I ſhook my new-found couſin heartily by the hand; and Liſmahago complimented him with the tears in his eyes, for he had been hopping about the room, ſwearing in broad Scotch, and bellowing with the pain occaſioned by the fall of the coal-ſcuttle upon his foot. He had even vowed to drive the *faul* out of the body of that mad raſcal; but, perceiving the unexpected turn which things had taken, he wiſhed him joy of his good fortune, obſerving that it went very near his heart, as he was like to be a great-toe out of pocket by the diſcovery.—Mr. Denniſon now deſired to know for what reaſon my uncle had changed the name by which he knew him at Oxford; and our ſquire ſatisfied him, by anſwering to this effect—" I took my mother's name, which was Lloyd, as heir to her lands in Glamorganſhire; but, when I came of age, I ſold that property, in order to clear my paternal eſtate, and reſumed my real name; ſo that I am now Matthew Bramble of Brambletonhall, in Monmouthſhire, at your ſervice; and this is my nephew, Jeremy Melford of Belfield, in the county of Glamorgan."—At that inſtant the ladies entering the room, he preſented Mrs. Tabitha as his ſiſter, and Liddy as his neice. The old gentleman ſaluted them very cordially, and ſeemed

t with the appearrnce of my ſiſter, whom he could elp ſurveying with a mixture of complacency and ife.—" Siſter (ſaid my uncle), there is a poor rela- that recommends himſelf to your good graces— quondam Humphry Clinker is metamorphoſed into hew Lloyd, and claims the honour of being your l kinſman—In ſhort, the rogue proves to be a crab y own planting, in the days of hot blood and un- ined libertiniſm."—Clinker had by this time drop- ipon one knee, by the ſide of Mrs. Tabitha, who, g him aſkance, and flirting her fan with marks of ion, thought proper, after ſome conflict, to hold er hand for him to kiſs, ſaying, with a demure aſ- " Brother, you have been very wicked; but I hope l live to ſee the folly of your ways—I am very ſorry r, the young man, whom you have this day acknow- d, has more grace and religion, by the gift of God, you with all your profane learning, and repeated rtunity—I do think he has got the trick of the eye, and ip of the noſe of my uncle Lloyd of Flluydwellin; as for the long chin, it is the very moral of the mor's.—Brother, as you have changed his name, pray ge his dreſs alſo; that livery doth not become any n that hath got our blood in his veins."—Liddy ed much pleaſed with this acquiſition to the family e took him by the hand, declaring ſhe ſhould al- be proud to own her connection with a virtuous g man, who had given ſo many proofs of his gra- e and affection to her uncle.—Mrs. Winifred Jen- extremely fluttered between her ſurpriſe at this very, and the apprehenſion of loſing her ſweetheart, imed in a giggling tone,—" I wiſh you joy, Mr. er—Floyd, I would ſay—hi, hi, hi!—you'll be ſo l, you won't look at your poor fellow-ſervants, oh, h!"—Honeſt Clinker owned he was overjoyed at ood fortune, which was greater than he deſerved But wherefore ſhould I be proud (ſaid he); a poor t, conceived in ſin, and brought forth in iniquity, d in a pariſh workhouſe, and bred in a ſmithy— never I ſeem proud, Mrs. Jenkins, I beg of you t me in mind of the condition I was in when I firſt ou between Chippenham and Marlborough."

When this momentous affair was diſcuſſed to the ſatisfaction of all parties concerned, the weather being dry, the ladies declined the carriage; ſo that we walked altogether to Mr. Denniſon's houſe, where we found the tea ready prepared by his lady, an amiable matron, who received us with all the benevolence of hoſpitality.—The houſe is old faſhioned and irregular, but lodgeable and commodious. To the ſouth it has the river in front, at the diſtance of a hundred paces; and on the north there is a riſing ground, covered with an agreeable plantation; the greens and walks are kept in the niceſt order, and all is rural and romantic. I have not yet ſeen the young gentleman, who is on a viſit to a friend in the neighbourhood, from whoſe houſe he is not expected till to-morrow.

In the mean time, as there is a man going to the next market-town with letters for the poſt, I take this opportunity to ſend you the hiſtory of this day, which has been remarkably full of adventures; and you will own I give you them like a beef ſteak at Dolly's, *hot and hot*, without ceremony and parade, juſt as they come from the recollection of

Yours,

J. MELFORD.

To DR. LEWIS.

DEAR DICK,

SINCE the laſt trouble I gave you, I have met with a variety of incidents, ſome of them of a ſingular nature, which I reſerve as a fund for converſation; but there are others ſo intereſting, that they will not keep *in petto* till meeting.

Know then, it was a thouſand pounds to a ſixpence, that you ſhould now be executing my will, inſtead of peruſing my letter!—Two days ago, our coach was overturned in the midſt of a rapid river, where my life was ſaved with the utmoſt difficulty, by the courage, activity, and preſence of mind of my ſervant Humphry Clinker.—But

this is not the moſt ſurpriſing circumſtance of the adventure—The ſaid Humphry Clinker proves to be Matthew Lloyd, natural ſon of one Matthew Lloyd of Glamorgan, if you know any ſuch perſon.—You ſee, doctor, that notwithſtanding all your philoſophy, it is not without ſome reaſon that we Welchmen aſcribe ſuch energy to the force of blood—But we ſhall diſcuſs this point on ſome future occaſion.

This is not the only diſcovery which I made in conſequence of our diſaſter.—We happened to be wrecked upon a friendly ſhore—The lord of the manor is no other than Charles Denniſon, our fellow-rake at Oxford—We are now happily houſed with that gentleman, who has really attained to that pitch of rural felicity at which I have been aſpiring theſe twenty years in vain. He is bleſſed with a conſort whoſe diſpoſition is ſuited to his own in all reſpects; tender, generous, and benevolent—She, moreover, poſſeſſes an uncommon ſhare of underſtanding, fortitude, and diſcretion, and is admirably qualified to be his companion, confidant, counſellor, and coadjutrix. Theſe excellent perſons have an only ſon, about nineteen years of age, juſt ſuch a youth as they could have wiſhed that Heaven would beſtow, to fill up the meaſure of their enjoyment.—In a word, they know no other allay to their happineſs, but their apprehenſion and anxiety about the life and concerns of this beloved object.

Our old friend, who had the misfortune to be a ſecond brother, was bred to the law, and even called to the bar; but he did not find himſelf qualified to ſhine in that province, and had very little inclination for his profeſſion. He diſobliged his father, by marrying for love, without any conſideration of fortune; ſo that he had little or nothing to depend upon for ſome years but his practice, which afforded him a bare ſubſiſtence; and the proſpect of an increaſing family began to give him diſturbance and diſquiet. In the mean time, his father dying, was ſucceeded by his elder brother, a foxhunter and a ſot, who neglected his affairs, inſulted and oppreſſed his ſervants, and in a few years had well nigh ruined the eſtate, when he was happily carried off by a fever, the immediate conſequence of a debauch. Charles, with the approbation of his wife, immediately determined to quit buſineſs, and

retire into the country, although this reſolution was ſtrenuouſly and zealouſly oppoſed by every individual whom he conſulted on the ſubject. Thoſe who had tried the experiment aſſured him, that he could not pretend to breathe in the country for leſs than the double of what his eſtate produced; that, in order to be upon the footing of a gentleman, he would be obliged to keep horſes, hounds, carriages, with a ſuitable number of ſervants, and maintain an elegant table for the entertainment of his neighbours; that farming was a myſtery known only to thoſe who had been bred up to it from the cradle, the ſucceſs of it depending not only upon ſkill and induſtry, but alſo upon ſuch attention and economy as no gentleman could be ſuppoſed to give or practiſe; accordingly, every attempt made by gentlemen miſcarried, and not a few had been ruined by their proſecution of agriculture—Nay, they affirmed, that he would find it cheaper to buy hay and oats for his cattle, and to go to market for poultry, eggs, kitchen herbs, and roots, and every the moſt inconſiderable article of houſekeeping, than to have thoſe articles produced on his own ground.

Theſe objections did not deter Mr. Denniſon, becauſe they were chiefly founded upon the ſuppoſition, that he would be obliged to lead a life of extravagance and diſſipation, which he and his conſort equally deteſted, deſpiſed, and determined to avoid.—The objects he had in view were, health of body, peace of mind, and the private ſatisfaction of domeſtic quiet, unallayed by actual want, and uninterrupted by the fears of indigence.—He was very moderate in his eſtimate of the neceſſaries, and even of the comforts of life—He required nothing but wholeſome air, pure water, agreeable exerciſe, plain diet, convenient lodging, and decent apparel. He reflected, that, if a peaſant, without education, or any great ſhare of natural ſagacity, could maintain a large family, and even become opulent, upon a farm for which he paid an annualrent of two or three hundred pounds to the landlord, ſurely he himſelf might hope for ſome ſucceſs from his induſtry, having no rent to pay, but on the contrary, three or four hundred pounds a-year to receive.—He conſidered that the earth was an indulgent mother, that yielded her fruits to all her children without diſtinction. He

had ſtudied the theory of agriculture with a degree of eagerneſs and delight; and he could not conceive there was any myſtery in the practice but what he ſhould be able to diſcloſe by dint of care and application. With reſpect to houſehold expence, he entered into a minute detail and inveſtigation, by which he perceived the aſſertions of his friends were altogether erroneous.—He found he ſhould ſave ſixty pounds a-year in the ſingle article of houſe-rent, and as much more in pocket-money and contingencies; that even butcher's meat was twenty per cent. cheaper in the country than in London; but that poultry, and almoſt every other circumſtance of houſekeeping, might be had for leſs than one half of what they coſt in town; beſides a conſiderable ſaving on the ſide of dreſs, in being delivered from the oppreſſive impoſition of ridiculous modes invented by ignorance, and adopted by folly

As to the danger of vying with the rich in pomp and equipage, it never gave him the leaſt diſturbance. He was now turned of forty, and having lived half that time in the buſy ſcenes of life, was well ſkilled in the ſcience of mankind. There cannot be in nature a more contemptible figure than that of a man who, with five hundred a-year, preſumes to rival in expence a neighbour who poſſeſſes five times that income. His oſtentation, far from concealing, ſerves only to diſcover his indigence, and render his vanity the more ſhocking; for it attracts the eyes of cenſure, and excites the ſpirit of inquiry. There is not a family in the county, nor a ſervant in his own houſe, nor a farmer in the pariſh, but what knows the utmoſt farthing that his lands produce; and all theſe behold him with ſcorn or compaſſion. I am ſurpriſed that theſe reflections do not occur to perſons in this unhappy dilemma, and produce a ſalutary effect—But the truth is, of all the paſſions incident to human nature, vanity is that which moſt effectually perverts the faculties of the underſtanding; nay, it ſometimes becomes ſo incredibly depraved, as to aſpire at infamy, and find pleaſure in bearing the ſtigmas of reproach.

I have now given you a ſketch of the character and ſituation of Mr. Denniſon, when he came down to take poſſeſſion of this eſtate; but as the meſſenger, who car-

ries the letters to the next town, is juſt ſetting off, I ſhall reſerve what further I have to ſay on this ſubject till the next poſt, when you ſhall certainly hear from

Yours always,

Oct. 8. MATT. BRAMBLE.

To Doctor LEWIS.

ONCE more, dear Doctor, I reſume the pen for your amuſement.—It was on the morning after our arrival, that, walking out with my friend Mr. Denniſon, I could not help breaking forth into the warmeſt expreſſions of applauſe at the beauty of the ſcene, which is really enchanting; and I ſignified, in particular, how much I was pleaſed with the diſpoſition of ſome detached groves, that afforded at once ſhelter and ornament to his habitation.

"When I took poſſeſſion of theſe lands, about two and twenty years ago (ſaid he), there was not a tree ſtanding within a mile of the houſe, except thoſe of an old neglected orchard, which produced nothing but leaves and moſs. It was in the gloomy month of November when I arrived, and found the houſe in ſuch a condition, that it might have been juſtly ſtyled *the tower of deſolation.* —The court-yard was covered with nettles and docks, and the garden exhibited ſuch a rank plantation of weeds as I had never ſeen before;—the window-ſhutters were falling in pieces;—the ſaſhes broken, and owls and jack-daws had taken poſſeſſion of the chimneys. The proſpect within was ſtill more dreary. All was dark and damp, and dirty beyond deſcription;—the rain penetrated into ſeveral parts of the roof;—in ſome apartments the very floors had given way;—the hangings were parted from the walls, and ſhaking in mouldy remnants; the glaſſes were dropping out of their frames; the family pictures were covered with duſt; and all the chairs and tables worm-eaten and crazy.—There was not a bed in the houſe that could be uſed, except one old faſhioned machine with a high gilt teſter, and fringed curtains of yellow mohair, which had been, for aught I know, two

centuries in the family.—In ſhort, there was no furniture but the utenſils of the kitchen; and the cellar afforded nothing but a few empty butts and barrels, that ſtunk ſo abominably, that I would not ſuffer any body to enter it, until I had flaſhed a conſiderable quantity of gunpowder to qualify the foul air within.

"An old bottager and his wife, who were hired to lie in the houſe, had left it with precipitation, alleging, among other cauſes of retreat, that they could not ſleep for frightful noiſes, and that my poor brother certainly walked after his death. In a word, the houſe appeared uninhabitable; the barn, ſtable, and out-houſes were in ruins, all the fences broken down, and the fields lying waſte.

"The farmer who kept the key, never dreamed I had any intention to live upon the ſpot. He rented a farm of ſixty pounds, and his leaſe was juſt expiring. He had formed a ſcheme of being appointed bailiff to the eſtate, and of converting the houſe and the adjacent grounds to his own uſe. A hint of his intention I received from the curate at my firſt arrival; I therefore did not pay much regard to what he ſaid by way of diſcouraging me from coming to ſettle in the country; but I was a little ſtartled when he gave me warning, that he ſhould quit the farm at the expiration of his leaſe, unleſs I would abate conſiderably in the rent.

"At this period I accidentally became acquainted with a perſon, whoſe friendſhip laid the foundation of all my proſperity. In the next market town, I chanced to dine at an inn with a Mr. Wilſon, who was lately come to ſettle in the neighbourhood. He had been lieutenant of a man of war; but quitted the ſea in ſome diſguſt, and married the only daughter of farmer Bland, who lives in this pariſh, and has acquired a good fortune in the way of huſbandry. Wilſon is one of the beſt-natured men I ever knew; brave, frank, obliging, and ingenuous. He liked my converſation; I was charmed with his liberal manner: An acquaintance immediately commenced, and this was ſoon improved into a friendſhip without reſerve—There are characters, which, like ſimilar particles of matter, ſtrongly attract each other—He forthwith introduced me to his father-in-law, farmer Bland, who was well acquainted with every acre of my

eſtate, of conſequence well qualified to adviſe me on this occaſion—Finding I was inclined to embrace a country life, and even to amuſe myſelf with the occupations of farming, he approved of my deſign. He gave me to underſtand that all my farms were underlet; that the eſtate was capable of great improvement; that there was plenty of chalk in the neighbourhood; and that my own ground produced excellent marle for manure. With reſpect to the farm, which was like to fall into my hands, he ſaid he would willingly take it at the preſent rent; but at the ſame time, owned, that if I would expend two hundred pounds in encloſures, it would be worth more than double the ſum.

"Thus encouraged, I began the execution of my ſcheme without farther delay, and plunged into a ſea of expence, though I had no fund in reſerve, and the whole produce of the eſtate did not exceed three hundred pounds a-year. In one week my houſe was made weather tight, and thoroughly cleanſed from top to bottom; then it was well ventilated, by throwing all the doors and windows open, and making blazing fires of wood in every chimney from the kitchen to the garrets. The floors were repaired, the ſaſhes new glazed, and, out of the old furniture of the whole houſe, I made ſhift to fit up a parlour and three chambers, in a plain, yet decent manner. The court-yard was cleared of weeds and rubbiſh, and my friend Wilſon charged himſelf with the dreſſing of the garden: Bricklayers were ſet at work upon the barn and ſtable; and labourers engaged to reſtore the fences, and begin the work of hedging and ditching, under the direction of farmer Bland, at whoſe recommendation I hired a careful hind to lie in the houſe, and keep conſtant fires in the apartments.

"Having taken theſe meaſures, I returned to London, where I forthwith ſold off my houſehold furniture, and in three weeks from my firſt viſit, brought my wife hither to keep her Chriſtmas—Conſidering the gloomy ſeaſon of the year, the drearineſs of the place, and the decayed aſpect of our habitation, I was afraid that her reſolution would ſink under the ſudden tranſition from a town life to ſuch a melancholy ſtate of ruſtication; but I was agreeably diſappointed—She found the reality leſs uncom-

fortable than the picture I had drawn. By this time, indeed, things were mended in appearance. The out-houſes had riſen out of their ruins; the pigeon-houſe was rebuilt, and repleniſhed by Wilſon, who alſo put my garden in decent order, and provided a good ſtock of poultry, which made an agreeable figure in my yard; and the houſe, on the whole, looked like the habitation of human creatures—Farmer Bland ſpared me a milch-cow for my family, and an ordinary ſaddle-horſe for my ſervant to go to market at the next town—I hired a country lad for a footman; the hind's daughter was my houſe-maid, and my wife had brought a cook-maid from London.

"Such was my family when I began houſe-keeping in this place, with three hundred pounds in my pocket, raiſed from the ſale of my ſuperfluous furniture—I knew we ſhould find occupation enough through the day to employ our time; but I dreaded the long winter evenings; yet for theſe too we found a remedy. The curate, who was a ſingle man, ſoon became ſo naturalized to the family, that he generally lay in the houſe, and his company was equally agreeable and uſeful. He was a modeſt man, a good ſcholar, and perfectly well qualified to inſtruct me in ſuch country matters as I wanted to know. Mr. Wilſon brought his wife to ſee us, and ſhe became ſo fond of Mrs. Denniſon, that ſhe ſaid ſhe was never ſo happy as when ſhe enjoyed the benefit of her converſation. She was then a fine buxom country laſs, exceedingly docile, and as good-natured as her huſband Jack Wilſon; ſo that a friendſhip enſued among the women, which hath continued to this day.

"As for Jack, he hath been my conſtant companion, counſellor, and commiſſary—I would not for a hundred pounds you ſhould leave my houſe without ſeeing him—Jack is an univerſal genius—his talents are really aſtoniſhing—He is an excellent carpenter, joiner, and turner, and a cunning artiſt in iron and braſs—He not only ſuperintended my economy, but alſo preſided over my paſtimes—He taught me to brew beer, to make cyder, perry, mead, uſquebaugh, and plague-water; to cook ſeveral outlandiſh delicacies ſuch as *ollas*, *pepper-pots*, *pillaws*, *corys*, *chabobs*, and *ſtuffatas*—He underſtands all manner of games, from cheſs down to chuck-farthing, ſings a good ſong, plays

eſtate, of conſeque-
occaſion—Find
life, and ever
farming, he
underſtand
eſtate wa
plenty c
groun
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he
at
)

mpipe with ſurpriſing a-
de, and hunted, and fiſhed
viciſſitudes of the weather;
in a raw, moiſt climate, like
exerciſe is as neceſſary as food
the individual. In the courſe of
there has not been one hour's in-
ment in the friendſhip ſubſiſting be-
family and mine; and, what is a rare in-
fortune, that friendſhip is continued to
His ſon and mine are nearly of the ſame
the ſame diſpoſition; they have been bred up to-
the ſame ſchool and college, and love each other
with the warmeſt affection.

By Wilſon's means, I likewiſe formed an acquaint-
ance with a ſenſible phyſician, who lives in the next mark-
et town; and his ſiſter, an agreeable old maiden, paſ-
ſed the Chriſtmas holidays at our houſe.—Meanwhile I
began my farming with great eagerneſs, and that very
winter planted theſe groves that pleaſe you ſo much. As
for the neighbouring gentry, I had no trouble from that
quarter during my firſt campaign; they were all gone to
town before I had ſettled in the country; and by the
ſummer, I had taken meaſures to defend myſelf from
their attacks. When a gay equipage came to my gates,
I was never at home; thoſe who viſited me in a modeſt
way, I received; and according to the remarks I made
on their characters and converſation, either rejected their
advances, or returned their civility—I was in general de-
ſpiſed among the faſhionable company, as a low fellow,
both in breeding and circumſtances; nevertheleſs, I found
a few individuals of moderate fortune, who gladly adopt-
ed my ſtyle of living; and many others would have acced-
ed to our ſociety, had they not been prevented by the
pride, envy, and ambition of their wives and daughters
—Thoſe, in times of luxury and diſſipation, are the rocks
upon which all the ſmall eſtates in the country are wreck-
ed.

" I reſerved in my own hands ſome acres of ground ad-
jacent to the houſe, for making experiments in agriculture,
according to the directions of Lyle, Tull, Hart, Duhamel,
and others, who have written on this ſubject; and quali-

't theory with the practicable obſervations of
ıand, who was my great maſter in the art of
ıry. In ſhort, I became enamoured of a conntry
, and my ſucceſs greatly exceeded my expectation. I
ained bogs, burned heath, grubbed up furze and fern; I planted copſe and willows where nothing elſe would grow; I gradually encloſed all my farms, and made ſuch improvements, that my eſtate now yields me clear twelve hundred pounds a-year. All this time my wife and I have enjoyed uninterrupted health, and a regular flow of ſpirits, except on a very few occaſions, when our cheerfulneſs was invaded by ſuch accidents as are inſeparable from the condition of life—I loſt two children in their infancy, by the ſmall-pox, ſo that I have one ſon only, in whom all our hopes are centered. He went yeſterday to viſit a friend, with whom he has ſtaid all night, but he will be here to dinner. I ſhall this day have the pleaſure of preſenting him to you and your family; and I flatter myſelf you will find him not altogether unworthy of your affection.

"The truth is, either I am blinded by the partiality of a parent, or he is a boy of a very amiable character; and yet his conduct has given us unſpeakable diſquiet. You muſt know, we had projected a match between him and a gentleman's daughter in the next county, who will in all probability be heireſs of a conſiderable fortune; but it ſeems, he had a perſonal diſguſt to the alliance.—He was then at Cambridge, and tried to gain time on various pretences; but being preſſed in letters, by his mother and me to give a definitive anſwer, he fairly gave his tutor the ſlip, and diſappeared about eight months ago.—Before he took this raſh ſtep, he wrote me a letter, explaining his objections to the match, and declaring that he would keep himſelf concealed until he ſhould underſtand that his parents would diſpenſe with his contracting an engagement that muſt make him miſerable for life; and he preſcribed the form of advertiſing in a certain newſpaper, by which he might be appriſed of our ſentiments on this ſubject.

"You may eaſily conceive how much we were alarmed and afflicted by this elopement, which he had made without dropping the leaſt hint to his companion Charles

Wilſon, who belonged to the ſame college.—We reſolved to puniſh him with the appearance of neglect, in hopes that he would return of his own accord; but he maintained his purpoſe till the young lady choſe a partner for herſelf; then he produced himſelf, and made his peace by the mediation of Wilſon.—Suppoſe we ſhould unite our families by joining him with your niece, who is one of the moſt lovely creatures I ever beheld. My wife is already as fond of her as if ſhe were her own child, and I have a preſentiment that my ſon will be captivated by her at firſt ſight." "Nothing could be more agreeable to all our family (ſaid I), than ſuch an alliance; but my dear friend, candour obliges me to tell you, that I am afraid Liddy's heart is not wholly diſengaged—there is a curſed obſtacle—" "You mean the young ſtroller at Glouceſter (ſaid he).—You are ſurpriſed that I ſhould know this circumſtance; but you will be more ſurpriſed when I tell you that ſtroller is no other than my ſon George Denniſon—That was the character he aſſumed in his eclipſe." "I am indeed, aſtoniſhed and overjoyed (cried I), and ſhall be happy beyond expreſſion to ſee your propoſal take effect."

He then gave me to underſtand, that the young gentleman, at his emerging from concealment, had diſcloſed his paſſion for Miſs Melford, the niece of Mr. Bramble of Monmouthſhire. Though Mr. Denniſon little dreamed that this was his old friend Matthew Lloyd, he nevertheleſs furniſhed his ſon with proper credentials; and he had been at Bath, London, and many other places in queſt of us, to make himſelf and his pretenſions known—The bad ſucceſs of his inquiry had ſuch an effect upon his ſpirits, that, immediately at his return, he was ſeized with a dangerous fever, which overwhelmed his parents with terror and affliction; but he is now happily recovered, though ſtill weak and diſconſolate. My nephew joining us in our walk, I informed him of theſe circumſtances, with which he was wonderfully pleaſed. He declared he would promote the match to the utmoſt of his power, and that he longed to embrace young Mr. Denniſon as his friend and brother.—Meanwhile, the father went to deſire his wife to communicate this diſcovery gradually to Liddy, that her delicate nerves might not ſuffer too ſudden a ſhock; and I imparted the particu-

lars to my ſiſter Tabby, who expreſſed ſome ſurpriſe, not altogether unmixed, I believe, with an emotion of envy; for, though ſhe could have no objection to an alliance at once ſo honourable and advantageous, ſhe heſitated in giving her conſent, on pretence of the youth and inexperience of the parties: At length, however, ſhe acquieſced, in conſequence of having conſulted with Captain Liſmahago.

Mr. Denniſon took care to be in the way when his ſon arrived at the gate, and without giving him time or opportunity to make any inquiry about the ſtrangers, brought him up ſtairs to be preſened to Mr. Lloyd and his family.—The firſt perſon he ſaw, when he entered the room, was Liddy, who, notwithſtanding all her preparation, ſtood trembling in the utmoſt confuſion—At ſight of this object, he was fixed motionleſs to the floor, and, gazing at her with the utmoſt eagerneſs of aſtoniſhment, exclaimed, "Sacred heaven! what is this!—ha! wherefore—" Here his ſpeech failing, he ſtood ſtraining his eyes, in the moſt emphatic ſilence—"George (ſaid his father), this is my friend Mr. Lloyd." Rouſed at this intimation, he turned and received my ſalute, when I ſaid, "Young gentleman, if you had truſted me with your ſecret at our laſt meeting, we ſhould have parted upon better terms." Before he could make any anſwer, Jery came round and ſtood before him with open arms.—At firſt, he ſtarted and changed colour; but, after a ſhort pauſe, he ruſhed into his embrace, and they hugged one another as if they had been intimate friends from their infancy: Then he paid his reſpects to Mrs. Tabitha, and advancing to Liddy, "Is it poſſible (cried he) that my ſenſes do not play me falſe!—That I ſee Miſs Melford under my father's roof—that I am permitted to ſpeak to her without giving offence—and that her relations have honoured me with their countenance and protection." Liddy bluſhed, and trembled, and faltered—"To be ſure, Sir (ſaid ſhe), it is a very ſurpriſing circumſtance—a great—a providential I really know not what I ſay—but I beg you will think I have ſaid what's agreeable."

Mrs. Denniſon interpoſing, ſaid, "Compoſe yourſelves, my dear children—Your mutual happineſs ſhall be our peculiar care." The ſon going up to his mother, kiſſed

one hand; my niece bathed the other with her tears: and the good old lady preſſed them both in their turns to her breaſt—The lovers were too much affected, to get rid of their embarraſſment for one day; but the ſcene was much enlivened by the arrival of Jack Wilſon, who brought, as uſual, ſome game of his own killing—His honeſt countenance was a good letter of recommendation.—I received him like a dear friend after a long ſeparation; and I could not help wondering to ſee him ſhake Jery by the hand as an old acquaintance. They had, indeed, been acquainted ſome days, in conſequence of a diverting incident, which I ſhall explain at meeting.—That ſame night a conſultation was held upon the concerns of the lovers, when the match was formally agreed to, and all the marriage articles were ſettled without the leaſt diſpute—My nephew and I promiſed to make Liddy's fortune five thouſand pounds. Mr. Denniſon declared, he would make over one half of his eſtate immediately to his ſon, and that his daughter-in-law ſhould be ſecured in a jointure of four hundred.—Tabby propoſed, that conſidering their youth, they ſhould undergo one year at leaſt of probation, before the indiſſoluble knot ſhould be tied; but the young gentleman being very impatient and importunate, and the ſcheme implying that the young couple ſhould live in the houſe under the wings of his parents, we reſolved to make them happy without farther delay.

As the law requires that the parties ſhould be ſome weeks reſident in the pariſh, we ſhall ſtay here till the ceremony is performed.—Mr. Liſmahago requeſts that he may take the benefit of the ſame occaſion; ſo that next Sunday the banns will be publiſhed for all four together. I doubt I ſhall not be able to paſs my Chriſtmas with you at Brambletonhall. Indeed, I am ſo agreeably ſituated in this place, that I have no deſire to ſhift my quarters; and I foreſee, that, when the day of ſeparation comes, there will be abundance of ſorrow on all ſides—In the mean time, we muſt make the moſt of thoſe bleſſings which heaven beſtows.—Conſidering how you are tethered by your profeſſion, I cannot hope to ſee you ſo far from home; yet the diſtance does not exceed a ſummer day's journey, and Charles Denniſon, who deſires to be remembered to you, would be rejoiced to ſee his old compotator;

but as I am now ſtationary, I expect regular anſwers to the epiſtles of,

Yours invariably,

October, 11. MATT. BRAMBLE

To Sir WATKIN PHILLIPS, *Bart. at Oxon.*

DEAR WAT,

EVERY day is now big with incident and diſcovery—Young Mr. Denniſon proves to be no other than that identical perſon whom I have execrated ſo long under the name of Wilſon—He had eloped from college at Cambridge, to avoid a match that he deteſted, and acted in different parts of the country as a ſtroller, until the lady in queſtion made choice of a huſband for herſelf; then he returned to his father, and diſcloſed his paſſion for Liddy, which met with the approbation of his parents, though the father little imagined that Mr. Bramble was his old companion Matthew Lloyd. The young gentleman being empowered to make honourable propoſals to my uncle and me, had been in ſearch of us all over England without effect; and he it was whom I had ſeen paſs on horſeback by the window of the inn, where I ſtood with my ſiſter, but he little dreamed that we were in the houſe. As for the real Mr. Wilſon, whom I called forth to combat, by miſtake, he is the neighbour and intimate friend of old Mr. Denniſon, and this connection had ſuggeſted to the ſon the idea of taking that name while he remained in obſcurity.

You may eaſily conceive what pleaſure I muſt have felt on diſcovering that the honour of our family was in no danger from the conduct of a ſiſter whom I love with uncommon affection; that, inſtead of debaſing her ſentiments and views to a wretched ſtroller, ſhe had really captivated the heart of a gentleman, her equal in rank, and ſuperior in fortune; and that, as his parents approved of his attatchment, I was on the eve of acquiring a brother-in-law ſo worthy of my friendſhip and

eſteem. George Denniſon is, without all queſtion, one of the moſt accompliſhed young fellows in England.—His perſon is at once elegant and manly, and his underſtanding highly cultivated. Though his ſpirit is lofty, his heart is kind; and his manner ſo engaging, as to command veneration and love, even from malice and indifference. When I weigh my own character with his, I am aſhamed to find myſelf ſo light in the balance; but the compariſon excites no envy—I propoſe him as a model for imitation—I have endeavoured to recommend myſelf to his friendſhip, and hope I have already found a place in his affection. I am, however, mortified to reflect what flagrant injuſtice we every day commit, and what abſurd judgment we form, in viewing objects through the falſifying medium of prejudice and paſſion. Had you aſked me a few days ago the picture of Wilſon the player, I ſhould have drawn a portrait very unlike the real perſon and character of George Denniſon—Without all doubt, the greateſt advantage acquired in travelling and peruſing mankind in the original, is that of diſpelling thoſe ſhameful clouds that darken the faculties of the mind, preventing it from judging with candour and preciſion.

The real Wilſon is a great original, and the beſt tempered companionable man I ever knew—I queſtion if ever he was angry or low ſpirited in his life. He makes no pretenſions to letters; but he is an adept in every thing elſe that can be either uſeful or entertaining. Among other qualifications, he is a complete ſportſman, and counted the beſt ſhot in the county. He and Denniſon, and Liſmahago and I, attended by Clinker, went a ſhooting yeſterday, and made great havock among the partridges—To-morrow we ſhall take the field againſt the woodcocks and ſnipes. In the evening we dance and ſing, or play at commerce, loo, and quadrille.

Mr. Denniſon is an elegant poet, and has written ſome detatched pieces on the ſubject of his paſſion for Liddy, which muſt be very flattering to the vanity of a young woman—Perhaps he is one of the greateſt theatircal geniuſes that ever appeared. He ſometimes entertains us with reciting favourite ſpeeches from our beſt plays. We are reſolved to convert the great hall into a theatre, and get up the *Beaux Stratagem* without delay—I think I

ſhall make no contemptible figure in the character of *Scrub*; and Liſmahago will be very great in *Captain Gibbet*—Wilſon undertakes to entertain the country people with *Harlequin Skeleton*, for which he has got a jacket ready painted with his own hand.

Our ſociety is really enchanting. Even the ſeverity of Liſmahago relaxes, and the vinegar of Mrs. Tabby is remarkably dulcified ever ſince it was agreed that ſhe ſhould take the precedency of her niece in being firſt nooſed: For, you muſt know, the day is fixed for Liddy's marriage; and the banns for both couples have been already once publiſhed in the pariſh church. The captain earneſtly begged that one trouble might ſerve for all, and Tabitha aſſented with a vile affectation of reluctance. Her inamorato, who came hither very ſlenderly equipt, has ſent for his baggage to London, which, in all probability, will not arrive in time for the wedding; but it is of no great conſequence, as every thing is to be tranſacted with the utmoſt privacy. Meanwhile directions are given for making out the contracts of marriage, which are very favourable for both females. Liddy will be ſecured in a good jointure; and her aunt will remain miſtreſs of her own fortune, except one half of the intereſt which her huſband ſhall have a right to enjoy for his natural life: I think this is as little in conſcience as can be done for a man who yokes with ſuch a partner for life.

Theſe expectants ſeem to be ſo happy, that if Mr. Denniſon had an agreeable daughter, I believe, I ſhould be for making the third couple in this country dance. The humour ſeems to be infectious; for Clinker, alias Lloyd, has a month's mind to play the fool in the ſame faſhion with Mrs. Winifred Jenkins. He has even ſounded me on the ſubject; but I have given him no encouragement to proſecute this ſcheme—I told him I thought he might do better, as there was no engagement nor promiſe ſubſiſting; that I did not know what deſigns my uncle might have formed for his advantage; but I was of opinion, that he ſhould not at preſent run the riſk of diſobliging him by any premature application of this nature—Honeſt Humphry proteſted, he would ſuffer death ſooner than ſay or do any thing that ſhould give offence

to the ſquire; but he owned he had a kindneſs for the young woman, and had reaſon to think ſhe looked upon him with a favourable eye; that he conſidered this mutual manifeſtation of good will as an engagement underſtood, which ought to be binding to the conſcience of an honeſt man; and he hoped the ſquire and I would be of the ſame opinion, when we ſhould be at leiſure to beſtow any thought about the matter. I believe he is in the right; and we ſhall find time to take his caſe into conſideration. You ſee we are fixed for ſome weeks at leaſt; and as you have had a long reſpite, I hope you will begin immediately to diſcharge the arrears due to

Your affectionate

Oct. 14. J. MELFORD.

To Miſs LETITIA WILLIS, *at Glouceſter.*

MY DEAR DEAR LETTY,

NEVER did I ſit down to write in ſuch agitation as I now feel—In the courſe of a few days, we have met with a number of incidents ſo wonderful and intereſting, that all my ideas are thrown into confuſion and perplexity—You muſt not expect either method or coherence in what I am going to relate—my deareſt Willis. Since my laſt, the aſpect of affairs is totally changed!—and ſo changed! but I would fain give you a regular detail. In paſſing a river, about eight days ago, our coach was overturned, and ſome of us narrowly eſcaped with life—My uncle had well nigh periſhed. O Heaven, I cannot reflect upon that circumſtance without horror. I ſhould have loſt my beſt friend, my father and protector, but for the reſolution and activity of his ſervant Humphry Clinker, whom Providence really ſeems to have placed near him for the neceſſity of this occaſion. I would not be thought ſuperſtitious; but ſurely he acted from a ſtronger impulſe than common fidelity. Was it not the voice of nature that loudly called upon him to ſave the life of his own father?—for, O Letty, it was diſcovered that Humphry Clinker was my uncle's natural ſon.

Almoſt at the ſame inſtant, a gentleman, who came to offer us his aſſiſtance, and invite us to his houſe, turned out to be a very old friend of Mr. Bramble. His name is Mr. Denniſon, one of the worthieſt men living; and his lady is a perfect ſaint upon earth. They have an only ſon—Who do you think is this only ſon?—O Letty!—O gracious Heaven! how my heart palpitates, when I tell you, that this only ſon of Mr. Denniſon, is that very identical youth, who, under the name of Wilſon, has made ſuch ravage in my heart!—Yes, my dear friend! Wilſon and I are now lodged in the ſame houſe, and converſe together freely. His father approves of his ſentiments in my favour; his mother loves me with all the tenderneſs of a parent; my uncle, my aunt, and my brother, no longer oppoſe my inclinations—On the contrary, they have agreed to make us happy without delay; and, in three weeks or a month, if no unforeſeen accident intervenes, your friend, Lydia Melford, will have changed her name and condition. I ſay, if *no accident intervenes*, becauſe ſuch a torrent of ſucceſs makes me tremble!—I wiſh there may not be ſomething treacherous in this ſudden reconciliation of fortune—I have no merit—I have no title to ſuch felicity! Far from enjoying the proſpect that lies before me, my mind is haraſſed with a continued tumult, made up of hopes and wiſhes, doubts and apprehenſions. I can neither eat nor ſleep, and my ſpirits are in perpetual flutter. I more than ever feel that vacancy in my heart, which your preſence alone can fill. The mind, in every diſquiet, ſeeks to repoſe itſelf on the boſom of a friend; and this is ſuch a trial as I really know not how to ſupport without your company and counſel—I muſt therefore, dear Letty, put your friendſhip to the teſt. I muſt beg you will come and do the laſt offices of maidenhood to your companion Lydia Melford.

This letter goes encloſed in one to our worthy governeſs, from Mrs. Denniſon, entreating her to interpoſe with your mamma, that you may be allowed to favour us with your company on this occaſion; and I flatter myſelf that no material objection can be made to our requeſt. The diſtance from hence to Glouceſter does not exceed one hundred miles, and the roads are good. Mr. Clinker

alias Lloyd, ſhall be ſent over to attend your motions—If you ſtep into the poſt-chaiſe, with your maid Betty Barker at ſeven in the morning, you will arrive by four in the afternoon at the half-way houſe, where there is good accommodation. There you ſhall be met by my brother and myſelf, who will next day conduct you to this place, where, I am ſure, you will find yourſelf perfectly at your eaſe in the midſt of an agreeable ſociety. Dear Letty, I will take no refuſal—if you have any friendſhip—any humanity—you will come. I deſire that immediate application may be made to your mamma; and that the moment her permiſſion is obtained, you will appriſe

Your ever faithful

Oct. 14. LYDIA MELFORD.

To MRS. JERMYN, *at her houſe in Glouceſter.*

DEAR MADAM,

THOUGH I was not ſo fortunate as to be favoured with an anſwer to the letter with which I troubled you in the ſpring, I ſtill flatter myſelf that you retain ſome regard for me and my concerns. I am ſure the care and tenderneſs with which I was treated, under your roof and tuition, demand the warmeſt returns of gratitude and affection on my part; and theſe ſentiments, I hope, I ſhall cheriſh to my dying day. At preſent I think it my duty to make you acquainted with the happy iſſue of that indiſcretion by which I incurred your diſpleaſure!—Ah! Madam, the ſlighted Wilſon is metamorphoſed into George Denniſon, only ſon and heir of a gentleman, whoſe character is ſecond to none in England, as you may underſtand upon inquiry. My guardians, my brother, and I, are now in his houſe; and an immediate union of the two families is to take place in the perſons of the young gentleman and your poor Lydia Melford. You will eaſily conceive how embarraſſing this ſituation muſt be to a young unexperienced creature like me, of weak nerves and ſtrong apprehenſions; and how much the preſence of a friend

and confidant would encourage and ſupport me on this occaſion. You know that, of all the young ladies, Miſs Willis was ſhe that poſſeſſed the greateſt ſhare of my confidence and affection; and, therefore, I fervently wiſh to have the happineſs of her company at this intereſting criſis.

Mrs. Denniſon, who is the object of univerſal love and eſteem, has, at my requeſt, written to you on this ſubject, and I now beg leave to reinforce her ſolicitation. My dear Mrs. Jermyn! my ever honoured governeſs! let me conjure you by that fondneſs which once diſtinguiſhed your favourite Liddy! by that benevolence of heart, which diſpoſes you to promote the happineſs of your fellow creatures in general! lend a favourable ear to my petition, and uſe your influence with Letty's mamma, that my moſt earneſt deſire may be gratified. Should I be indulged in this particular, I will engage to return her ſafe, and even to accompany her to Glouceſter, where, if you will give me leave, I will preſent to you, under another name,

Dear Madam,
Your moſt affectionate
humble ſervant,
and penitent,
LYDIA MELFORD.

To Mrs. MARY JONES, *at Brambletonhall.*

O MARY JONES! MARY JONES!

I HAVE met with ſo many axidents, ſupriſals, and terrifications, that I am in a perfect fantigo, and believe I ſhall never be my own ſelf again. Laſt week I was dragged out of a river like a drowned rat, and loſt a bran-new night-cap with a ſulfur ſtay-hook, that coſt me a good half a crown, and an odd ſhoe of green gallow-monkey; beſides wetting my clothes, and taring my ſmuck, and an ugly gaſh made in the back part of my thy, by the ſtump of a tree. To be ſure, Mr. Clinker tuck me out of the cox; but he left me on my back in

the water, to go to the ſquire, and I mought have had a watry grave, if a' millar had not brought me to the dry land. But O! what choppings and changes, girl. The player man that came after Miſs Liddy, and frightened me with a beard at Briſtol Well, is now matthewmurphy'd into a fine young gentleman, ſon and hare of ſquire Dolliſon. We are all together in the ſame houſe, and all parties have agreed to the match, and in a fortnite the ſurrymony will be performed.

But this is not the only wedding we are to have—Miſtriſs is reſolved to have the ſame frolick, in the naam of God! Laſt Sunday in the pariſh crutch, if my own ars may be truſted, the clerk called the banes of marridge betwixt Opaniah Laſhmeheygo and Tapitha Brample, ſpinſter; he mought as well have called her inkleweaver, for ſhe never ſpun an hank of yarn in her life—Young Squire Dolliſon and Miſs Liddy make the ſecond kipple; and there might have been a turd, but times are changed with Mr. Clinker—O, Molly! what do'ſt think? Mr. Clinker is found to be a pye-blow of our own ſquire, and his right naam is Mr. Mattew Loyd (thof God he noſe how that can be); and he is now out of livery, and wares ruffles—but I new him when he was out at elbows, and had not a rag to kiver his piſtereroes; ſo he need not hold his head ſo high.—He is for ſartin very umble and compleaſant, and purteſts as how he has the ſame regard as before; but that he is no longer his own maſter, and cannot portend to marry without the ſquire's conſent—He ſays we muſt wait with patience, and truſt to Providence, and ſuch nonſenſe. But if ſo be as how his regard be the ſame, why ſtand ſhilly ſhally? Why not ſtrike while the iron is hot, and ſpeak to the ſquire without loſs of time?—What ſubjection can the ſquire make to our coming together?—Thof my father wan't a gentleman, my mother was an honeſt woman. I didn't come on the wrong ſide of the blanket, girl. My parents were married according to the rights of holy mother crutch, in the face of men and angels—Mark that, Mary Jones.

Mr. Clinker (Loyd I would ſay) had beſt look to his tackle. There be other chaps in the market, as the ſaying is. What would he ſay if I ſhould except the ſoot

and ſarvice of the young ſquire's valley? Mr. Machappy is a gentleman born, and has been abroad in the wars. He has a world of buck learning, and ſpeaks French, and Ditch, and Scotch, and all manner of outlandiſh lingos; to be ſure he's a little the worſe for the ware, and is much given to drink; but then he's good-tempered in his liquor, and a prudent woman mought wind him about her finger. But I have no thoughts of him, I'll aſſure you—I ſcorn for to do, or to ſay, or to think any thing that mought give umbreech to Mr. Loyd, without furder occaſion. But then I have ſuch vapours, Molly—I ſit and cry by myſelf, and take aſs of etida, and ſmill to burnt fathers, and kindal-ſnuffs; and I pray conſtantly for greaſe, that I may have a glimpſe of the new light, to ſhew me the way through this wretched veil of tares. And yet, I want for nothing in this family of love, where every ſole is ſo kind and ſo courteous, that wan would think they are ſo many ſaints in haven. Dear Molly, I recommend myſelf to your prayers, being, with my ſarvice to Saul,

Your ever loving,
and diſcounſelled friend,

Oct. 14. WIN. JENKINS.

To DR. LEWIS.

DEAR DICK,

YOU cannot imagine what pleaſure I have in ſeeing your hand-writing, after ſuch a long ceſſation on your ſide of our correſpondence—Yet, heaven knows, I have often ſeen your hand-writing with diſguſt—I mean when it appeared in abbreviations of apothecary's Latin. I like your hint of making intereſt for the reverſion of the collector's place for Liſmahago, who is much pleaſed with the ſcheme, and preſents you with his compliments and beſt thanks for thinking ſo kindly of his concerns—The man ſeems to mend, upon further acquaintance. That harſh reſerve, which formed a diſagreeable huſk about his character, begins to peel off in the courſe of our communi-

cation—I have great hopes that he and Tabby will be as happily paired as any two draught animals in the kingdom; and I make no doubt, but that he will prove a valuable acquiſition to our little ſociety, in the article of converſation by the fire-ſide in winter.

Your objection to my paſſing this ſeaſon of the year at ſuch a diſtance from home, would have more weight if I did not find myſelf perfectly at my eaſe where I am; and my health ſo much improved, that I am diſpoſed to bid defiance to gout and rheumatiſm.—I begin to think I have put myſelf on the ſuperannuated liſt too ſoon, and abſurdly ſought for health in the retreats of lazineſs—I am perſuaded, that all valetudinarians are too ſedentary, too regular, and too cautious. We ſhould ſometimes increaſe the motion of the machine, to *unclog the wheels of life*; and now and then take a plunge amidſt the waves of exceſs, in order to caſe-harden the conſtitution. I have even found a change of company as neceſſary as a change of air, to promote a vigorous circulation of the ſpirits, which is the very eſſence and criterion of good health.

Since my laſt, I have been performing the duties of friendſhip, that required a great deal of exerciſe, from which I hope to derive ſome benefit. Underſtanding, by the greateſt accident in the world, that Mr. Baynard's wife was dangerouſly ill of a pleuretic fever, I borrowed Denniſon's poſt-chaiſe, and went acroſs the country to his habitation, attended only by Lloyd (quondam Clinker) on horſeback. As the diſtance is not above thirty miles, I arrived about four in the afternoon, and meeting the phyſician at the door, was informed that his patient had juſt expired. I was inſtantly ſeized with a violent emotion; but it was not grief.—The family being in confuſion, I ran up ſtairs into the chamber, where, indeed, they were all aſſembled.—The aunt ſtood wringing her hands in a ſtate of ſtupefaction of ſorrow, but my friend acted all the extravagancies of affliction. He held the body in his arms, and poured forth ſuch a lamentation, that one would have thought he had loſt the moſt amiable conſort and valuable companion upon earth.

Affection may certainly exiſt, independent of eſteem; nay, the ſame object may be lovely in one reſpect

teſtable in another. The mind has a ſurpriſing faculty of accommodating, and even attaching itſelf, in ſuch a manner, by dint of uſe, to things that are in their own nature diſagreeable, and even pernicious, that it cannot bear to be delivered from them without reluctance and regret. Baynard was ſo abſorbed in his delirium, that he did not perceive me when I entered, and deſired one of the women to conduct the aunt into her own chamber. At the ſame time, I begged the tutor to withdraw the boy, who ſtood gaping in a corner, very little affected with the diſtreſs of the ſcene. Theſe ſteps being taken, I waited till the firſt violence of my friend's tranſport was abated, then diſengaged him gently from the melancholy object, and led him by the hand into another apartment; though he ſtruggled ſo hard, that I was obliged to have recourſe to the aſſiſtance of his valet de chambre. In a few minutes, however, he recollected himſelf, and folding me in his arms, "This (cried he) is a friendly office, indeed!—I know not how you came hither, but, I think, heaven ſent you to prevent my going diſtracted. O Matthew! I have loſt my dear Harriet!—my poor, gentle, tender creature, that loved me with ſuch warmth and purity of affection—my conſtant companion of twenty years!—She's gone—ſhe's gone for ever! Heaven and earth, where is ſhe?—Death ſhall not part us!"

So ſaying, he ſtarted up, and could hardly be withheld from returning to the ſcene we had quitted—You will perceive it would have been very abſurd for me to argue with a man that talked ſo madly. On all ſuch occaſions, the firſt torrent of paſſion muſt be allowed to ſubſide gradually. I endeavoured to beguile his attention by ſtarting little hints, and inſinuating other objects of diſcourſe imperceptibly; and being exceedingly pleaſed in my own mind at this event, I exerted myſelf with ſuch an extraordinary flow of ſpirits as was attended with ſucceſs. In a few hours, he was calm enough to hear reaſon, and even to own that Heaven could not have interpoſed more effectually to reſcue him from diſgrace and ruin. That he might not, however, relapſe into weakneſſes for want of company, I paſſed the night in his chamber, in a little tent-bed brought thither on purpoſe; and well it was that I took this precaution, for he ſtarted up in bed ſeveral

times, and would have played the fool, if I had not been preſent.

Next day he was in a condition to talk of buſineſs, and veſted me with full authority over his houſehold, which I began to exerciſe without loſs of time, though not before he knew and approved of the ſcheme I had projected for his advantage. He would have quitted the houſe immediately; but this retreat I oppoſed.—Far from encouraging a temporary diſguſt, which might degenerate into an habitual averſion, I reſolved, if poſſible, to attach him more than ever to his houſehold gods. I gave directions for the funeral to be as private as was conſiſtent with decency; I wrote to London, that an inventory and eſtimate might be made of the furniture and effects in his town-houſe, and gave notice to the landlord, that Mr. Baynard ſhould quit the premiſes at Lady-day; I ſet a perſon at work to take an account of every thing in the country-houſe, including horſes, carriages, and harneſs; I ſettled the young gentleman at a boarding-ſchool, kept by a clergyman in the neighbourhood, and thither he went without reluctance, as ſoon as he knew that he was to be troubled no more with his tutor, whom we diſmiſſed. The aunt continued very ſullen, and never appeared at table, though Mr. Baynard paid his reſpects to her every day in her own chamber; there alſo ſhe held conferences with the waiting women and other ſervants of the family: But, the moment her niece was interred, ſhe went away in a poſt-chaiſe prepared for that purpoſe: She did not leave the houſe, however, without giving Mr. Baynard to underſtand, that the wardrobe of her niece was the perquiſite of her woman; accordingly that worthleſs drab received all the clothes, laces, and linen of her deceaſed miſtreſs, to the value of five hundred pounds, at a moderate computation.

The next ſtep I took was to diſband that legion of ſupernumerary domeſtics, who had preyed ſo long upon the vitals of my friend; a parcel of idle drones, ſo intolerably inſolent, that they even treated their own maſter with the moſt contemptuous neglect. They had been generally hired by his wife, according to the recommendation of her woman, and theſe were the only patrons to whom they paid the leaſt deference. I had therefore uncommon

ſatisfaction in clearing the houſe of thoſe vermin. The woman of the deceaſed, and a chambermaid, a valet de chambre, a butler, a French cook, a maſter gardener, two footman, and a coachman, I paid off, and turned out of the houſe immediately, paying to each a month's wages in lieu of warning. Thoſe whom I retained conſiſted of a female cook, who had been aſſiſtant to the Frenchman, a houſe-maid, an old lacquey, a poſtillion, and under-gardener. Thus I removed at once a huge mountain of expence and care from the ſhoulders of my friend, who could hardly believe the evidence of his own ſenſes, when he found himſelf ſo ſuddenly and ſo effectually relieved. His heart, however, was ſtill ſubject to vibrations of tenderneſs, which returned at certain intervals, extorting ſighs and tears, and exclamations of grief and impatience; but theſe fits grew every day leſs violent and leſs frequent, till at length his reaſon obtained a complete victory over the infirmities of his nature.

Upon an accurate inquiry into the ſtate of his affairs, I find his debts amount to twenty thouſand pounds, for eighteen thouſand pounds of which ſum his eſtate is mortgaged; and as he pays five per cent. intereſt, and ſome of his farms are unoccupied, he does not receive above two hundred pounds a-year clear from his lands, over and above the intereſt of his wife's fortune, which produced eight hundred pounds annually. For lightening this heavy burden, I deviſed the following expedient—His wife's jewels, together with his ſuperfluous plate and furniture in both houſes, his horſes and carriages, which are already advertiſed to be ſold by auction, will, according to the eſtimate, produce two thouſand five hundred pounds in ready money, with which the debt will be immediately reduced to eighteen thouſand pounds. I have undertaken to find him ten thouſand pounds at four cent. by which means he will ſave one hundred a-year in the article of intereſt, and perhaps we ſhall be able to borrow the other eight thouſand on the ſame terms. According to his own ſcheme of a country life, he ſays he can live comfortably for three hundred pounds a-year; but, as he has a ſon to educate, we will allow him five hundred; then there will be an accumulating fund of ſeven hundred a-year, principal and intereſt, to pay off the encumbrance; and,

I think, we may modeſtly add three hundred on the preſumption of new-leaſing and improving the vacant farms; ſo that, in a couple of years, I ſuppoſe, there will be above a thouſand a-year appropriated to liquidate a debt of ſixteen thouſand.

We forthwith began to claſs and ſet apart the articles deſigned for ſale, under the direction of an upholder from London; and, that no body in the houſe might be idle, commenced our reformation without doors, as well as within. With Baynard's good leave, I ordered the gardener to turn the rivulet into its own channel, to refreſh the fainting Naiads, who had ſo long languiſhed among mouldering roots, withered leaves, and dry pebbles. The ſhrubbery is condemned to extirpation; and the pleaſure-ground will be reſtored to its original uſe of corn-field and paſture. Orders are given for rebuilding the walls of the garden at the back of the houſe, and for planting clumps of firs, intermingled with beech and cheſnut, at the eaſt end, which is now quite expoſed to the ſurly blaſts that come from that quarter. All theſe works being actually begun, and the houſe and auction left to the care and management of a reputable attorney, I brought Baynard along with me in the chaiſe, and made him acquainted with Denniſon, whoſe goodneſs of heart would not fail to engage his eſteem and affection. He is indeed charmed with our ſociety in general, and declares that he never ſaw the theory of true pleaſure reduced to practice before.—I really believe it would not be an eaſy taſk to find ſuch a number of individuals aſſembled under one roof more happy than we are at preſent.

I muſt tell you, however, in confidence, I ſuſpect Tabby of tergiverſation.—I have been ſo long accuſtomed to that original, that I know all the caprices of her heart, and can often perceive her deſigns while they are yet in embryo.—She attached herſelf to Liſmahago for no other reaſon but that ſhe deſpaired of making a more agreeable conqueſt.—At preſent, if I am not much miſtaken in my obſervation, ſhe would gladly convert the widowhood of Baynard to her own advantage—Since he arrived, ſhe has behaved very coldly to the captain, and ſtrove to faſten on the other's heart with the hooks of overſtrained civility. Theſe muſt be the inſtinctive efforts of her conſtitution, rather than the effects of any deliberate deſign; for mat-

ters are carried to ſuch a length with the lieutenant, that ſhe could not retract with any regard to conſcience or reputation. Beſides, ſhe will meet with nothing but indifference or averſion on the ſide of Baynard, who has too much ſenſe to think of ſuch a partner at any time, and too much delicacy to admit a thought of any ſuch connection at the preſent juncture. Meanwhile I have prevailed upon her to let him have four thouſand pounds at four per cent. towards paying off his mortgage—Young Denniſon has agreed that Liddy's fortune ſhall be appropriated to the ſame purpoſe, on the ſame terms—His father will ſell out three thouſand pounds ſtock for his accommodation—Farmer Bland has, at the deſire of Wilſon, undertaken for two thouſand; and I muſt make an effort to advance what farther will be required to take my friend out of the hands of the Philiſtines. He is ſo pleaſed with the improvements made on this eſtate, which is all cultivated like a garden, that he has entered himſelf as a pupil in farming to Mr. Denniſon, and reſolved to attach himſelf wholly to the practice of huſbandry.

Every thing is now prepared for our double wedding. The marriage articles for both couples are drawn and executed; and the ceremony only waits until the parties ſhall have been reſident in the pariſh the term preſcribed by law. Young Denniſon betrays ſome ſymptoms of impatience; but Liſmahago bears this neceſſary delay with the temper of a philoſopher.—You muſt know, the captain does not ſtand altogether on the foundation of perſonal merit. Beſides his half-pay, amounting to two and forty pounds a-year, this indefatigable economiſt has amaſſed eight hundred pounds, which he has ſecured in the funds. This ſum ariſes partly from his pay's running up while he remained among the Indians; partly from what he received as a conſideration for the difference between his full appointment and the half pay, to which he is now reſtricted; and partly from the profits of a little traffic he drove in peltry, during his ſachemſhip among the Miamis.

Liddy's fears and perplexities have been much aſſuaged by the company of one Miſs Willis, who had been her intimate companion at the boarding-ſchool. Her parents had been earneſtly ſolicited to allow her making this friendly viſit on ſuch an extraordinary occaſion; and two

days ago ſhe arrived with her mother, who did not chooſe that ſhe ſhould come without a proper governante. The young lady is very handſome, ſprightly, and agreeable, and the mother a mighty good ſort of a woman; ſo that their coming adds conſiderably to our enjoyment. But we ſhall have a third couple yoked in the matrimonial chain. Mr. Clinker Lloyd has made humble remonſtrance, through the channel of my nephew, ſetting forth the ſincere love and affection mutually ſubſiſting between him and Mrs. Winifred Jenkins, and praying my conſent to their coming together for life. I would have wiſhed that Mr. Clinker had kept out of this ſcrape; but as the nymph's happineſs is at ſtake, and ſhe has had already ſome fits in the way of deſpondence, I, in order to prevent any tragical cataſtrophe, have given him leave to play the fool, in imitation of his betters; and I ſuppoſe we ſhall in time have a whole litter of his progeny at Brambletonhall. The fellow is ſtout and luſty, very ſober and conſcientious; and the wench ſeems to be as great an enthuſiaſt in love as in religion.

I wiſh you would think of employing him ſome other way, that the pariſh may not be overſtocked.—You know he has been bred a farrier, conſequently belongs to the faculty; and, as he is very docile, I make no doubt, but, with your good inſtruction, he may be, in a little time, qualified to act as a Welch apothecary.—Tabby, who never did a favour with a good grace, has conſented, with great reluctance, to this match. Perhaps it hurts her pride, as ſhe now conſiders Clinker in the light of a relation; but I believe her objections are of a more ſelfiſh nature. She declares ſhe cannot think of retaining the wife of Matthew Lloyd in the character of a ſervant; and ſhe foreſees, that, on ſuch an occaſion, the woman will expect ſome gratification for her paſt ſervices. As for Clinker, excluſive of other conſiderations, he is ſo truſty, brave, affectionate, and alert, and I owe him ſuch perſonal obligations, that he merits more than all the indulgence than can poſſibly be ſhown him by

Yours,

Oct. 26. MATT. BRAMBLE.

To Sir WATKIN PHILLIPS, *Bart. at Oxon.*

DEAR KNIGHT,

THE fatal knots are now tied. The comedy is near a cloſe, and the curtain is ready to drop; but the latter ſcenes of this act I ſhall recapitulate in order.—About a a fortnight ago, my uncle made an excurſion acroſs the country, and brought hither a particular friend, one Mr. Baynard, who has juſt loſt his wife, and was for ſome time diſconſolate, though, by all accounts, he had much more cauſe for joy than for ſorrow at this event. His countenance, however, clears up apace; and he appears to be a perſon of rare accompliſhments.—But we have received another ſtill more agreeable reinforcement to our company, by the arrival of Miſs Willis from Glouceſter. She was Liddy's boſom-friend at boarding-ſchool, and being earneſtly ſolicited to aſſiſt at the nuptials, her mother was ſo obliging as to grant my ſiſter's requeſt, and even to come with her in perſon. Liddy, accompanied by George Denniſon and me, gave them the meeting half way, and next day conducted them hither in ſafety. Miſs Willis is a charming girl, and, in point of diſpoſition, an agreeable contraſt to my ſiſter, who is rather too grave and ſentimental for my turn of mind—The other is gay, frank, a little giddy, and always good humoured. She has, moreover, a genteel fortune, is well born, and remarkably handſome.—Ah Philips! if theſe qualities were permanent—if her humour would never change, nor her beauties decay, what efforts would I not make—But theſe are idle reflections—my deſtiny muſt one day be fulfilled.

At preſent we paſs the time as agreeably as we can—We have got up ſeveral farces, which afforded unſpeakable entertainment, by the effects they produced among the country people, who are admitted to all our exhibitions.—Two nights ago, Jack Wilſon acquired great applauſe in Harlequin Skeleton, and Liſmahago ſurpriſed us all in the character of Pierot.—His long lank ſides, and ſtrong marked features, were all peculiarly adapted to his part.—He appeared with a ludicrous ſtare, from which he had diſcharged all meaning: He adopted the impreſſions

of fear and amazement ſo naturally, that many of the audience were infected by his looks; but when the ſkeleton held him in chaſe, his horror became moſt divertingly picturesque, and ſeemed to endow him with ſuch preternatural agility as confounded all the ſpectators. It was a lively repreſentation of Death in purſuit of Conſumption; and had ſuch an effect upon the commonalty, that ſome of them ſhrieked aloud, and others ran out of the hall in the utmoſt conſternation.

This is not the only inſtance in which the lieutenant had lately excited our wonder. His temper, which had been ſoured and ſhrivelled by diſappointment and chagrin, is now ſwelled out and ſmoothed like a raiſin in plum-porridge. From being reſerved and punctilious, he is become eaſy and obliging. He cracks jokes, laughs, and banters, with the moſt facetious familiarity; and, in a word, enters into all our ſchemes of merriment and paſtime.—The other day his baggage arrived in the waggon from London, contained in two large trunks, and a long deal box, not unlike a coffin. The trunks were filled with his wardrobe, which he diſplayed for the entertainment of the company; and he freely owned, that it conſiſted chiefly of the *opima ſpolia* taken in battle. What he ſelected for his wedding ſuit, was a tarniſhed white cloth, faced with blue velvet, embroidered with ſilver; but he valued himſelf moſt upon a tye periwig, in which he had made his firſt appearance as a lawyer, about thirty years ago. This machine had been in buckle ever ſince, and now all the ſervants in the family were employed to frizz it out for the ceremony, which was yeſterday celebrated at the pariſh church. George Denniſon and his bride were diſtinguiſhed by nothing extraordinary in their apparel. His eyes lightened with eagerneſs and joy, and ſhe trembled with coyneſs and confuſion. My uncle gave her away, and her friend Willis ſupported her during the ceremony.

But my aunt and her paramour took the pas, and formed indeed ſuch a pair of originals, as, I believe, all England could not parallel. She was dreſſed in the ſtyle of 1739; and, the day being cold, put on a mantle of green velvet laced with gold: But this was taken off by the bridegroom, who threw over her ſhoulders a fur cloak of

American ſables, valued at fourſcore guineas, a preſent equally agreeable and unexpected. Thus accoutred, ſhe was led up to the altar by Mr. Denniſon, who did the office of her father. Liſmahago advanced in the military ſtep, with his French coat reaching no farther than the middle of his thigh, his campaign wig that ſurpaſſes all deſcription, and a languiſhing leer upon his countenance, in which there ſeemed to be ſomething arch and ironical. The ring which he put upon her finger, he had concealed till the moment it was uſed. He now produced it with an air of ſelf-complacency. It was a curious antique, ſet with roſe diamonds: He told us afterwards it had been in his family two hundred years, and was a preſent from his grandmother. Theſe circumſtances agreeably flattered the pride of our aunt Tabitha, which had already found uncommon gratification in the captain's generoſity; for he had, in the morning, preſented my uncle with a fine bear's ſkin, and a Spaniſh fowling-piece, and me with a caſe of piſtols curiouſly mounted with ſilver. At the ſame time, he gave Mrs. Jenkins an Indian purſe, made of ſilk graſs, containing twenty crown pieces. You muſt know, this young lady, with the aſſiſtance of Mr. Lloyd, formed the third couple who yeſterday ſacrificed to Hymen. I wrote you in my laſt, that he had recourſe to my mediation, which I employed ſucceſsfully with my uncle; but Mrs. Tabitha held out till the love-ſick Jenkins had two fits of the mother; then ſhe relented, and thoſe two cooing turtles were caged for life—Our aunt made an effort of generoſity in furniſhing the bride with her ſuperfluities of clothes and linen, and her example was followed by my ſiſter; nor did Mr. Bramble and I neglect her on this occaſion. It was indeed a day of peace-offering—Mr. Denniſon inſiſted upon Liddy's accepting two bank-notes of one hundred pounds each, as pocket-money; and his lady gave her a diamond necklace of double that value. There was, beſides, a mutual exchange of tokens among the individuals of the two families thus happily united.

As George Denniſon and his partner were judged improper objects of mirth, Jack Wilſon had reſolved to execute ſome jokes on Liſmahago, and, after ſupper, began to ply him with bumpers, when the ladies had retired;

but the captain perceiving his drift, begged for quarter, alleging that the adventure in which he had engaged was a very ſerious matter; and that it would be more the part of a good Chriſtian to pray that he might be ſtrengthened, than to impede his endeavours to finiſh the adventure. He was ſpared accordingly, and permitted to aſcend the nuptial couch with all his ſenſes about him. There he and his conſort ſat in ſtate, like Saturn and Cybele, while the benediction poſſet was drank; and a cake being broken over the head of Mrs. Tabitha Liſmahago, the fragments were diſtributed among the by-ſtanders, according to the cuſtom of the ancient Britons, on the ſuppoſition that every perſon who ate of this hallowed cake ſhould that night have a viſion of the man or woman whom Heaven deſigned ſhould be his or her wedded mate.

The weight of Wilſon's waggery fell upon honeſt Humphry and his ſpouſe, who were bedded in an upper room, with the uſual ceremony of throwing the ſtocking —This being performed, and the company withdrawn, a ſort of catterwauling enſued, when Jack found means to introduce a real cat ſhod with walnut-ſhells, which, galloping along the boards, made ſuch a dreadful noiſe as effectually diſcompoſed our lovers—Winifred ſcreamed aloud, and ſhrunk under the bed-clothes—Mr. Lloyd, believing that Satan was come to buffet him *in propria perſona*, laid aſide all carnal thoughts, and began to pray aloud with great fervency.—At length, the poor animal being more afraid than either, leaped into the bed, and meauled with the moſt piteous exclamation. Lloyd, thus informed of the nature of the annoyance, roſe and ſet the door wide open, ſo that this troubleſome viſitant retreated with great expedition; then ſecuring himſelf, by means of a double bolt, from a ſecond intruſion, he was left to enjoy his good fortune without diſturbance.

If one may judge from the looks of the parties, they are all very well ſatisfied with what has paſſed.—George Denniſon and his wife are too delicate to exhibit any ſtrong marked ſigns of their mutual ſatisfaction, but their eyes are ſufficiently expreſſive.—Mrs. Tabitha Liſmahago is rather fulſome in ſignifying her approbation of the captain's love; while his deportment is the very pink of gallantry.—He ſighs, and ogles, and languiſhes at this ami-

able object; he kiſſes her hand, mutters ejaculations of rapture, and ſings tender airs; and, no doubt, laughs internally at her folly in believing him ſincere.—In order to ſhow how little his vigour was impaired by the fatigues of the preceding day, he this morning danced a Highland ſaraband over a naked back-ſword, and leaped ſo high, that I believe he would make no contemptible figure as a vaulter at Sadler's Wells—Mr. Matthew Lloyd, when aſked how he reliſhes his bargain, throws up his eyes, crying, "For what we have received, Lord make us thankful: Amen."—His help-mate giggles, and holds her hand before her eyes, affecting to be aſhamed of having been in bed with a man.—Thus all theſe widgeons enjoy the novelty of their ſituation; but perhaps their note will be changed, when they are better acquainted with the nature of the decoy.

As Mrs. Willis cannot be perſuaded to ſtay, and Liddy is engaged by promiſe to accompany her daughter back to Glouceſter, I fancy there will be a general migration from hence, and that moſt of us will ſpend the Chriſtmas holidays at Bath; in which caſe, I ſhall certainly find an opportunity to beat up your quarters.—By this time, I ſuppoſe, you are ſick of *alma mater*, and even ready to execute that ſcheme of peregrination which was laſt year concerted between you and

Your affectionate

Nov. 8. J. MELFORD.

To DR. LEWIS.

DEAR DOCTOR,

MY niece Liddy is now happily ſettled for life; and Captain Liſmahago has taken Tabby off my hands; ſo that I have nothing farther to do, but to comfort my friend Baynard, and provide for my ſon Lloyd, who is alſo fairly joined to Mrs. Winifred Jenkins. You are an excellent genius at hints. Dr. Arbuthnot was but a type of Dr. Lewis in that reſpect—What you obſerve of the veſtry-clerk deſerves conſideration.—I make no doubt but

Matthew Lloyd is well enough qualified for the office; but, at preſent, you muſt find room for him in the houſe. His incorruptible honeſty and indefatigable care will be ſerviceable in ſuperintending the economy of my farm, though I don't mean that he ſhall interfere with Barnes, of whom I have no cauſe to complain—I am juſt returned with Baynard from a ſecond trip to his houſe, where every thing is regulated to his ſatisfaction. He could not, however, review the apartments without tears and lamentation, ſo that he is not yet in a condition to be left alone; therefore, I will not part with him till the ſpring, when he intends to plunge into the avocations of huſbandry, which will at once employ and amuſe his attention.—Charles Denniſon has promiſed to ſtay with him a fortnight, to ſet him fairly afloat in his improvements; and Jack Wilſon will ſee him from time to time; beſides, he has a few friends in the country, whom his new plan of life will not exclude from his ſociety. In leſs than a year, I make no doubt but he will find himſelf perfectly at eaſe, both in his mind and body, for the one had dangerouſly affected the other; and I ſhall enjoy the exquiſite pleaſure of ſeeing my friend reſcued from miſery and contempt.

Mrs. Willis being determined to return with her daughter, in a few days, to Glouceſter, our plan has undergone ſome alteration. Jery has perſuaded his brother-in-law to carry his wife to Bath; and I believe his parents will accompany him thither.—For my part, I have no intention to take that route.—It muſt be ſomething very extraordinary that will induce me either to reviſit Bath or London. My ſiſter and her huſband, Baynard and I, will take leave of them at Glouceſter, and make the beſt of our way to Brambletonhall, where I deſire you will prepare a good chine and turkey for our Chriſtmas dinner. —You muſt alſo employ your medical ſkill in defending me from the attacks of the gout, that I may be in good caſe to receive the reſt of our company, who promiſe to viſit us in their return from the Bath. As I have laid in a conſiderable ſtock of health, it is to be hoped you will not have much trouble with me in the way of phyſic, but I intend to work you on the ſide of exerciſe.—I have got an excellent fowling-piece from Mr. Liſmahago, who is a keen ſportſman, and we ſhall take the heath in all wea-

thers.—That this ſcheme of life may be proſecuted the more effectually, I intend to renounce all ſedentary amuſements, particularly that of writing long letters; a reſolution, which, had I taken it ſooner, might have ſaved you the trouble which you have lately taken in reading the tedious epiſtles of

November 14. MATT. BRAMBLE.

To MRS. GWYLLIM, *at Brambletonhall.*

GOOD MRS. GWYLLIM,

HEAVEN, for wiſe purpoſes, hath ordained that I ſhould change my name and citation in life, ſo that I am not to be conſidered any more as manger of my brother's family: But as I cannot ſurrender up my ſtewardſhip till I have ſettled with you and Williams, I deſire you will get your accunts ready for inſpection, as we are coming home without further delay. My ſpouſe, the captain, being ſubject to rummatticks, I beg you will take great care to have the bloo chamber, up two pair of ſtairs, well warmed for his reception. Let the ſaſhes be ſecured, the crevices ſtopt, the carpets laid, and the beds well touſled. Mrs. Loyd, late Jenkins, being married to a relation of the family, cannot remain in the capacity of a ſarvant; therefore, I wiſh you would caſt about for ſome creditable body to be with me in her room. If ſhe can ſpin, and is miſtreſs of plain work, ſo much the better—but ſhe muſt not expect extravagant wages—having a family of my own, I muſt be more occumenical than ever. No more at preſent, but reſts

Your loving friend,

November 20. TAB. LISMAHAGO.

To MRS. MARY JONES, *at Brambletonhall.*

MRS. JONES,

PROVIDINCH hath bin pleaſed to make great halteration in the paſture of our affairs. We were yeſterday three

kiple chined, by the greaſe of God, in the holy bands of mattermoney; and I now ſubſcrive myſelf Loyd at your ſarvice.—All the pariſh allowed that young Squire Dalliſon and his bride was a comely pear for to ſee.—As for Madam Laſhmiheygo, you noſe her picklearities—her head, to be ſure, was fintaſtical; and her ſpouſe had rapt her with a long marokin furze clock from the land of the ſelvedges, thof they ſay it is of immenſe bally.—The captain himſelf had a hudge haſſock of air, with three tails, and a tumtawdry coat, boddered with ſulfur.—Wan ſaid he was a monkeybank; and the ould botler ſwore he was the born imich of Titidall.—For my part, I ſays nothing, being as how the captain has done the handſome thing by me.—Mr. Loyd was dreſſed in a little frog and checket with gould binding; and thof he don't enter in capariſon with great folks of quality, yet he has got as good blood in his veins as arrow private ſquire in the county; and then his purſing is far from contentible.—Your humble ſarvant had on a plain pea green tabby ſack, with my Runnela cap, ruff toupee, and ſide curls.—They ſaid, I was the very moral of Lady Rickmanſtone, but not ſo pale—that may well be, for her ladyſhip is my elder by ſeven good years and more.—Now, Mrs. Mary, our ſatiety is to ſuppurate.—Mr. Millfart goes to Bath along with the Dalliſons, and the reſt of us puſh home to Wales, to paſs our Chriſtmaſh at Brampletonhall.—As our appartments is to be the yallow pepper, in the thurd ſtory, pray carry my things thither.—Preſent my compliments to Mrs. Gwillim, and I hope ſhe and I will live upon diſſent terms of civility.—Being, by God's bleſſing, removed to a higher ſpear, you'll excuſe my being familiar with the lower ſarvants of the family; but, as I truſt you'll behave reſpectful, and keep a proper diſtance, you may always depend upon the good-will and purtection of

Yours,

November 20. W. Loyd.

END OF HUMPHRY CLINKER.

THE

HISTORY AND ADVENTURES

OF

AN ATOM.

ADVERTISEMENT

FROM THE

PUBLISHER TO THE READER.

IN theſe tickliſh times, it may be neceſſary to give ſuch an account of the following ſheets, as will exempt me from the plague of proſecution.

On the 7th of March, in the preſent year 1748, they were offered to me for ſale, by a tall thin woman, about the age of threeſcore, dreſſed in a gown of bombaſin, with a cloak and bonnet of black ſilk, both a little the worſe for the wear.—She called herſelf Dorothy Hatchet, ſpinſter, of the pariſh of Old-ſtreet, adminiſtratrix of Mr. Nathaniel Peacock, who died in the ſaid pariſh on the fifth day of laſt April, and lies buried in the church-yard of Iſlington, in the north-weſt corner, where his grave is diſtinguiſhed by a monumental board inſcribed with the following triſtich:

Hic, hæc, hoc,
Here lies the block
Of old Nathaniel Peacock.

In this particular, any perſon whatever may ſatisfy himſelf, by taking an afternoon's walk to Iſlington, where, at the White Houſe, he may recreate and refreſh himſelf with excellent tea and hot rolls for ſo ſmall a charge as eightpence.

As to the MS. before I would treat for it, I read it over attentively, and found it contained divers curious particulars of a foreign hiſtory, without any alluſion to, or reſemblance with, the tranſactions of theſe times. I likewiſe turned over to Kempfer and the Univerſal Hiſtory, and found in their ſeveral accounts of Japan, many of the names and much of the matter ſpecified in the follow-

ing ſheets. Finally, that I might run no riſk of miſconſtruction, I had recourſe to an eminent chamber-council of my acquaintance, who diligently peruſed the whole, and declared it was no more actionable than the Viſion of Ezekiel, or the Lamentations of Jeremiah the prophet. Thus aſſured, I purchaſed the copy, which I now preſent in print, with my beſt reſpects, to the courteous Reader, being his very humble ſervant,

Buckleſbury. S. ETHERINGTON.

Vivant Rex & Regina.

THE

ADVENTURES

OF

AN ATOM.

THE EDITOR'S DECLARATION.

I NATHANIEL PEACOCK, of the pariſh of St. Giles's, haberdaſher and author, ſolemnly declare, That, on the third of laſt Auguſt, ſitting alone in my ſtudy, up three pair of ſtairs, between the hours of eleven and twelve at night, meditating upon the uncertainty of ſublunary enjoyment, I heard a ſhrill, ſmall voice, ſeemingly proceeding from a chink or crevice in my own pericranium, call diſtinctly three times, "Nathaniel Peacock, Nathaniel Peacock, Nathaniel Peacock." Aſtoniſhed, yea, even affrighted at this citation, I replied in a faultering tone, "In the name of the Lord, what art thou?" Thus adjured, the voice anſwered and ſaid, "I am an atom." I was now thrown into a violent perturbation of ſpirit, for I never could behold an atomy without fear and trembling, even when I knew it was no more than a compoſition of dry bones; but the conceit of being in preſence of an atomy, informed with ſpirit, that is, animated by a ghoſt or goblin, increaſed my terrors exceedingly. I durſt not lift up mine eyes, leſt I ſhould behold an apparition more dreadful than the hand-writing on the wall. My knees knocked together: my teeth chattered: mine hair briſtled up ſo as to raiſe a cotton night-cap from the ſcalp: my tongue cleaved to the roof of my mouth: my temples were be-

dewed with a cold ſweat. Verily I was for a ſeaſon entranced.

At length, by the bleſſing of God, I recollected myſelf, and cried aloud, "Avaunt Satan, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt." "White-livered caitiff!" ſaid the voice (with a peculiar tartneſs of pronunciation), "what art thou afraid of, that thou ſhouldeſt thus tremble, and diffuſe around thee ſuch an unſavory odour?—What thou heareſt is within thee—is part of thyſelf. I am one of thoſe atoms, or conſtituent particles of matter, which can neither be annihilated, divided, nor impaired: the different arrangements of us atoms compoſe all the variety of objects and eſſences which nature exhibits, or art can obtain. Of the ſame ſhape, ſubſtance, and quality are the component particles, that harden in rock, and flow in water; that blacken in the negro, and brighten in the diamond; that exhale from a roſe, and ſteam from a dunghill. Even now, ten millions of atoms were diſperſed in air by that odoriferous gale, which the commotion of thy fear produced; and I can foreſee that one of them will be conſolidated in a fibre of the olfactory nerve, belonging to a celebrated beauty, whoſe noſtril is excoriated by the immoderate uſe of plain Spaniſh. Know, Nathaniel, that we atoms are ſingly endued with ſuch efficacy of reaſon, as cannot be expected in an aggregate body, where we crowd and ſqueeze, and embarraſs one another! Yet, thoſe ideas which we ſingly poſſeſs, we cannot communicate, except once in a thouſand years, and then only, when we fill a certain place in the pineal gland of a human creature, the very ſtation which I now maintain in thine.—For the benefit of you miſerable mortals, I am determined to promulge the hiſtory of one period, during which I underwent ſome ſtrange revolutions in the empire of Japan, and was conſcious of ſome political anecdotes now to be divulged for the inſtruction of Britiſh miniſters. Take up the pen, therefore, and write what I ſhall unfold.

By this time my firſt apprehenſion vaniſhed; but another fear, almoſt as terrible, uſurped its place. I began to think myſelf inſane, and concluded that the voice was no other than the fantaſtic undulation of a diſturbed brain. I therefore preferred an earneſt oriſon at the

throne of grace, that I might be reſtored to the fruition of my right underſtanding and judgment. "O incredulous wretch (exclaimed the voice), I will now convince thee that this is no phantaſma or hideous dream—Anſwer me, doſt thou know the meaning and derivation of the word atom?" I replied, "No, verily." "Then I will tell thee" (ſaid the voice), "thou ſhalt write it down without delay, and conſult the curate of the pariſh on the ſame ſubject. If his explanation and mine agree, thou wilt then be firmly perſuaded that I am an actual, independent exiſtence; and that this addreſs is not the vague delirium of a diſordered brain. *Atomos* is a Greek word, ſignifying an indiviſible particle, derived from *alpha* privativa, and *temno* to cut."

I marvelled much at this injunction, which, however, I literally obeyed; and next morning ſallied forth to viſit the habitation of the curate: but in going thither, it was my hap to encounter a learned phyſician of my acquaintance, who hath read all the books that ever were publiſhed in any nation or language: to him I referred for the derivation of the word atom. He pauſed a little, threw up his eyes to heaven, ſtroked his chin with great ſolemnity, and hemming three times, "Greek, Sir (ſaid he), is more familiar to me than my native tongue.—I have converſed, Sir, with Homer and Plato, Heſiod and Theophraſtus, Herodotus, Thucydides, Hippocrates, Aretæus, Pindar, and Sophocles, and all the poets and hiſtorians of antiquity. Sir, my library coſt me two thouſand pounds. I have ſpent as much more in making experiments; and you muſt know that I have diſcovered certain chemical ſpecifics, which I would not divulge for fifty times the ſum.—As for the word *atomos* or *atime*, it ſignifies a ſcoundrel, Sir, or as it were, Sir, a thing of no eſtimation. It is derived, Sir, from *alpha* privativa, and *time*, honour. Hence, we call a ſkeleton an atomy, becauſe, Sir, the bones are, as it were, diſhonoured by being ſtript of their clothing, and expoſed in their nakedneſs."

I was ſorely vexed at this interpretation, and my apprehenſion of lunacy recurred: nevertheleſs I proceeded in my way to the lodgings of the curate, and deſired his explanation, which tallied exactly with what I had written. At my return to my own houſe, I aſcended to my

ſtudy, aſked pardon of my internal monitor; and taking pen, ink, and paper, ſat down to write what it dictated, in the following ſtrain.

"It was in the era of * Foggien, one thouſand years ago, that fate determined I ſhould exiſt in the empire of Japan, where I underwent a great number of viciſſitudes, till, at length, I was encloſed in a grain of rice, eaten by a Dutch mariner at Firando, and, becoming a particle of his body, brought to the Cape of Good Hope. There I was diſcharged in a ſcorbutic dyſentery, taken up in a heap of ſoil to manure a garden, raiſed to vegetation in a ſallad, devoured by an Engliſh ſupercargo, aſſimulated to a certain organ of his body, which at his return to London, being diſeaſed in conſequence of impure contact, I was again ſeparated, with a conſiderable portion of putrified fleſh, thrown upon a dunghill, gobbled up, and digeſted by a duck, of which duck your father, Ephraim Peacock, having eaten plentifully at a feaſt of the cordwainers, I was mixed with his circulating juices, and finally fixed in the principal part of that animalcule, which, in proceſs of time, expanded itſelf into thee, Nathaniel Peacock.

Having thus particularized my tranſmigrations ſince my conveyance from Japan, I ſhall return thither, and unfold ſome curious particulars of ſtate-intrigue, carried on during the ſhort period, the hiſtory of which I mean to record: I need not tell thee, that the empire of Japan conſiſts of three large iſlands; or that the people who inhabit them, are ſuch inconſiſtent, capricious animals, that one would imagine they were created for the purpoſe of ridicule. Their minds are in continual agitation, like a ſhuttlecock toſſed to and fro, in order to divert the demons of philoſophy and folly. A Japaneſe, without the intervention of any viſible motive, is, by turns, merry and penſive, ſuperficial and profound, generous and illiberal, raſh and circumſpect, courageous and fearful, benevolent and cruel. They ſeem to have no fixed principle of action, no certain plan of conduct, no effectual rudder to ſteer them through the voyage of life; but to be hurried down the rapid tide of each revolving whim,

* The hiſtory of Japan is divided into three different eras, of which Foggien is the moſt conſiderable.

r driven, the ſport of every guſt of paſſion that happens to low. A Japaneſe will ſing at a funeral, and ſigh at a wedding; he will this hour talk ribaldry with a proſtitute, nd the next immerſe himſelf in the ſtudy of metaphyſics r theology. In favour of one ſtranger, he will exert all he virtues of hoſpitality; againſt another he will exerciſe ll the animoſity of the moſt ſordid prejudice: one miute ſees him hazarding his all on the ſucceſs of the moſt xtravagant project; another beholds him heſitating in ending a few copans * to his friend on undeniable ſecuity. To-day, he is afraid of paring his corns; to-morow, he ſcruples not to cut his own throat. At one ſeaſon, he will give half his fortune to the poor; at another, he will not beſtow the ſmalleſt pittance to ſave his brother from indigence and diſtreſs. He is elated to inſolence by the leaſt gleam of ſucceſs; he is dejected to deſpondence by the ſlighteſt turn of adverſe fortune. One hour he doubts the beſt eſtabliſhed truths; the next, he ſwallows the moſt improbable fiction. His praiſe and his cenſure are what a wiſe man would chooſe to avoid, as evils equally pernicious: the firſt is generally raiſed without foundation, and carried to ſuch extravagance, as to expoſe the object to the ridicule of mankind; the laſt is often unprovoked, yet uſually inflamed to all the rage of the moſt malignant perſecution. He will extol above Alexander the Great, a petty officer who robs a hen-rooſt; and damn, to infamy, a general for not performing impoſſibilities. The ſame man whom he yeſterday flattered with the moſt fulſome adulation, he will to-morrow revile with the moſt bitter abuſe; and, at the turning of a ſtraw, take into his boſom the very perſon whom he has formerly defamed as the moſt perfidious raſcal.

The Japaneſe value themſelves much upon their conſtitution, and are very clamorous about the words liberty and property; yet, in fact, the only liberty they enjoy is to get drunk whenever they pleaſe, to revile the government, and quarrel with one another. With reſpect to their property, they are the tameſt animals in the world; and, if properly managed, undergo, without wincing, ſuch impoſitions, as no other nation in the world would bear. In this particular, they may be compared to an

* Copan is a gold coin uſed in Japan, value about 43 ſhillings.

aſs, that will crouch under the moſt unconſcionable burden, provided you ſcratch his long ears, and allow him to bray his belly-full. They are ſo practicable, that they have ſuffered their pockets to be drained, their veins to be emptied, and their credit to be cracked, by the moſt bungling adminiſtrations, to gratify the avarice, pride, and ambition, of the moſt ſordid and contemptible ſovereigns, that ever ſat upon the throne.

The methods uſed for accompliſhing theſe purpoſes are extremely ſimple. You have ſeen a dancing bear incenſed to a dangerous degree of rage, and all at once appeaſed by firing a piſtol over his noſe. The Japaneſe, even in their moſt ferocious moods, when they denounce vengeance againſt the Cuboy, or miniſter, and even threaten the throne itſelf, are eaſily ſoftened into meekneſs and condeſcenſion. A ſet of tall fellows, hired for the purpoſe, tickle them under the noſes with long ſtraws, into a gentle convulſion, during which they ſhut their eyes, and ſmile, and quietly ſuffer their pockets to be turned inſide out. Nay, what is ſtill more remarkable, the miniſtry is in poſſeſſion of a pipe, or rather bullock's horn, which being ſounded to a particular pitch, has ſuch an effect on the ears and underſtanding of the people, that they allow their pockets to be picked with their eyes open, and are bribed to betray their own intereſts with their own money, as eaſily as if the treaſure had come from the remoteſt corner of the globe. Notwithſtanding theſe capricious peculiarities, the Japaneſe are become a wealthy and powerful people, partly from their inſular ſituation, and partly from a ſpirit of commercial adventure, ſuſtained by all the obſtinacy of perſeverance, and conducted by repeated flaſhes of good ſenſe, which almoſt inceſſantly gleam through the chaos of their abſurdities.

Japan was originally governed by monarchs who poſſeſſed an abſolute power, and ſucceeded by hereditary right, under the title of Dairo. But in the beginning of the period Foggien, this emperor became a cypher, and the whole adminiſtration devolved into the hands of the prime miniſter, or Cuboy, who now exerciſes all the power and authority, leaving the trappings of royalty to the inactive Dairo. The prince, who held the reins of

government in the ſhort period which I intend to record, was not a lineal deſcendent of the ancient Dairos, the immediate ſucceſſion having failed, but ſprung from a collateral branch which was invited from a foreign country in the perſon of *Bupo*, in honour of whom the Japaneſe erected Fakku-baſi *, or the temple of the white horſe. So much were all his ſucceſſors devoted to the culture of this idol, which, by the bye, was made of the vileſt materials, that, in order to enrich his ſhrine, they impoveriſhed the whole empire, yet ſtill with the connivance, and by the influence of the Cuboy, who gratified this ſordid paſſion or ſuperſtition of the Dairo, with a view to prevent him from employing his attention on matters of greater conſequence.

Nathaniel, you have heard of the tranſmigration of ſouls, a doctrine avowed by one Pythagoras, a philoſopher of Crotona. This doctrine, though diſcarded and reprobated by Chriſtians, is nevertheleſs ſound, and orthodox, I affirm on the integrity of an atom. Further I ſhall not explain myſelf on this ſubject, though I might with ſafety ſet the convocation and the whole hierarchy at defiance, knowing, as I do, that it is not in their power to make me bate one particle of what I advance; or, if they ſhould endeavour to reach me through your organs, and even condemn you to the ſtake at Smithfield, verily, I ſay unto thee, I ſhould be a gainer by the next remove. I ſhould ſhift my quarters from a very cold and empty tenement, which I now occupy in the brain of a poor haberdaſher, to the nervous plexus ſituated at the mouth of the ſtomach of a fat alderman fed with veniſon and turtle.

But to return to Pythagoras, whom one of your wiſe countrymen denominated *Peter Gore, the wiſe-acre* of Croton, you muſt know that philoſopher was a type, which hath not yet been fully unveiled. That he taught the metempſychoſis, explained the nature and property of harmonies, demonſtrated the motion of the earth, diſcovered the elements of geometry and arithmetic, enjoined his diſciples ſilence, and abſtained from eating any thing that was ever informed by the breath of life; are circum-

* Vid. Kempfer, Lib. 1.

ſtances known to all the learned world: but his veneration for beans, which coſt him his life, his golden thigh, his adventures in the character of a courtezan, his golden verſes, his epithet of ἀνὸς ἴφα, the fable of his being born of a virgin, and his deſcent into hell, are myſteries in which ſome of the moſt important truths are concealed.—Between friends, honeſt Nathaniel, I myſelf conſtituted part of that ſage's body; and I could ſay a great deal—but there is a time for all things.—I ſhall only obſerve, that Philip Teſſier had ſome reaſon for ſuppoſing Pythagoras to have been a monk; and there are ſhrewd hints in Meyer's diſſertation, *Utrum Pythagoras Judæus fuit, an monachus Carmelita.*

Waving theſe intricate diſcuſſions for the preſent (though I cannot help diſcloſing that Pythagoras was actually circumciſed), know, Peacock, that the metempſychoſis, or tranſmigration of ſouls, is the method which nature and fate conſtantly purſue, in animating the creatures produced on the face of the earth; and this proceſs, with ſome variation, is ſuch as the Eleuſinian myſteries imported, and ſuch as you have read in Dryden's tranſlation of the ſixth book of Virgil's Æneid. The gods have provided a great magazine or diverſorium, to which the departed ſouls of all animals repair at their diſmiſſion from the body. Here they are bathed in the waters of Oblivion until they retain no memory of the ſcenes through which they have paſſed; but they ſtill preſerve their original craſis and capacity. From this repoſitory, all new created beings are ſupplied with ſouls; and theſe ſouls tranſmigrate into different animals, according to the pleaſure of the great diſpoſer. For example, my good friend Nathaniel Peacock, your own ſoul has within theſe hundred years threaded a goat, a ſpider, and a biſhop; and its next ſtage will be the carcaſe of a brewer's horſe.

In what manner we atoms come by theſe articles of intelligence, whether by intuition, or communication of ideas, it is not neceſſary that you ſhould conceive—Suffice it to ſay, the gods were merry on the follies of mankind, and Mercury undertook to exhibit a mighty nation, ruled and governed by the meaneſt intellects that could be found in the repoſitory of pre-exiſting ſpirits. He laid the ſcene in Japan, about the middle of the period Foggien, when

that nation was at peace with all her neighbours. Into the maſs, deſtined to ſway the ſceptre, he infuſed, at the very article of conception, the ſpirit, which in courſe of ſtrangulation had been expelled *a poſteriori* from a gooſe, killed on purpoſe to regale the appetite of the mother. The animalcule, thus inſpired, was born, and ſucceeded to the throne, under the name of Got-hama-baba. His whole life and converſation was no other than a repetition of the humours he had diſplayed in his laſt character. He was rapacious, ſhallow, hot-headed, and perverſe; in point of underſtanding, juſt ſufficient to appear in public without a ſlavering bib; imbued with no knowledge, illumed by no ſentiment, and warmed with no affection; except a blind attachment to the worſhip of Fakku-baſi, which ſeemed indeed to be a diſeaſe in his conſtitution. His heart was meanly ſelfiſh, and his diſpoſition altogether unprincely.

Of all his recreations, that which he delighted in moſt, was kicking the breech of his Cuboy, or prime miniſter, an exerciſe which he every day performed in private. It was therefore neceſſary that a Cuboy ſhould be found to undergo this diurnal operation without repining. This was a circumſtance foreſeen and provided for by Mercury, who, a little after the conception of Got-hama-baba, impregnated the ovum of a future Cuboy, and implanted in it a changling ſoul, which had ſucceſſively paſſed through the bodies of an aſs, a dottril, an apple-woman, and a cow-boy. It was diverting enough to ſee the rejoicings with which the birth of this Quanbuku * was celebrated; and ſtill more ſo to obſerve the marks of fond admiration in the parents, as the ſoul of the cow-boy proceeded to expand itſelf in the young Cuboy. This is a ſpecies of diverſion we atoms often enjoy. We at different times behold the ſame ſpirit, hunted down in a hare, and cried up in an Hector; fawning in a proſtitute, and bribing in a miniſter; breaking forth in a whiſtle at the plough, and in a ſermon from the pulpit; impelling a hog to the ſtye, and a counſellor to the cabinet; prompting a ſhoe-boy to filch, and a patriot to harangue; ſquinting in a goat, and ſmiling in a matron.

* Quanbuku is a dignity of the firſt order in Japan.

Tutors of all ſorts were provided betimes for the young Quanbuku, but his genius rejected all cultivation; at leaſt the crops it produced were barren and ungrateful. He was diſtinguiſhed by the name of Fika-kaka, and careſſed as the heir of an immenſe fortune. Nay, he was really conſidered as one of the moſt hopeful young Quanbukus in the empire of Japan; for his want of ideas was attended with a total abſence of pride, inſolence, or any other diſagreeable vice: indeed his character was founded upon negatives. He had no underſtanding, no economy, no courage, no induſtry, no ſteadineſs, no diſcernment, no vigour, no retention. He was reputed generous and good-humoured; but was really profuſe, chicken-hearted, negligent, fickle, blundering, weak, and leaky. All theſe qualifications were agitated by an eagerneſs, haſte, and impatience, that completed the moſt ludicrous compoſition, which human nature ever produced. He appeared always in hurry and confuſion, as if he had loſt his wits in the morning, and was in queſt of them all day.—Let me whiſper a ſecret to you, my good friend Peacock. All this buſtle and trepidation proceeded from a hollowneſs in the brain, forming a kind of eddy, in which his animal ſpirits were hurried about in a perpetual ſwirl. Had it not been for this *Luſus Naturæ*, the circulation would not have been ſufficient for the purpoſes of animal life. Had the whole world been ſearched by the princes thereof, it would not have produced another to have matched this half-witted original, to whom the adminiſtration of a mighty empire was wholly conſigned. Notwithſtanding all the care that was taken of his education, Fika-kaka never could comprehend any art or ſcience, except that of dancing bare-headed among the Bonzas, at the great feſtival of Cambadoxi. The extent of his knowledge in arithmetic went no farther than the numeration of his ten fingers. In hiſtory, he had no idea of what preceded a certain treaty with the Chineſe, in the reign of queen Syko, who died within his own remembrance; and was ſo ignorant of geography, that he did not know that his native country was ſurrounded by the ſea. No ſyſtem of morality could he ever underſtand; and of the fourteen ſects of religion that are permitted in Japan, the only diſcipline he could imbibe was a ſuperſtitious devotion for

Fauk-baſi, the temple of the white horſe. This, indeed, was neither the fruit of doctrine, nor the reſult of reaſon; but a real inſtinct, implanted in his nature for fulfilling the ends of Providence. His perſon was extremely awkward; his eye vacant, though alarmed; his ſpeech thick, and embarraſſed; his utterance ungraceful; and his meaning perplexed. With much difficulty he learned to write his own name, and that of the Dairo; and picked up a ſmattering of the Chineſe language, which was ſometimes uſed at court. In his youth, he freely converſed with women; but, as he advanced in age, he placed his chief felicity in the delights of the table. He hired cooks from China at an enormous expence, and drank huge quantities of the ſtrong liquor diſtilled from rice, which, by producing repeated intoxication, had an unlucky effect upon his brain, that was naturally of a looſe flimſy texture. The immoderate uſe of this potation was likewiſe ſaid to have greatly impaired his retentive faculty; inaſmuch as he was ſubject upon every extraordinary emotion of ſpirit, to an involuntary diſcharge from the laſt of the inteſtines.

Such was the character of Fika-kaka, entitled by his birth to a prodigious eſtate, as well as to the honours of Quanbuku, the firſt hereditary dignity in the empire. In conſequence of his high ſtation, he was connected with all the great men in Japan, and uſed to the court from his infancy. Here it was he became acquainted with young Got-hama-baba, his future ſovereign; and their ſouls being congenial, they ſoon contracted an intimacy, which endured for life. They were like twin particles of matter, which having been divorced from one another by a moſt violent ſhock, had floated many thouſand years in the ocean of the univerſe, till at length meeting by accident, and approaching within the ſpheres of each other's attraction, they ruſh together with an eager embrace, and continue united ever after.

The favour of the ſovereign, added to the natural influence ariſing from a vaſt fortune and great alliances, did not fail to elevate Fika-kaka to the moſt eminent offices of the ſtate, until, at length, he attained to the dignity of Cuboy, or chief-miniſter, which virtually comprehends all the reſt. Here then was the ſtrangeſt phenomenon that

ever appeared in the political world. A ſtateſman without capacity, or the ſmalleſt tincture of human learning: a ſecretary who could not write; a financier who did not underſtand the multiplication table; and the treaſurer of a vaſt empire who never could balance accounts with his own butler.

He was no ſoòner, for the diverſion of the gods, promoted to the Cuboyſhip, than his vanity was pampered with all ſorts of adulation. He was in magnificence extolled above the firſt Meckaddo, or line of emperors, to whom divine honours had been paid; equal in wiſdom to Tenſio-dai-ſin, the firſt founder of the Japaneſe monarchy; braver than Whey-vang, of the dynaſty of Chew; more learned than Jacko, the chief pontiff of Japan; more liberal than Shi-wang-ti, who was poſſeſſed of the univerſal medicine; and more religious than *Bupo*, alias *Kobot*, who, from a foreign country, brought with him on a white-horſe, a book called Kio, containing the myſteries of his religion.

But, by none was he more cultivated than by the Bonzas or clergy, eſpecially thoſe of the univerſity Frenoxena *, ſo renowned for their learning, ſermons, and oratory, who actually choſe him their ſupreme director, and every morning adored him with a very ſingular rite of worſhip. This attachment was the more remarkable, as Fika-kaka was known to favour the ſect of Nem-buds-ju, who diſtinguiſhed themſelves by the ceremony of circumciſion. Some malicious people did not ſcruple to whiſper about, that he himſelf had privately undergone the operation: but theſe, to my certain knowledge, were the ſuggeſtions of falſehood and ſlander. A ſlight ſcarification, indeed, it was once neceſſary to make, on account of his health; but this was no ceremony of any religious worſhip. The truth was this. The Nem-buds-ju, being few in number, and generally hated by the whole nation, had recourſe to the protection of Fika-kaka, which they obtained for a valuable conſideration. Then a law was promulgated in their favour; a ſtep which was ſo far from exciting the jealouſy of the Bonzas, that there was not above three, out of one hundred and fifty-nine thouſand,

* Vid. Hiſt. Eccleſ. Japan, Vol. I.

that opened their lips in diſapprobation of the meaſure. Such were the virtue and moderation of the Bonzas, and ſo loth were they to diſoblige their great director Fika-kaka.

What rendered the knot of connection between Dairo Got-hama-baba, and this Cuboy, altogether indiſſoluble, was a ſingular circumſtance, which I ſhall now explain. Fika-kaka not only devoted himſelf entirely to the gratification of his maſter's prejudices and rapacity, even when they interfered the moſt with the intereſt and reputation of Japan; but he alſo ſubmitted perſonally to his capricious humours with the moſt placid reſignation. He preſented his poſteriors to be kicked as regularly as the day revolved; and preſented them not barely with ſubmiſſion, but with all the appearance of fond deſire: and truly this diurnal expoſure was attended with ſuch delectation as he never enjoyed in any other attitude.

To explain this matter, I muſt tell thee, Peacock, that Fika-kaka was from his infancy afflicted with an itching of the podex, which the learned Dr. Woodward would have termed *immanis αἰδοίων pruritus*. That great naturaliſt would have imputed it to a reundancy of cholicky ſalts, got out of the ſtomach and guts into the blood, and thrown upon theſe parts, and he would have attempted to break their colluctations with oil, &c. but I, who know the real cauſes of this diſorder, ſmile at theſe whims of philoſophy.

Be that as it may, certain it is, all the moſt eminent phyſicians in Japan were conſulted about this ſtrange tickling and tingling, and among theſe the celebrated Fanſey, whoſe ſpirit afterwards informed the body of Rabelais. This experienced leech, having preſcribed a courſe of cathartics, balſamics, and ſweeteners, on the ſuppoſition that the blood was tainted with a ſcorbutical itch; at length found reaſon to believe that the diſeaſe was local. He therefore tried the method of gentle friction: for which purpoſe he uſed almoſt the very ſame ſubſtances which were many centuries after applied by Gargantua to his own poſteriors: ſuch as a night cap, a pillow-bier, a ſlipper, a poke, a pannier, a beaver, a hen, a cock, a chicken, a calf-ſkin, a hare-ſkin, a pigeon, a cormorant, a lawyer's bag, a lamprey, a coif, a lure, nay even a gooſe's neck, without finding that *volupté merifique au trou*

de cul, which was the portion of the ſon of Grangouſier. In ſhort, there was nothing that gave Fika-kaka ſuch reſpite from this tormenting titillation as did ſmearing the parts with thick cream, which was afterwards licked up by the rough tongue of a boar-cat. But the adminiſtration of this remedy was once productive of a diſagreeable incident. In the mean time, the diſtemper gaining ground became ſo troubleſome, that the unfortunate Quanbuku was inceſſantly in the fidgets, and ran about diſtracted, cackling like a hen in labour.

The ſource of all this misfortune was the juxta poſition of two atoms quarrelling for precedency, in this the Cuboy's ſeat of honour. Their preſſing and ſqueezing and elbowing and joſtling, though of no effect in diſcompoſing one another, occaſioned all this irritation and titillation in the poſteriors of Fika-kaka—What! doſt thou mutter, Peacock? doſt thou preſume to queſtion my veracity? now by the indiviſible rotundity of an atom, I have a good mind, caitiff, to raiſe ſuch a buzzing commotion in thy glandula pinealis, that thou ſhalt run diſtracted over the face of the earth, like Io when ſhe was ſtung by Juno's gad-fly! What! thou who haſt been wrapt from the cradle in viſions of myſtery and revelation, ſwallowed impoſſibilities like lamb's wool, and digeſted doctrines harder than iron three times quenched in the Ebro! thou to demur at what I aſſert upon the evidence and faith of my own conſciouſneſs and conſiſtency!—Oh! you capitulate: well, then beware of a relapſe—you know a relapſed heretic finds no mercy.

I ſay, while Fika-kaka's podex was the ſcene of contention between two turbulent atoms, I had the honour to be poſted immediately under the nail of the Dairo's great toe, which happened one day to itch more than uſual for occupation. The Cuboy preſenting himſelf at that inſtant, and turning his face from his maſter, Cothama-baba performed the exerciſe with ſuch uncommon vehemence, that firſt his ſlipper, and then his toe-nail flew off, after having made a ſmall breach in the perineum of Fika-kaka. By the ſame effort, I was divorced from the great toe of the ſovereign, and lodged near the great gut of his miniſter, exactly in the interſtice between the two hoſtile particles, which were thus in ſome meaſure re-

ſtrained from wrangling; though it was not in my power to keep the peace entirely. Nevertheleſs, Fika-kaka's torture was immediately ſuſpended; and he was even ſeized with an orgaſm of pleaſure, analogous to that which characteriſes the ecſtaſy of love.

Think not, however, Peacock, that I would adduce this circumſtance as a proof that pleaſure and pain are mere relations, which can exiſt only as they are contraſted. No: pleaſure and pain are ſimple, independent ideas, incapable of definition; and this which Fika-kaka felt was an ecſtaſy compounded of poſitive pleaſure ingrafted upon the removal of pain; but whether this poſitive pleaſure depended upon a particular centre of percuſſion hit upon by accident, or was the inſeparable effect of a kicking and ſcratching conferred by a royal foot and toe, I ſhall not at preſent unfold: neither will I demonſtrate the *modus operandi* on the nervous papillæ of Fika-kaka's breech, whether by irritation, relaxation, undulation, or vibration. Were theſe eſſential diſcoveries communicated, human philoſophy would become too arrogant. It was but the other day that Newton made ſhift to dive into ſome ſubaltern laws of matter; to explain the revolution of the planets, and analyſe the compoſition of light; and ever ſince, that reptile man has believed itſelf a demi-god—I hope to ſee the day when the petulant philoſopher ſhall be driven back to his Categories and the Organum Univerſale of Ariſtotle, his οὐσια, his ὕλη, and his ὑποκειμενον.

But waving theſe digreſſions, the pleaſure which the Cuboy felt from the application of the Dairo's toe-nail was ſucceeded by a kind of tenſion or ſtiffneſs, which began to grow troubleſome juſt as he reached his own palace, where the Bonzas were aſſembled to offer up their diurnal incenſe. Inſtinct, on this occaſion, performed what could hardly have been expected from the moſt extraordinary talents. At ſight of a grizzled beard belonging to one of thoſe venerable doctors, he was ſtruck with the idea of a powerful aſſuager; and taking him into his cabinet, propoſed that he ſhould make oral application to the part affected. The propoſal was embraced without heſitation, and the effect even tranſcended the hope of the Cuboy. The oſculation itſelf was ſoft, warm, emolient, and comfortable; but when the nervous papillæ

were gently ſtroaked, and as it were fondled by the long, elaſtic, periſtaltic, abſterſive fibres that compoſed this reverend verriculum, ſuch a delectable titillation enſued, that Fika-kaka was quite in raptures.

That which he intended at firſt for a medicine he now converted into an article of luxury. All the Bonzas who enrolled themſelves in the number of his dependants, whether old or young, black or fair, rough or ſmooth, were enjoined every day to perform this additional and poſterior rite of worſhip, ſo productive of delight to the Cuboy, that he was every morning impatient to receive the Dairo's calcitration, or rather his pedeſtrian digitation; after which he flew with all the eagerneſs of deſire to the ſubſequent part of his entertainment.

The tranſports thus produced ſeemed to diſarrange his whole nervous ſyſtem, and produce an odd kind of revolution in his fancy; for though he was naturally grave, and indeed overwhelmed with conſtitutional hebetude, he became, in conſequence of this periodical tickling, the moſt giddy, pert buffoon in nature. All was grinning, giggling, laughing, and pratting, except when his fears intervened; than he ſtarted and ſtared, and curſed and prayed by turns. There was but one barber in the whole empire that would undertake to ſhave him, ſo tickliſh and unſteady he was under the hands of the operator. He could not ſit above one minute in the ſame attitude, or on the ſame ſeat; but ſhifted about from couch to chair, from chair to ſtool, from ſtool to cloſe-ſtool, with inceſſant rotation, and all the time gave audience to thoſe who ſolicited his favour and protection. To all and ſeveral he promiſed his beſt offices, and confirmed theſe promiſes with oaths and proteſtations. One he ſhook by the hand; another he hugged; a third he kiſſed on both ſides the face; with a fourth he whiſpered; a fifth he honoured with a familiar horſe laugh. He never had courage to refuſe even that which he could not poſſibly grant; and at laſt his tongue actually forgot how to pronounce the negative particle: but as in the Engliſh language two negatives amount to an affirmative, five hundred affirmatives in the mouth of Fida-kaka did not altogether deſtroy the efficacy of ſimple negation. A promiſe five hundred times repeated, and at every repetition con-

firmed by oath, barely amounted to a computable chance of performance.

It muſt be allowed, however, he promoted a great number of Bonzas, and in this promotion he manifeſted an uncommon taſte. They were preferred according to the colour of their beards. He found, by experience, that beards of different colours yielded him different degrees of pleaſure in the friction we have deſcribed above; and the proviſion he made for each was in proportion to the ſatisfaction the candidate could afford. The ſenſation enſuing from the contact of a gray beard was ſoft and delicate, and agreeably demulcent, when the parts were unuſually inflamed; a red, yellow, or brindled beard, was in requeſt when the buſineſs was to thrill or tingle; but a black beard was of all others the moſt honoured by Fika-kaka, nor only on account of its fleecy feel, equally ſpirited and balſamic, but alſo for another philoſophical reaſon, which I ſhall now explain. You know, Peacock, that black colour abſorbs the rays of light, and detains them as it were in a repoſitory. Thus a black beard, like the back of a black cat, becomes a phoſphorus in the dark, and emits ſparkles upon friction. You muſt know that one of the graveſt doctors of the Bonzas, who had a private requeſt to make, deſired an audience of Fika-kaka in his cloſet at night, and the taper falling down by accident, that very inſtant when his beard was in contact with the Cuboy's ſeat of honour, the electrical ſnap was heard, and the part illuminated, to the aſtoniſhment of the ſpectators, who looked upon it as a prelude to the apotheoſis of Fika-kaka. Being made acquainted with this phenomenon, the miniſter was exceedingly elevated in his own mind. He rejoiced in it as a communication of ſome divine efficacy, and raiſed the happy Bonza to the rank of Pontifex Maximus, or chief prieſt, in the temple of Fakku-baſi. In the courſe of experiments, he found that all black beards were electrical in the ſame degree, and being ignorant of philoſophy, aſcribed it to ſome ſupernatural virtue, in conſequence of which they were promoted as the holieſt of the Bonzas. But you and I know, that ſuch a phoſphorus is obtained from the moſt worthleſs and corrupted materials, ſuch as rotten wood, putrified veal, and ſtinking whiting.

Fika-kaka, ſuch as I deſcribed him, could not poſſibly act in the character of Cuboy, without the aſſiſtance of counſellors and ſubalterns, who underſtood the detail of government and the forms of buſineſs. He was accordingly ſurrounded by a number of ſatellites, who reflected his luſtre in their ſeveral ſpheres of rotation; and though their immerſions and emerſions were apparently abrupt and irregular, formed a kind of luminous belt as pale and comfortleſs as the ring of Saturn, the moſt diſtant, cold, and baleful of all the planets.

The moſt remarkable of theſe ſubordinates, was Sti-phirum-poo, a man, who, from a low plebeian origin, had raiſed himſelf to one of the firſt offices of the empire, to the dignity of *Kuo*, or nobleman, and a conſiderable ſhare of the Dairo's perſonal regard. He owed his whole ſucceſs to his induſtry, aſſiduity, and circumſpection. During the former part of his life, he ſtudied the laws of Japan with ſuch ſeverity of application, that though unaſſiſted by the leaſt gleam of genius, and deſtitute of the ſmalleſt pretenſion to talent, he made himſelf maſter of all the written ordinances, all the eſtabliſhed cuſtoms, and forms of proceeding in the different tribunals of the empire. In the progreſs of his vocation, he became an advocate of ſome eminence, and even acquired reputation for polemical eloquence, though his manner was ever dry, laboured, and unpleaſant—Being elevated to the ſtation of a judge, he ſo far juſtified the intereſt by which he had been promoted, that his honeſty was never called in queſtion; and his ſentences were generally allowed to be juſt and upright. He heard cauſes with the moſt painful attention, ſeemed to be indefatigable in his reſearches after truth; and though he was forbidding in his aſpect, ſlow in deliberation, tedious in diſcuſſion, and cold in his addreſs; yet I muſt own, he was alſo unbiaſſed in his deciſions—I mean, unbiaſſed, by any conſciouſneſs of ſiniſter motive: for a man may be biaſſed by the nature of his diſpoſition, as well as by prejudices acquired, and yet not guilty of intentional partiality. Sti-phirum-poo was ſcrupulouſly juſt, according to his own ideas of juſtice, and conſequently well qualified to decide in common controverſies. But in delicate caſes, which required an uncommon ſhare of penetration; when the

province of a ſupreme judge is to mitigate the ſeverity, and ſometimes even deviate from the dead letter of the common law, in favour of particular inſtitutions, or of humanity in general; he had neither genius to enlighten his underſtanding, ſentiment to elevate his mind, nor courage to ſurmount the petty encloſures of ordinary practice. He was accuſed of avarice and cruelty; but, in fact, theſe were not active paſſions in his heart. The conduct which ſeemed to juſtify theſe imputations, was wholly owing to a total want of taſte and generoſity. The nature of his poſt furniſhed him with opportunites to accumulate riches; and as the narrowneſs of his mind admitted no ideas of elegance or refined pleaſure, he knew not how to uſe his wealth ſo as to avoid the charge of a ſordid diſpoſition. His temper was not rapacious but attentive: he knew not the uſe of wealth, and therefore did not uſe it at all: but was in this particular neither better nor worſe than a ſtrong-box for the convenience and advantage of his heir. The appearance of cruelty remarkable in his counſels, relating to ſome wretched inſurgents who had been taken in open rebellion, and the rancorous pleaſure he ſeemed to feel in pronouncing ſentence of death by ſelf-exenteration *, was in fact the gratification of a daſtardly heart, which had never acknowledged the leaſt impulſe of any liberal ſentiment. This being the caſe, mankind ought not to impute that to his guilt which was, in effect, the conſequence of his infirmity. A man might, with equal juſtice, be puniſhed for being purblind. Sti-phi-rum-poo was much more culpable for ſeeking to ſhine in a ſphere for which nature never intended him; I mean for commencing ſtateſman, and intermeddling in the machine of government: yet even into this character he was forced, as it were, by the opinion and injunctions of Fika-kaka, who employed him at firſt in making ſpeeches for the Dairo, which that prince uſed to pronounce in public, at certain ſeaſons of the year. Theſe ſpeeches being tolerably well received by the populace, the Cuboy conceived an extraordinary opinion of his talents; and thought him extremely well qualified to eaſe him of great part of the burden of go-

* A gentleman capitally convicted in Japan is allowed the privilege of anticipating the common executioner, by ripping out his own bowels.

vernment. He found him very well diſpoſed to engage heartily in his intereſts. Then he was admitted to the obſculation *a poſteriori*; and though his beard was not black, but rather of a ſubfuſcan hue, he managed it with ſuch dexerity, that Fika-kaka declared the ſalute gave him unſpeakable pleaſure: while the bye-ſtanders proteſted that the contact produced, not ſimply electrical ſparks or ſcintillations, but even a perfect irradiation, which ſeemed altogether ſupernatural. From this moment Sti-phirum-poo was initiated in the myſtries of the cabinet, and even introduced to the perſon of the Dairo Got-hamababa, whoſe pedeſtrian favours he ſhared with his new patron. It was obſerved, however, that even after his promotion and nobilitation, he ſtill retained his original awkwardneſs, and never could acquire that graceful eaſe of attitude with which the Cuboy preſented his parts averſe to the contemplation of his ſovereign. Indeed this miniſter's body was ſo well moulded for the celebration of the rite, that one would have imagined nature had formed him expreſsly for that purpoſe, with his head and body projecting forwards, ſo as to form an angle of forty-five with the horizon, while the glutæi muſcles ſwelled backwards as if ambitious to meet half-way the imperial encounter.

The third connection that ſtrengthened this political band was Nin-kom-poo-po, commander of the *Fune*, or navy of Japan, who, if ever man was, might ſurely be termed the child of fortune. He was bred to the ſea from his infancy, and, in the courſe of pacific ſervice, roſe to the command of a jonkh, when he was ſo lucky as to detect a crew of pirates employed on a deſolate ſhore, in concealing a hoard of honey which they had taken from the merchants of Corea. Nin-kom-poo-po falling in with them at night, attacked them unawares, and having obtained an eaſy victory, carried of the treaſure. I cannot help being amuſed at the folly of you ſilly mortals, when I recollect the tranſports of the people at the return of this fortunate officer, with a paltry maſs of ſilver, parading in covered waggons, eſcorted by his crew in arms. The whole city of Meaco reſounded with acclamations; and Nin-kom-poo-po was extolled as the greateſt hero that ever the empire of Japan produced. The Cuboy

honoured him with five kiſſes in public; accepted of the oſculation in private, recommended him in the ſtrongeſt terms to the Dairo, who promoted him to the rank of Sey-ſeo-gun, or general at ſea. He profeſſed himſelf an adherent to the Cuboy, entered into a ſtrict alliance with Sti-phi-rum-poo, and the whole management of the *Fune* was conſigned into his hands. With reſpect to his underſtanding, it was juſt ſufficient to comprehend the duties of a common mariner, and to follow the ordinary route of the moſt ſordid avarice. As to his heart, he might be ſaid to be in a ſtate of total apathy, without principle or paſſion; for I cannot afford the name of paſſion to ſuch a vile appetite as an inſatiable thirſt of lucre. He was, indeed, ſo cold and forbidding, that, in Japan, the people diſtinguiſhed him by a nick-name equivalent to the Engliſh word Salamander; not that he was inclined to live in fire, but that the coldneſs of his heart would have extinguiſhed any fire it had approached. Some individuals imagined he had been begot upon a mermaid by a ſailor of Kamſchatka; but this was a mere fable.—I can aſſure you, however, that when his lips were in contact with the Cuboy's poſteriors, Fika-kaka's teeth were ſeen to chatter. The pride of this animal was equal to his frigidity. He affected to eſtabliſh new regulations at the council where he preſided: he treated his equals with inſolence, and his ſuperiors with contempt. Other people generally rejoice in obliging their fellow-creatures, when they can do it without prejudice to their own intereſt. Nin-compoo-po had a repulſive power in his diſpoſition; and ſeemed to take pleaſure in denying a requeſt. When this vain creature, ſelfiſh, inelegant, arrogant, and uncouth, appeared in all his trappings at the Dairo's court, upon a feſtival, he might have been juſtly compared to a Lapland idol of ice, adorned with a profuſion of braſs leaf and trinkets of pewter. In the direction of the Fune, he was provided with a certain number of aſſeſſors, counſellors or co-adjutors; but theſe he never conſulted, more than if they had been wooden images. He diſtributed his commands among his own dependants; and left all the forms of the office to the care of the ſcribe, who thus became ſo neceſſary, that his influence ſometimes had well nigh interfered with that of the preſident; nay,

they have been ſeen, like the electrical ſpheres of two bodies, repelling each other. Hence it was obſerved, that the office of the Sey-ſeo-gun-ſiality reſembled the ſerpent called Amphiſbæna, which, contrary to the formation of other animals in head and tail, has a head where the tail ſhould be. Well indeed, might they compare them to a ſerpent, in creeping, cunning, coldneſs, and venom; but the compariſon would have held with more propriety had nature produced a ſerpent without ever a head at all.

The fourth who contributed his credit and capacity to this coalition, was Fokſi-roku, a man who greatly ſurpaſſed them all in the ſcience of politics, bold, ſubtle, intereſted, inſinuating, ambitious, and indefatigable. An adventurer from his cradle; a latitudinarian in principle, a libertine in morals, without the advantages of birth, fortune, character, or intereſt; by his own natural ſagacity, a cloſe attention to the follies and foibles of mankind, a projecting ſpirit, an invincible aſſurance, and an obſtinacy of perſeverance, proof againſt all the ſhocks of diſappointment and repulſe; he forced himſelf, as it were, into the ſcale of preferment; and being found equally capable and compliant, roſe to high offices of truſt and profit, deteſted by the people, as one of the moſt deſperate tools of a wicked adminiſtration; and odious to his colleagues in the m——y, for his ſuperior talents, his reſtleſs ambition, and the uncertainty of his attachment.

As intereſt prompted him, he hovered between the triumvirate we have deſcribed, and another knot of competitors for the ad——n, headed by Quamba-cun-dono, a great Quo related to the Dairo, who had bore the ſupreme command in the army, and was ſtyled Fatzman *, κατ' ἐξοχὴν, or by way of eminence. This accompliſhed prince was not only the greateſt in his mind, but alſo the greateſt in his perſon of all the ſubjects of Japan; and whereas your Shakſpeare makes Falſtaff urge it as a plea in his own favour, that as he had more fleſh, ſo likewiſe he had more frailty than other men; I may juſtly convert the propoſition in favour of Quamba-cun-dono, and affirm that as he had more fleſh, ſo he had more virtue than any other Japaneſe; more bowels, more humanity,

* Vide Kempfer, Amœnitat. Japan.

more beneficence, more affability. He was undoubtedly, for a Fatzman, the moſt courteous, the moſt gallant, the moſt elegant, generous and munificent Quo that ever adorned the court of Japan. So conſummate in the art of war, that the whole world could not produce a general to match him in foreſight, vigilance, conduct, and ability. Indeed his intellects were ſo extraordinary and extenſive, that he ſeemed to ſentimentize at every pore, and to have the faculty of thinking diffuſed all over his frame, even to his fingers ends; or, as the Latins call it, *ad unguem:* nay, ſo wonderful was his organical conformation, that, in the opinion of many Japaneſe philoſophers, his whole body was enveloped in a kind of poultice of brain, and that if he had loſt his head in battle, the damage with regard to his power of reflection would have been ſcarce perceptible. After he had achieved many glorious exploits in a war againſt the Chineſe on the continent, he was ſent with a ſtrong army to quell a dangerous inſurrection in the northern parts of Ximo, which is one of the Japaneſe iſlands. He accordingly by his valour cruſhed the rebellion; and afterwards, by dint of clemency and diſcretion, extinguiſhed the laſt embers of diſaffection. When the inſurgents were defeated, diſperſed, and diſarmed, and a ſufficient number ſelected for example, his humanity emerged, and took full poſſeſſion of his breaſt. He conſidered them as wretched men miſled by falſe principles of honour, and ſympathiſed with their diſtreſs: he pitied them as men and fellow-citizens: he regarded them as uſeful fellow-ſubjects, who might be reclaimed and reunited to the community. Inſtead of ſending out the miniſters of blood, rapine, and revenge, to ravage, burn, and deſtroy, without diſtinction of age, ſex, or principle; he extended the arms of mercy to all who would embrace that indulgence: he protected the lives and habitations of the helpleſs, and diminiſhed the number of the mal-contents much more effectually by his benevolence than by his ſword.

The ſouthern Japaneſe had been terribly alarmed at this inſurrection, and in the firſt tranſports of their deliverance, voluntarily taxed themſelves with a conſiderable yearly tribute to the hero Quamba-cun-dono. In all probability, they would not have appeared ſo grateful, had

they ſtaid to ſee the effects of his merciful diſpoſition towards the vanquiſhed rebels: for mercy is ſurely no attribute of the Japaneſe, conſidered as a people. Indeed, nothing could form a more ſtriking contraſt than appeared in the tranſactions in the northern and ſouthern parts of the empire at this juncture. While the amiable Quambacun-dono was employed in the godlike office of gathering together, and cheriſhing under his wings the poor, diſperſed, forlorn widows and orphans, whom the ſavage hand of war had deprived of parent, huſband, home, and ſuſtenance; while he, in the north, gathered theſe miſerable creatures, even as a hen gathereth her chickens; Sti-phirum-poo, and other judges in the ſouth, were condemning ſuch of their parents and huſbands, as ſurvived the ſword, to cruciſixion, cauldrons of boiling oil, or exenteration; and the people were indulging their appetites by feaſting upon the viſcera thus extracted. The liver of a Ximian was in ſuch requeſt at this period, that if the market had been properly managed and ſupplied, this delicacy would have ſold for two obans a pound, or about four pounds Sterling. The troops in the north might have provided at the rate of a thouſand head per month for the demand of Meaco; and though the other parts of the carcaſe would not have ſold at ſo high a price as the liver, heart, harrigals, ſweet-bread and pope's eye; yet the whole, upon an average, would have fetched at the rate of three hundred pounds a-head; eſpecially if thoſe animals, which are but poorly fed in their own country, had been fattened up and kept upon hard meat for the ſlaughter. This new branch of traffic would have produced about three hundred and ſixty thouſand pounds annually: for the rebellion might eaſily have been fomented from year to year; and conſequently it would have yielded a conſiderable addition to the emperor's revenue, by a proper taxation.

The philoſophers of Japan were divided in their opinions concerning this new taſte for Ximian fleſh, which ſuddenly ſprung up among the Japaneſe. Some aſcribed it to a principle of hatred and revenge, agreeable to the common expreſſion of animoſity among the multitude. "You dog, I'll have your liver." Others imputed it to a notion analogous to the vulgar conceit, that the liver of a mad dog be-

ing eaten, is a preventive againſt madneſs; ergo, the liver of a traitor is an antidote againſt treaſon. A third ſort derived this ſtrange appetite from the belief of the Americans, who imagine they ſhall inherit all the virtues of the enemies they devour; and a fourth affirmed that the demand for this dainty aroſe from a very high and peculiar flavour in Ximian fleſh, which flavour was diſcovered by accident: moreover, there were not wanting ſome who ſuppoſed this banquet was a kind of ſacrifice to the powers of ſorcery; as we find that one of the ingredients of the charm prepared in Shakſpeare's cauldron was 'the liver of blaſpheming Jew:' and indeed it is not at all improbable that the liver of a rebellious Ximian might be altogether as effectual. I know that Fika-kaka was ſtimulated by curioſity to try the experiment, and held divers conſultations with his cooks on this ſubject. They all declared in favour of the trial; and it was accordingly preſented at the table, where the Cuboy eat of it to ſuch exceſs as to produce a ſurfeit. He underwent a ſevere evacuation both ways, attended with cold ſweats and ſwoonings. In a word, his agony was ſo violent, that he ever after loathed the ſight of Ximian fleſh, whether dead or alive.

With the Fatzman Quamba-cun-dono was connected another Quo called Gotto-mio, viceroy of Xicoco, one of the iſlands of Japan. If his underſtanding had been as large as his fortune, and his temper a little more tractable, he would have been a dangerous rival to the Cuboy. But if their brains had been weighed againſt each other, the nineteenth part of a grain would have turned either ſcale; and as Fika-kaka had negative qualities, which ſupported and extended his perſonal influence, ſo Gotto-mio had poſitive powers, that defended him from all approaches of popularity. His pride was of the inſolent order; his temper extremely irraſcible; and his avarice quite rapacious; nay, he is ſaid to have once declined the honour of a kicking from the Dairo. Conceited of his own talents, he affected to harangue in the council of Twenty-eight; but his ideas were embarraſſed; his language was mean; and his elocution more diſcordant than the braying of fifty aſſes. When Fika-kaka addreſſed himſelf to ſpeech, an agreeable ſimper played upon the countenances of all the audience; but ſoon as Gotto-mio ſtood up, every ſpecta-

tor raiſed his thumbs to his ears, as it were inſtinctively. The Dairo, Got-hama-baba, by the advice of the Cuboy, ſent him over to govern the people of Xicoco, and a more effectual method could not have been taken to mortify his arrogance. His deportment was ſo inſolent, his economy ſo ſordid, and his government ſo arbitrary, that thoſe iſlanders, who are remarkably ferocious and impatient, expreſſed their hatred and contempt of him on every occaſion. His Quanbukuſhip was hardly ſafe from outrage in the midſt of his guards; and a croſs was actually erected for the execution of his favourite Kow-kin, who eſcaped with ſome difficulty to the iſland of Niphon, whither alſo his patron ſoon followed him, attended by the curſes of the people whom he had been ſent to rule.

He who preſided at the council of Twenty-eight was called Soo-ſan-ſin-o, an old experienced ſhrewd politician, who conveyed more ſenſe in one ſingle ſentence, than could have been diſtilled from all the other brains in council, had they been macerated in one alembic. He was a man of extenſive learning and elegant taſte. He ſaw through the characters of his fellow-labourers in the ad——n. He laughed at the folly of one faction, and deteſted the arrogance and preſumption of the other. In an aſſembly of ſenſible men, his talents would have ſhone with ſuperior luſtre: but at the council of Twenty-eight, they were obſcured by the thick clouds of ignorance that enveloped his brethren. The Dairo had a perſonal reſpect for him, and is ſaid to have conferred frequent favours on his poſteriors in private. He kicked the Cuboy often *ex officio*, as a huſband thinks it incumbent upon him to careſs his wife: but he kicked the preſident for pleaſure, as a voluptuary embraces his miſtreſs. Soo-ſan-ſin-o, conſcious that he had no family intereſt to ſupport him in cabals among the people, and careleſs of his country's fate, reſolved to enjoy the comforts of life in quiet. He laughed and quaffed with his ſelect companions in private; received his appointments thankfully; and ſwam with the tide of politics as it happened to flow. It was pretty extraordinary that the wiſeſt man ſhould be the greateſt cypher: but ſuch was the will of the gods.

Beſides theſe great luminaries that enlightened the cabinet of Japan, I ſhall have occaſion, in the courſe of my

narrative, to deſcribe many other ſtars of an inferior order. At this board there was as great a variety of characters, as we find in the celebrated table of Cebes. Nay, indeed, what was objected to the philoſopher, might have been more juſtly ſaid of the Japaneſe councils. There was neither invention, unity, nor deſign among them. They conſiſted of mobs of ſauntering, ſtrolling, vagrant, and ridiculous politicians. Their ſchemes were abſurd, and their deliberations like the ſketches of anarchy. All was bellowing, bleating, braying, grinning, grumbling, confuſion, and uproar. It was more like a dream of chaos than a picture of human life. If the ΔΑΙΜΟΝ, or genius, was wanting, it muſt be owned that Fika-kaka exactly anſwered Cebes's deſcription of ΤΥΧΗ, or fortune, blind and frantic, running about every where; giving to ſome and taking from others, without rule or diſtinction; while her emblem of the round ſtone, fairly ſhows his *giddy* nature; κακῶς μηνύει φύσιν ἀντῆς. Here, however, one might have ſeen many other figures of the painter's allegory; ſuch as Deception tendering the cup of ignorance and error, opinions and appetites; Diſappointment and Anguiſh; Debauchery, Profligacy, Gluttony, and Adulation; Luxury, Fraud, Rapine, Perjury, and Sacrilege; but not the leaſt traces of the virtues which are deſcribed in the groupe of true education, and in the grove of happineſs.

The two factions that divided the council of Japan, though inveterate enemies to each other, heartily and cordially concurred in one particular, which was the worſhip eſtabliſhed in the temple of Fakkubaſi, or the White Horſe. This was the orthodox faith in Japan, and was certainly founded, as St. Paul ſaith of the Chriſtian religion, upon the evidence of things not ſeen. All the votaries of this ſuperſtition of Fakkubaſi ſubſcribed and ſwore to the following creed, implicitly, without heſitation or mental reſervation, "I believe in the White Horſe, that he deſcended from Heaven, and ſojourned in Jeddo, which is the land of promiſe. I believe in *Bupo* his apoſtle, who firſt declared to the children of Niphon, the glad tidings of the goſpel of Fakkubaſi. I believe that the White Horſe was begot by a black mule, and brought forth by a green dragon; that his head is of ſilver, and his hoofs are of braſs: that he eats gold as provender, and

diſcharges diamonds as dung; that the Japaneſe are ordained and predeſtined to furniſh him with food, and the people of Jeddo to clear away his litter. I believe that the iſland of Niphon is joined to the continent of Jeddo; and that whoever thinks otherwiſe ſhall be damned to all eternity. I believe that the ſmalleſt portion of matter may be practically divided *ad infinitum:* that equal quantities taken from equal quantities, an unequal quantity will remain: that two and two make ſeven: that the ſun rules the night, the ſtars the day; and the moon is made of green cheeſe. Finally, I believe that a man cannot be ſaved without devoting his goods and his chattels, his children, relations and friends, his ſenſes and ideas, his ſoul and his body, to the religion of the White Horſe, as it is preſcribed in the ritual of Fakkubaſi." Theſe are the tenets which the Japaneſe miniſters ſwallowed as glib as the Engliſh clergy ſwallow the thirty-nine articles.

Having thus characteriſed the chiefs that diſputed the adminiſtration, or in other words the empire of Japan, I ſhall now proceed to a plain narration of hiſtorical incidents, without pretending to philoſophize like H——e, or dogmatize like S——tt. I ſhall only tell thee, Nathaniel, that Britain never gave birth but to two hiſtorians worthy of credit, and they were Talieſſin and Geoffrey of Monmouth. I'll tell you another ſecret. The whole world has never been able to produce ſix good hiſtorians. Herodotus is fabulous even to a proverb; Thucydides is perplexed, obſcure, and unimportant; Polybius is dry and inelegant; Livy ſuperficial; and Tacitus a coxcomb. Guicciardini wants intereſt; Davila digeſtion; and Sarpi truth. In the whole catalogue of French hiſtorians, there is not one of tolerable authenticity.

In the year of the period Foggien one hundred and fifty-four, the tranquillity of Japan was interrupted by the encroachments of the Chineſe adventurers, who made deſcents upon certain iſlands belonging to the Japaneſe, a great way to the ſouthward of Xicoco. They even ſettled colonies, and built forts on ſome of them, while the two empires were at peace with each other. When the Japaneſe governors expoſtulated with the Chineſe officers on this intruſion, they were treated with ridicule and contempt: then they had recourſe to force of arms, and ſome

ſkirmiſhes were fought with various ſucceſs. When the tidings of theſe hoſtilities arrived at Meaco, the whole council of Twenty-Eight was overwhelmed with fear and confuſion. The Dairo kicked them all round, not from paſſion, but by way of giving an animating fillip to their deliberative faculties. The diſputes had happened in the iſland of Fatſiſſio: but there were only three members of the council who knew that Fatſiſſio was an iſland, although the commerce there carried on was of the utmoſt importance to the empire of Japan. They were as much in the dark with reſpect to its ſituation. Fika-kaka, on the ſuppoſition that it adjoined to the coaſt of Corea, expreſſed his apprehenſion that the Chineſe would invade it with a numerous army: and was ſo tranſported when Fokſi-roku aſſured him it was an iſland at a vaſt diſtance from any continent, that he kiſſed him five times in the face of the whole council; and his royal maſter, Gothama-baba, ſwore he ſhould be indulged with a double portion of kicking at his next private audience. The ſame counſellor propoſed, that as the Fune, or navy of Japan, was much more numerous than the fleet of China, they ſhould immediately avail themſelves of this advantage. Quamba-cun-dono the Fatzman was of opinion that war ſhould be immediately declared, and an army tranſported to the continent. Sti-phi-rum-poo thought it would be more expedient to ſweep the ſeas of the Chineſe trading veſſels, without giving them any previous intimation; and to this opinion Admiral Nin-kom-poo-po ſubſcribed, not only out of deference to the ſuperior underſtanding of his ſage ally, who undertook to prove it was not contrary to the law of nature and nations to plunder the ſubjects of foreign powers, who trade on the faith of treaties; but alſo from his own inclination, which was much addicted to pillage without bloodſhed. To him, therefore, the taſk was left of ſcouring the ſeas, and intercepting the ſuccours which (they had received intelligence) were ready to ſail from one of the ports of China to the iſland of Fatſiſſio. In the mean time junks were provided for tranſporting thither a body of Japaneſe troops, under the command of one Koan, an obſcure officer, without conduct or experience, whom the Fatzman ſelected for this ſervice: not that he ſuppoſed him poſſeſſed of ſu-

perior merit, but becauſe no leader of diſtinction cared to engage in ſuch a diſagreeable expedition.

Nin-kom-poo-po acted according to the juſteſt ideas which had been formed of his underſtanding. He let looſe his cruiſers among the merchant ſhips of China, and the harbours of Japan were quickly filled with prizes and priſoners. The Chineſe exclaimed againſt theſe proceedings as the moſt perfidious acts of piracy; and all the other powers of Aſia beheld them with aſtoniſhment. But the conſummate wiſdom of the ſea Sey-ſeo-gun appeared moſt conſpicuous in another ſtroke of generalſhip which he now ſtruck. Inſtead of blocking up in the Chineſe harbour the ſuccours deſtined to reinforce the enemy in Fatſiſſio, until they ſhould be driven from their encroachments on that iſland, he very wiſely ſent a ſtrong ſquadron of Fune to cruiſe in the open ſea, midway between China and Fatſiſſio, in the moſt tempeſtuous ſeaſon of the year, when the fogs are ſo thick and ſo conſtant in that latitude, as to rival the darkneſs of a winter night; and ſupported the feaſibility of this ſcheme in council, by obſerving, that the enemy would be thus decoyed from their harbour, and undoubtedly intercepted in their paſſage by the Japaneſe ſquadron. This plan was applauded as one of the moſt ingenious ſtratagems that ever was deviſed; and Fika-kaka inſiſted upon kiſſing his poſteriors, as the moſt honourable mark of his approbation.

Philoſophers have obſerved, that the motives of actions are not to be eſtimated by events. Fortune did not altogether fulfil the expectations of the council. General Koan ſuffered himſelf and his army to be decoyed into the middle of a wood, where they ſtood like ſheep in the ſhambles, to be ſlaughtered by an unſeen enemy. The Chineſe ſuccours perceiving their harbour open, ſet ſail for Fatſiſſio, which they reached in ſafety, by changing their courſe about one degree from the common route; while the Japaneſe Fune continued cruiſing among the fogs, until the ſhips were ſhattered by ſtorms, and the crews more than half deſtroyed by cold and diſtemper.

When the news of theſe diſaſters arrived, great commotion aroſe in the council. The Dairo Got-hama-baba fluttered, and clucked, and cackled, and hiſſed, like a gooſe

diſturbed in the act of incubation. Quamba-cun-dono ſhed bitter tears; the Cuboy ſnivelled and ſobbed; Stiphi-rum-poo groaned; Gottomio ſwore; but the ſea Seyſeo-gun Nin-kom-poo-po underwent no alteration. He ſat as the emblem of inſenſibility, fixed as the north ſtar, and as cold as that luminary, ſending forth emanations of frigidity. Fika-kaka, miſtaking this congelation for fortitude, went round and embraced him where he ſat, exclaiming, "My dear Day, Sey-ſeo-gun, what would you adviſe in this dilemma?" But the contact had almoſt coſt him his life; for the touch of Nin-kom-poo-po, thus congealed, had the ſame effect as that of the fiſh called Torpor. The Cuboy's whole body was inſtantly benumbed; and if his friends had not inſtantly poured down his throat a conſiderable quantity of ſtrong ſpirit, the circulation would have ceaſed. This is what philoſophers call a generation of cold, which became ſo intenſe, that the mercury in a Japaneſe thermometer, conſtructed on the ſame principles which were afterwards adopted by Fahrenheit, and fixed in the apartment, immediately ſunk thirty degrees below the freezing point.

The firſt aſtoniſhment of the council was ſucceeded by critical remarks and argumentation. The Dairo conſoled himſelf by obſerving, that his troops made a very ſoldierly appearance as they lay on the field in their new clothing, ſmart caps, and clean buſkins; and that the enemy allowed they had never ſeen beards and whiſkers in better order. He then declared, that, ſhould a war enſue with China, he would go abroad and expoſe himſelf for the glory of Japan. Fokſi-roku expreſſed his ſurpriſe that a general ſhould march his army through a wood in an unknown country, without having it firſt reconnoitred; but the Fatzman aſſured him that was a practice never admitted into the diſcipline of Japan. Gotto-mio ſwore the man was mad to ſtand with his men, like oxen in a ſtall, to be knocked on the head, without uſing any means of defence. "Why the devil (ſaid he) did not he either retreat, or advance to cloſe engagement with the handful of Chineſe who formed the ambuſcade?" "I hope, my dear Quan-buku (replied the Fatzman), that the troops of Japan will always ſtand without flinching. I ſhould have been mortified beyond meaſure, had they retreated with-

out ſeeing the face of the enemy:—that would have been a diſgrace which never befel any troops formed under my direction; and as for advancing, the ground would not permit any manœuvre of that nature. They were engaged in a *cul de ſac*, where they could not form either in hollow ſquare, front line, potence, column, or platoon.—It was the fortune of war, and they bore it like men:—we ſhall be more fortunate on another occaſion." The preſident Soo-ſan-ſin-o took notice, that if there had been one ſpaniel in the whole Japaneſe army, this diſaſter could not have happened, as the animal would have beat the buſhes, and diſcovered the ambuſcade. He therefore propoſed, that if the war was to be proſecuted in Fatſiſſio, which is a country overgrown with wood, a number of blood-hounds might be provided and ſent over, to run upon the foot in the front and on the flanks of the army, when it ſhould be on its march through ſuch impediments. Quamba-cun-dono declared, that ſoldiers had much better die in the bed of honour, than be ſaved and victorious, by ſuch an unmilitary expedient; that ſuch a propoſal was ſo contrary to the rules of war, and the ſcheme of enliſting dogs ſo derogatory from the dignity of the ſervice, that, if ever it ſhould be embraced, he would reſign his command, and ſpend the remainder of his life in retirement. This canine project was equally diſliked by the Dairo, who approved of the Fatzman's objection, and ſealed his approbation with a pedeſtrian ſalute of ſuch momentum, that the Fatzman could hardly ſtand under the weight of the compliment. It was agreed that new levies ſhould be made, and a new ſquadron of Fune equipped with all expedition; and thus the aſſembly broke up.

Fortune had not yet ſufficiently humbled the pride of Japan. That body of Chineſe which defeated Koan, made ſeveral conqueſts in Fatſiſſio, and ſeemed to be in a fair way of reducing the whole iſland. Yet the court of China, not ſatisfied with this ſucceſs, reſolved to ſtrike a blow that ſhould be equally humiliating to the Japaneſe, in another part of the world. Having by ſpecious remonſtrances already prepoſſeſſed all the neighbouring nations againſt the government of Japan, as the patrons of perfidy and piracy, they fitted out an armament, which was intended to ſubdue the iſland of Motao on the coaſt of

Corea, which the Japaneſe had taken in a former war, and now occupied at a very great expence, as a place of the utmoſt importance to the commerce of the empire. Repeated advices of the enemy's deſign were ſent from different parts to the m——y of Japan; but they ſeemed all overwhelmed by ſuch a lethargy of infatuation, that no meaſures of prevention were concerted.

Such was the opinion of the people; but the truth is, they were faſt aſleep. The Japaneſe hold with the ancient Greeks and modern Americans, that dreams are from heaven; and in any perplexing emergency, they, like the Indians, Jews, and natives of Madagaſcar, have recourſe to dreaming as to an oracle. Theſe dreams or divinations are preceded by certain religious rites analogous to the ceremony of the ephod, the urim and the thummim. The rites were religiouſly performed in the council of Twenty-Eight; and a deep ſleep overpowered the Dairo and all his counſellors.

Got-hama-baba, the emperor, who repoſed his head upon the pillowy ſides of Quamba-cun-dono, dreamed that he was ſacrificing in the temple of Fakkubaſi, and ſaw the deity of the White Horſe devouring pearls by the buſhel at one end, and voiding corruption by the ton at the other. The Fatzman dreamed that a great number of Chineſe cooks were buſy buttering his brains. Gotto-mio dreamed of lending money, and borrowing ſenſe. Sti-phi-rum-poo thought he had procured a new law for clapping padlocks upon the chaſtity of all the females in Japan, under twenty, of which padlocks he himſelf kept the keys. Nin-kom-poo-po dreamed he was metamorphoſed into a ſea-lion, in purſuit of a ſhoal of golden gudgeons. *One did laugh in's ſleep, and one cried murder.* The firſt was Soo-ſan-ſin-o, who had preciſely the ſame viſion that diſturbed the imagination of the Cuboy. He thought he ſaw the face of a right reverend prelate of the Bonzas, united with, and growing to the poſteriors of the miniſter. Fika-kaka underwent the ſame diſagreeable illuſion, with this aggravating circumſtance, that he already felt the teeth of the ſaid Bonza. The preſident laughed aloud at the ridiculous phenomenon: the Cuboy exclaimed in the terror of being encumbered with ſuch a monſtrous appendage. It was not without ſome reaſon

he cried, "Murder!" Fok-ſi-roku, who happened to ſleep on the next chair, dreamed of money-bags, places, and reverſions; and in the tranſport of his eagerneſs, laid faſt hold on the trunk-breeches of the Cuboy, including certain fundamentals, which he graſped ſo violently, as to excite pain, and extort the exclamation from Fikakaka, even in his ſleep.

The council being at laſt waked by the clamours of the people, who ſurrounded the palace, and proclaimed that Motao was in danger of an invaſion; the ſea Sey-ſeogun Nin-kom-poo-po, was ordered to fit out a fleet of Fune, for the relief of that iſland; and directions were given that the commander of theſe Fune ſhould, in his voyage, touch at the garriſon of Foutao, and take on board from thence a certain number of troops, to reinforce the Japaneſe governor of the place, that was in danger. Nin-kom-poo-po for this ſervice choſe the commander Bihn-goh, a man who had never ſignalized himſelf by any act of valour. He ſent him out with a ſquadron of Fune ill manned, wretchedly provided, and inferior in number to the fleet of China, which was by this time known to be aſſembled, in order to ſupport the invaſion of the iſland of Motao. He ſailed, nevertheleſs, on this expedition, and touched at the garriſon of Foutao, to take in the reinforcement: but the orders ſent for this purpoſe from Nob-od-i, miniſter for the department of war, appeared ſo contradictory and abſurd, that they could not poſſibly be obeyed; ſo that Bihn-goh proceeded without the reinforcement towards Motao, the principal fortreſs of which was by this time inveſted. He had been accidentally joined by a few cruiſers, which rendered him equal in ſtrength to the Chineſe ſquadron which he now deſcried. Both commanders ſeemed afraid of each other. The fleets, however, engaged; but little damage was done to either. They parted as if by conſent. Bihn-goh made the beſt of his way back to Foutao, without making the leaſt attempt to ſuccour, or open a communication with Fi-de-ta-da, the governor of Motao, who, looking upon himſelf as abandoned by his country, ſurrendered his fortreſs, with the whole iſland, to the Chineſe general. Theſe diſgraces happening on the back of the Fatſiſſian diſaſters, raiſed a prodigious ferment in Japan, and

the miniſtry had almoſt ſunk under the firſt fury of the people's reſentment. They not only exclaimed againſt the folly of the adminiſtration, but they alſo accuſed them of treachery; and ſeemed to think that the glory and advantage of the empire had been betrayed. What increaſed the commotion, was the terror of an invaſion, with which the Chineſe threatened the iſlands of Japan. The terrors of Fika-kaka had already coſt him two pair of trunk hoſe, which were defiled by ſudden ſallies or irruptions from the poſtern of his microcoſm; and theſe were attended with ſuch noiſome effluvia, that the Bonzas could not perform the barbal abſterſion without marks of abhorrence. The emperor himſelf was ſeen to ſtop his noſe, and turn away his head, when he approached him to perform the pedeſtrian exerciſe.

Here I intended to inſert a diſſertation on trouſers or trunk-breeches, called by the Greeks, βραχοι, et περιζωματα; by the Latins, *braccæ laxæ*; by the Spaniards, *bragas anchas*; by the Italians, *calzone largo*; by the French, *haut de chauſſes*; by the Saxons, *brœcce*; by the Swedes, *brackor*; by the Iriſh, *briechan*; by the Celtæ, *brag*; and by the Japaneſe, *bra-ak*. I could make ſome curious diſcoveries touching the analogy between the Περιζωματα and Ζωνιον γυναικειον, and point out the preciſe time at which the Grecian women began to wear the breeches. I would have demonſtrated that the *cingulum muliebre* was originally no other than the wife's literally wearing the huſband's trouſers at certain *orgia*, as a mark of dominion transferred *pro tempore*, to the female. I would have drawn a curious parallel between the Ζωνιον of the Greek, and the *ſbim* or middle cloth worn by the black ladies in Guinea. I would have proved that breeches were not firſt uſed to defend the central parts from the injuries of the weather, inaſmuch as they were firſt worn by the Orientals in a warm climate; as you may ſee in Perſius, *Braccatis illita mediis—perticus*. I would have ſhown that breeches were firſt brought from Aſia to the northern parts of Europe, by the Geltæ, ſprung from the ancient Gomanaus: that trouſers were worn in Scotland long before the time of Pythagoras; and indeed we are told by Jamblychus, that Abaris, the famous Highland philoſopher, cotemporary, and perſonally acquainted with the ſage of Crotona, wore

long trouſers. I myſelf can atteſt the truth of that deſcription, as I well remember the perſon and habit of that learned mountaineer. I would have explained the reaſons that compelled the poſterity of thoſe mountaineers to abandon the breeches of their forefathers, and expoſe their poſteriors to the wind. I would have convinced the Engliſh antiquaries that the inhabitants of Yorkſhire came originally from the Highlands of Scotland, before the Scots had laid aſide their breeches, and wore this part of dreſs, long after their anceſtors, as well as the ſouthern Britons, were unbreeched by the Romans. From this diſtinction they acquired the name of *Brigantes*, *quaſi Bragantes*; and hence came the verb to *brag*, or boaſt contemptuouſly; for the neighbours of the Brigantes being at variance with that people, uſed, by way of contumelious defiance, when they ſaw any of them paſſing or repaſſing, to clap their hands on their poſteriors, and cry *Brag-Brag*.—I would have drawn a learned compariſon between the ſhield of Ajax and the ſeven-fold breeches of a Dutch ſkipper. Finally, I would have promulgated the original uſe of trunk breeches, which would have led me into a diſcuſſion of the rites of Cloacina, ſo differently worſhipped by the ſouthern and northern inhabitants of this kingdom. Theſe diſquiſitions would have unveiled the myſteries that now conceal the origin, migration, ſuperſtition, language, laws, and connections of different nations—*ſed nunc non erit his locus*. I ſhall only obſerve, that Linſchot and others are miſtaken in deriving the Japaneſe from their neighbours the Chineſe; and that Dr. Kempfer is right in his conjecture, ſuppoſing them to have come from Media immediately after the confuſion of Babel. It is no wonder, therefore, that being *Braccatorum filii*, they ſhould retain the wide breeches of their progenitors.

Having dropped theſe hints concerning the origin of breeches, I ſhall now return to the great perſonage that turned me into this train of thinking. The council of Twenty-Eight being aſſembled in a great hurry, Fikakaka ſat about five ſeconds in ſilence, having in his countenance nearly the ſame expreſſion which you have ſeen in the face and attitude of Felix on his tribunal, as repreſented by the facetious Hogarth, in his print done af-

ter the Dutch taſte. After ſome pauſe, he roſe, and ſurveying every individual of the council through a long tube, began a ſpeech to this effect: "Imperial Gothama-baba, my ever glorious maſter; and you, ye illuſtrious nobles of Japan, Quanbukus, Quos, Days, and Daygos, my fellows and colleagues, in the work of adminiſtration; it is well known to you all, and they are raſcals that deny it, I have watched and faſted for the public weal—By G-d, I have deprived myſelf of two hours of my natural reſt, every night for a week together.—Then I have been ſo hurried with ſtate affairs, that I could not eat a comfortable meal in a whole fortnight: and what rendered this misfortune the greater, my chief cook had dreſſed an olio *a la Chine*.—I ſay an olio, my Lords, ſuch an olio as never appeared before upon a table in Japan—by the Lord, it coſt me fifty obans; and I had not time to taſte a morſel.—Well, then, I have watched, that my fellow-ſubjects ſhould ſleep; I have faſted, that they ſhould feed.—I have not only watched and faſted, but I have prayed,—no, not much of that—yes, by the Lord, I have prayed, as it were—I have ejaculated—I have danced and ſung at the Matſuris, which, you know, are religious rites—I have headed the multitude, and treated all the raggamuffins in Japan.—To be certain, I could not do too much for our moſt excellent and ſublime emperor, an emperor unequalled in wiſdom, and unrivalled in generoſity. Were I to expatiate from the riſing of the ſun to the ſetting thereof, I ſhould not ſpeak half his praiſe.—O happy nation! O fortunate Japan! happy in ſuch a Dairo to wield the ſceptre; and let me add (vanity apart), fortunate in ſuch a Cuboy to conduct the adminiſtration.—Such a prince! and ſuch a miniſter!—a ha! my noble friend Soo-ſan-ſin-o, I ſee your Dayſhip ſmile.—I know what you think, ha! ha!—Very well, my Lord—you may think what you pleaſe, but two ſuch head-pieces—pardon, my royal maſter, my preſumption in laying our heads together, you wo'n't find again in the whole univerſe, ha! ha!—I'll be damn'd if you do, ha! ha! ha!" The tumult without doors was, by this time, increaſed to ſuch a degree, that the Cuboy could utter nothing more *ab anteriori*; and the majority of the members ſat aghaſt in ſilence,

The Dairo declared he would throw his cap out of the window into the midſt of the populace, and challenge any ſingle man of them to bring it up; but he was diſſuaded from hazarding his ſacred perſon in ſuch a manner. Quamba-cun-dono propoſed to let looſe the guards among the multitude; but Fika-kaka proteſted he could never agree to an expedient ſo big with danger to the perſons of all preſent. Sti-phi-rum-poo was of opinion that they ſhould proceed according to law, and indict the leaders of the mob for a riot. Nin-kom-poo-po exhorted the Dairo and the whole council to take refuge on board the fleet. Gotto-mio ſweated in ſilence: he trembled for his money-bags, and dreaded another encounter with the mob, by whom he had ſuffered ſeverely in the fleſh, upon a former occaſion. The preſident ſhrugged up his ſhoulders, and kept his eye fixed upon a poſtern or back-door. In this general conſternation, Fokſi-roku ſtood up, and offered a ſcheme, which was immediately put in execution. "The multitude, my Lords (ſaid he), is a many headed monſter—it is a Cerberus that muſt have a ſop:—it is a wild-beaſt, ſo ravenous that nothing but blood will appeaſe its appetite: it is a whale that muſt have a barrel for its amuſement:—it is a demon to which we muſt offer up human ſacrifice. Now, the queſtion is, Who is to be this ſop, this barrel, this ſcape-goat?—Tremble not, illuſtrious Fika-kaka—be not afraid—your life is of too much conſequence.—But I perceive that the Cuboy is moved—an unſavory odour aſſails my noſtrils—brief let me be—Bihn-goh muſt be the victim—happy, if the ſacrifice of his ſingle life can appeaſe the commotions of his country. To him let us impute the loſs of Motao.—Let us, in the mean time, ſooth the rabble with ſolemn promiſes that national juſtice ſhall be done;—let us employ emiſſaries to mingle in all places of plebeian reſort; to puzzle, perplex, and prevaricate; to exaggerate the miſconduct of Bihn-goh; to traduce his character with retroſpective reproach; ſtrain circumſtances to his prejudice; inflame the reſentment of the vulgar againſt that devoted officer; and keep up the flame, by feeding it with continual fuel."

The ſpeech was heard with univerſal applauſe: Fokſi-roku was kicked by the Dairo, and kiſſed by the Cuboy,

in token of approbation. The populace were diſperſed by means of fair promiſes. Bihn-goh was put under arreſt, and kept as a malefactor in cloſe priſon. Agents were employed through the whole metropolis, to vilify his character, and accuſe him of cowardice and treachery. Authors were enliſted to defame him in public writings; and mobs hired to hang and burn him in effigy. By theſe means, the revenge of the people was artfully tranſferred, and their attention effectually diverted from the miniſtry, which was the firſt object of their indignation. At length, matters being duly prepared for the exhibition of ſuch an extraordinary ſpectacle, Bihn-goh underwent a public trial, was unanimouſly found guilty, and unanimouſly declared innocent; by the ſame mouths condemned to death, and recommended to mercy; but mercy was incompatible with the deſigns of the ad——n. The unfortunate Bihn-goh was crucified for cowardice, and bore his fate with the moſt heroic courage. His behaviour at his death was ſo inconſiſtent with the crime for which he was doomed to die, that the emiſſaries of the Cuboy were fain to propagate a report, that Bihn-goh had bribed a perſon to repreſent him at his execution, and be crucified in his ſtead.

This was a ſtratagem very well calculated for the meridian of the Japaneſe populace; and it would have ſatisfied them entirely, had not their fears been concerned. But the Chineſe had for ſome time been threatening an invaſion, the terror of which kept the people of Japan in perpetual agitation and diſquiet. They neglected their buſineſs, and ran about in diſtraction, inquiring news, liſtening to reports, ſtaring, whiſpering, whimpering, clamouring, neglecting their food, and renouncing their repoſe. The Dairo, who believed the Tartars of Yeſſo (from whom he himſelf was deſcended) had more valour, and ſkill and honeſty, than was poſſeſſed by any other nation on earth, took a large body of them into his pay, and brought them over to the iſland of Niphon, for the defence of his Japaneſe dominions. The truth is, he had a ſtrong predilection for that people: he had been nurſed among them, and ſucked it from the nipple. His father had ſucceeded as heir to a paltry farm in that country, and there he fitted up a cabin, which he preferred to all

the palaces of Meaco and Jeddo. The ſon received the firſt rudiments of his education among theſe Tartars, whoſe country had given birth to his progenitor Bupo. He therefore loved their country; he admired their manners, becauſe they were conformable to his own; and he was in particular captivated by the taſte they ſhowed in trimming and curling their muſtachios.

In full belief that the Yeſſites ſtood as high in the eſtimation of his Japaneſe ſubjects as in his own, he imported a body of them into Niphon, where, at firſt they were received as ſaviours and protectors; but the apprehenſion of danger no ſooner vaniſhed, than they were expoſed to a thouſand inſults and mortifications, ariſing from the natural prejudice to foreigners, which prevails among the people of Japan. They were reviled, calumniated, and maltreated in every different form, by every claſs of people; and when the ſevere ſeaſon ſet in, the Japaneſe refuſed ſhelter from the extremities of the weather, to thoſe very auxiliaries they had hired to defend every thing that was dear to them, from the ſwords of an enemy whom they themſelves durſt not look in the face. In vain, Fika-kaka employed a double band of artiſts to tickle their noſes. They ſhut their eyes, indeed, as uſual: but their eyes no ſooner cloſed, than their mouths opened, and out flew the tropes and figures of obloquy and execration. They exclaimed that they had not bought, but caught the Tartar; that they had hired the wolves to guard the ſheep; that they were ſimple beaſts who could not defend themſelves from the dog with their own horns; but what could be expected from a flock which was led by ſuch a puſillanimous bell-weather?—In a word, the Yeſſites were ſent home in diſgrace: but the ferment did not ſubſide; and the conduct of the adminiſtration was ſummoned before the venerable tribunal of the populace.

There was one Taycho who had raiſed himſelf to great conſideration in this ſelf-conſtituted college of the mob. He was diſtinguiſhed by a loud voice, an unabaſhed countenance, a fluency of abuſe, and an intrepidity of oppoſition to the meaſures of the Cuboy, who was far from being a favourite with the plebeians. Orator Taycho's eloquence was admirably ſuited to his audience; he roar-

ed and he brayed, and he bellowed againſt the m—r: he threw out perſonal ſarcaſms againſt the Dairo himſelf. He inveighed againſt his partial attachment to the land of Yeſſo, which he had more than once manifeſted to the detriment of Japan; he inflamed the national prejudice againſt foreigners; and as he profeſſed an inviolable zeal for the commons of Japan, he became the firſt demagogue of the empire. The truth is, he generally happened to be on the right ſide. The partiality of the Dairo, the errors, abſurdities, and corruption of the miniſtry, preſented ſuch a palpable mark as could not he miſſed by the arrows of his declamation. This Cerberus had been ſilenced more than once with a ſop; but whether his appetite was not ſatisfied to the full, or he was ſtill ſtimulated by the turbulence of his diſpoſition, which would not allow him to reſt, he began to ſhake his chains anew, and open in the old cry: which was a ſpecies of muſic to the mob, as agreeable as the ſound of a bagpipe to a mountaineer of North Britain, or the ſtrum-ſtrum to the ſwarthy natives of Angola. It was a ſtrain which had the wonderful effect of effacing from the memory of his hearers every idea of his former fickleneſs and apoſtacy.

In order to weaken the effect of orator Taycho's harangues, the Cuboy had found means to intrude upon the councils of the mob, a native of Ximo called Mura-clami, who had acquired ſome reputation for eloquence, as an advocate in the tribunals of Japan. He certainly poſſeſſed an uncommon ſhare of penetration, with a ſilver tone of voice, and a great magazine of words and phraſes, which flowed from him in a pleaſing tide of elocution. He had withal the art of ſoothing, wheedling, inſinuating, and miſrepreſenting with ſuch a degree of plauſibility, that his talents were admired even by the few who had ſenſe enough to detect his ſophiſtry. He had no idea of principle, and no feeling of humanity. He had renounced the maxims of his family, after having turned them to the beſt account by execrating the rites of Fakkubaſi or the White Horſe, in private among mal-contents, while he worſhipped him in public with the appearance of enthuſiaſtic devotion. When detected in this double dealing, he fairly owned to the Cuboy, that he curſed

the White Horſe in private for his private intereſt, but that he ſerved him in public from inclination.

The Cuboy had juſt ſenſe enough to perceive that he would always be true to his own intereſt; and therefore he made it his intereſt to ſerve the m—y to the full extent of his faculties. Accordingly Mura-clami fought a good battle with orator Taycho, in the occaſional aſſemblies of the populace. But as it is much more eaſy to inflame than to allay, to accuſe than to acquit, to aſperſe than to purify, to unveil truth than to varniſh falſehood; in a word, to patronize a good cauſe than to ſupport a bad one; the majeſty of the mob ſnuffed up the excrementitious ſalts of Taycho's invectives, until their jugulars ached, while they rejected with ſigns of loathing the flowers of Mura-clami's elocution; juſt as a citizen of Edinburgh ſtops his noſe when he paſſes by the ſhop of a perfumer.

While the conſtitution of human nature remains unchanged, ſatire will be always better received than panegyric, in thoſe popular harangues. The Athenians and Romans were better pleaſed with the Philippics of Demoſthenes and Tully, than they would have been with all the praiſe thoſe two orators could have culled from the ſtores of their eloquence. A man feels a ſecret ſatisfaction in ſeeing his neighbour treated as a raſcal. If he be a knave himſelf (which ten to one is the caſe), he rejoices to ſee a character brought down to the level of his own, and a new member added to his ſociety; if he be one degree removed from actual roguery (which is the caſe with nine-tenths of thoſe who enjoy the reputation of virtue), he indulges himſelf with the Phariſaical conſolation, of thanking God he is not like that publican.

But to return from this digreſſion, Mura-clami, though he could not with all his talents maintain any ſort of competition with Taycho, in the opinion of the mob; he nevertheleſs, took a more effectual method to weaken the force of his oppoſition. He pointed out to Fika-kaka the proper means for amending the errors of his adminiſtration; he propoſed meaſures for proſecuting the war with vigour; he projected plans of conqueſt in Fatſiſſio; recommended active officers; forwarded expeditions, and infuſed ſuch a ſpirit into the councils of Japan, as had not before appeared for ſome centuries.

But his patron was precluded from the benefit of theſe meaſures, by the obſtinate prejudice and precipitation of the Dairo, who valued his Yeſſian farm above all the empire of Japan. This precious morſel of inheritance bordered upon the territories of a Tartar chief called Brut-an-tiffi, a famous freebooter, who had inured his Kurd to bloodſhed, and enriched himſelf with rapine. Of all mankind he hated moſt the Dairo, though his kinſman; and ſought a pretence for ſeizing the farm, which in three days he could have made his own. The Dairo Got-hama-baba was not ignorant of his ſentiments. He trembled for his cabin, when he conſidered its ſituation between hawk and buzzard; expoſed on one ſide to the talons of Brut-an-tiffi, and open on the other to the incurſions of the Chineſe, under whoſe auſpices the ſaid Brut-an-tiffi had acted formerly as a zealous partizan. He had, indeed, in a former quarrel exerted himſelf with ſuch activity and rancour, to thwart the politics of the Dairo, and accumulate expences on the ſubjects of Niphon, that he was univerſally deteſted through the whole empire of Japan as a lawleſs robber, deaf to every ſuggeſtion of humanity, reſpecting no law, reſtricted by no treaty, ſcoffing at all religion, goaded by ambition, inſtigated by cruelty, and attended by rapine.

In order to protect the farm from ſuch a dangerous neighbour, Got-hama-baba, by an effort of ſagacity peculiar to himſelf, granted a large ſubſidy from the treaſury of Japan, to a remote nation of Mantchoux Tartars, on condition that they ſhould march to the aſſiſtance of his farm, whenever it ſhould be attacked. With the ſame ſanity of foreſight, the Dutch might engage in a defenſive league with the Ottoman Porte, to ſcreen them from the attempts of the Moſt Chriſtian King, who is already on their frontiers. Brut-an-tiffi knew his advantage, and was reſolved to enjoy it. He had formed a plan of uſurpation, which could not be executed without conſiderable ſums of money. He gave the Dairo to underſtand, he was perfectly ſenſible how much the farm lay at his mercy: then propoſed that Got-hama-baba ſhould renounce his ſubſidiary treaty with the Mantchoux; pay a yearly tribute to him Brut-an-tiffi, in conſideration of his forbearing to ſeize the farm; and maintain an army

to protect it on the other ſide from the irruptions of the Chineſe.

Got-hama-baba, alarmed at this declaration, began by his emiſſaries to ſound the inclinations of his Japaneſe ſubjects touching a continental war, for the preſervation of the farm; but he found them totally averſe to this wiſe ſyſtem of politics. Taycho, in particular, began to bawl and bellow among the mob, upon the abſurdity of attempting to defend a remote cabin, which was not defenſible; upon the iniquity of ruining a mighty empire, for the ſake of preſerving a few barren acres, a naked common, a poor, pitiful, pelting farm, the intereſt of which, like Aaron's rod, had already, on many occaſions, ſwallowed up all regard and conſideration for the advantage of Japan. He inveighed againſt the ſhameful and ſenſeleſs partiality of Got-hama-baba: he mingled menaces with his repreſentations. He expatiated on the folly and pernicious tendency of a continental war: he enlarged upon the independence of Japan, ſecure in her inſular ſituation. He declared, that not a man ſhould be ſent to the continent, nor a ſubſidy granted to any greedy, mercenary, freebooting Tartar; and threatened that if any corrupt miniſter ſhould dare to form ſuch a connexion, he would hang it about his neck, like a millſtone, to ſink him to perdition. The bellows of Taycho's oratory blew up ſuch a flame in the nation, that the Cuboy and all his partizans were afraid to whiſper one ſyllable about the farm.

Meanwhile Brut-an-tiffi, in order to quicken their determinations, withdrew the garriſon he had in a town on the frontiers of China, and it was immediately occupied by the Chineſe: an army of whom poured in, like a deluge, through this opening, upon the lands adjoining to the farm. Got-hama-baba was now ſeized with a fit of temporary diſtraction. He foamed and raved, and curſed and ſwore in the Tartarian language: he declared he would challenge Brut-an-tiffi to ſingle combat. He not only kicked but alſo cuffed the whole council of Twenty-Eight, and played at foot-ball with his imperial tiara. Fika-kaka was dumb-founded: Sti-phi-rum-poo muttered ſomething about a commiſſion of lunacy: Nin-kom-poo-po pronounced the words flat-bottomed junks; but his teeth chatter-

ed ſo much, that his meaning could not be underſtood. The Fatzman offered to croſs the ſea and put himſelf at the head of a body of light horſe, to obſerve the motions of the enemy: and Gotto-mio prayed fervently within himſelf, that God Almighty would be pleaſed to annihilate that accurſed farm, which had been productive of ſuch miſchief to Japan. Nay, he even ventured to exclaim, "Would to God, the farm was ſunk in the middle of the Tartarian ocean!" "Heaven forbid!" cried the preſident Soo-ſan-ſin-o, "for in that caſe, Japan muſt be at the expence of weighing it up again."

In the midſt of this perplexity, they were ſuddenly ſurpriſed at the apparition of Taycho's head nodding from a window that overlooked their deliberations. At ſight of this horrid ſpectacle the council broke up. The Dairo fled to the inmoſt receſſes of the palace, and all his counſellors vaniſhed, except the unfortunate Fika-kaka, whoſe fear had rendered him incapable of any ſort of motion but one, and that he inſtantly had to a very efficacious degree. Taycho bolting in at the window, advanced to the Cuboy without ceremony, and accoſted him in theſe words: "It depends upon the Cuboy, whether Taycho continues to oppoſe his meaſures, or becomes his moſt obſequious ſervant. Ariſe, illuſtrious Quanbuku, and caſt your eyes upon the ſteps by which I aſcended." Accordingly Fika-kaka looked, and ſaw a multitude of people who had accompanied their orator into the court of the palace, and raiſed for him an occaſional ſtair of various implements. The firſt ſtep was made by an old fig-box, the ſecond by a nightman's bucket, the third by a caſk of hempſeed, the fourth by a tar-barrel, the fifth by an empty kilderkin, the ſixth by a keg, the ſeventh by a bag of ſoot, the eighth by a fiſh woman's baſket, the ninth by a rotten pack-ſaddle, and the tenth by a block of hard wood from the iſland of Fatſiſſio. It was ſupported on one ſide by a varniſhed lettered poſt, and on the other by a crazy hogſhead. The artificers who erected this climax, and now exulted over it with hideous clamour, conſiſted of grocers, ſcavengers, halter-makers, carpenters, draymen, diſtillers, chimney-ſweepers, oyſterwomen, aſs-drivers, aldermen, and dealers in waſte paper.—To make myſelf underſtood, I am obliged, Peacock, to make uſe

of thoſe terms and denominations which are known in this metropolis.

Fika-kaka, having conſidered this work with aſtoniſhment, and heard the populace declare upon oath, that they would exalt their orator above all competition, was again addreſſed by the invincible Taycho. "Your Quanbukuſhip perceives how bootleſs it will be to ſtrive againſt the torrent. What need is there of many words? admit me to a ſhare of the adminiſtration—I will commence your humble ſlave—I will protect the farm at the expence of Japan, while there is an oban left in the iſland of Niphon; and I will muzzle theſe bears ſo effectually, that they ſhall not ſhow their teeth, except in applauding our proceedings." An author who ſees the apparition of a bailiff ſtanding before him in his garret, and inſtead of being ſhown a *capias*, is preſented with a bank note; an impatient lover ſtopped upon Bagſhot heath by a perſon in a maſque, who proves to be his ſweat-heart come to meet him in diſguiſe, for the ſake of the frolic; a condemned criminal, who, on the morning of execution day, inſtead of being called upon by the finiſher of the law, is viſited by the ſheriff with a free pardon; could not be more agreeably ſurpriſed than was Fika-kaka at the demagogue's declaration. He flew into his embrace and wept aloud with joy, calling him his dear Taycho. He ſqueezed his hand, kiſſed him on both cheeks, and ſwore he ſhould ſhare the better half of all his power: then he laughed and ſnivelled by turns, lolled out his tongue, waddled about the chamber, wriggled and niggled and noddled. Finally, he undertook to prepare the Dairo for his reception, and it was agreed that the orator ſhould wait on his new colleague next morning.——This matter being ſettled to their mutual ſatisfaction, Taycho retreated through the window into the court yard, and was convoyed home in triumph by that many headed hydra, the mob, which ſhook its multitudinous tail, and brayed through every throat with hideous exultation.

The Cuboy, mean while, had another trial to undergo, a trial which he had not foreſeen. Taycho was no ſooner departed, than he hied him to the Dairo's cabinet, in order to communicate the happy ſucceſs of his negotiation. But at certain periods, Got-hama-baba's reſent-

ment was more than a match for any other paſſion that belonged to his diſpoſition, and now it was its turn to reign. The Dairo was made of very combuſtible materials, and theſe had been kindled up by the appearance of orator Taycho, who (he knew) had treated his perſon with indecent freedoms, and publicly vilified the worſhip of the White Horſe. When Fika-kaka, therefore, told him he had made peace with the demagogue, the Dairo, inſtead of giving him the kick of approbation, turned his own back upon the Cuboy, and ſilenced him with a *bah*! Had Fika-kaka aſſailed him with the ſame ſyllogiſtical ſophiſm which was uſed by the Stagyrite to Alexander in a paſſion, perhaps he might have liſtened to reaſon: ἡ ὀργὴ ϖρὸς ἴσους, ἀλλὰ ϖρὸς τοὺς κρείττονας γινέται, Σοὶ δὲ οὐδεὶς ἴσος.——"Anger ſhould be raiſed not by our equals, but by our ſuperiors; but you have no equal."—Certain it is, that Got-hama-baba had no equal; but Fika-kaka was no more like Ariſtotle, than his maſter reſembled Alexander. The Dairo remained deaf to all his remonſtrances, tears, and entreaties, until he declared that there was no other way of ſaving the farm, but that of giving *charte blanche* to Taycho. This argument ſeemed at once to diſpel the clouds which had been compelled by his indignation: he conſented to receive the orator in quality of miniſter, and next day was appointed for his intoduction.

In the morning Taycho the Great repaired to the palace of the Cuboy, where he privately performed the ceremony of oſculation *a poſteriori*, ſung a ſolemn palinodia on the ſubject of political ſyſtem, repeated and ſigned the Buponian creed, embraced the religion of Fakkubaſi, and adored the White Horſe with marks of unfeigned piety and contrition. Then he was conducted to the antichamber of the emperor, who could not, without great difficulty, ſo far maſter his perſonal diſlike, as to appear before him with any degree of compoſure. He was brought forth by Fika-kaka like a tame bear to the ſtake, if that epithet of *tame* can be given with any propriety to an animal which nobody but his keeper dares approach. The orator, perceiving him advance, made a low obeiſance, according to the cuſtom of Japan, that is, by bending the body averſe from the Dairo, and laying the right hand upon the left buttock; and pronounced

with an audible voice, " Behold, invincible Got-hama-baba, a ſincere penitent come to make atonement for his virulent oppoſition to your government, for his atrocious inſolence to your ſacred perſon. I have calumniated your favourite farm, I have queſtioned your integrity, I have vilified your character, ridiculed your underſtanding, and deſpiſed your authority."—This recapitulation was ſo diſagreeable to the Dairo, that he ſuddenly flew off at a tangent, and retreated growling to his den; from whence he could by no means be lugged again by the Cuboy, until Taycho, exalting his voice, uttered theſe words:—But I will exalt your authority more than ever it was debaſed—I will extol your wiſdom, and expatiate on your generoſity; I will glorify the White Horſe, and ſacrifice all the treaſures of Japan, if needful, for the protection of the farm of Yeſſo." By theſe cabaliſtical ſounds the wrath of Got-hama-baba was entirely appeaſed. He now returned with an air of gaiety, ſtrutting, ſideling, circling, fluttering, and cobbling like a turkey-cock in his pride, when he diſplays his feathers to the ſun. Taycho hailed the omen; and turning his face from the emperor, received ſuch a ſalutation on the *os ſacrum*, that the parts continued vibrating and tingling for ſeveral days.

An indenture tripartite was now drawn up and executed. Fika-kaka was continued treaſurer, with his levees, his bonzas, and his places; and orator Taycho undertook, in the character of chief ſcribe, to protect the farm of Yeſſo, as well as to bridle and manage the blatant beaſt whoſe name was Legion. That a perſon of his kidney ſhould have the preſumption to undertake ſuch an affair, is not at all ſurpriſing; the wonder is, that his performance ſhould even exceed his promiſe. The truth is, he promiſed more than he could have performed, had not certain unforſeen incidents in which he had no concern, contributed towards the infatuation of the people.

The firſt trial to which he brought his aſcendency over the mob, was his procuring from them a free gift, to enable the Dairo to arm his own private tenants in Yeſſo, together with ſome raggamuffin Tartars in the neighbourhood for the defence of the farm. They winked ſo hard upon this firſt overt-act of his apoſtacy, that he was fully perſuaded they had reſigned up all their ſenſes to his di-

rection; and reſolved to ſhow them to all Europe, as a ſurpriſing inſtance of his art in monſter-taming. This furious beaſt not only ſuffered itſelf to be bridled and ſaddled, but friſked and fawned, and purred and yelped, and crouched before the orator, licking his feet, and preſenting its back to the burdens which he was pleaſed to impoſe. Immediately after this firſt eſſay, Quamba-cundono the Fatzman was ſent over to aſſemble and command a body of light horſe in Yeſſo, in order to keep an eye on the motions of the enemy; and indeed this vigilant and ſagacious commander conducted himſelf with ſuch activity and diſcretion, that he ſoon brought the war in thoſe parts to a point of termination.

Meanwhile, Brut-an-tiffi continuing to hover on the ſkirts of the farm, at the head of his myrmidons, and demanding of the Dairo a categorical anſwer to the hints he had given, Got-hama-baba underwent ſeveral ſucceſſive fits of impatience and diſtraction. The Cuboy, inſtigated by his own partizans, and in particular by Mura-clami, who hoped to ſee Taycho take ſome deſperate ſtep that would ruin his popularity: I ſay, the Cuboy thus ſtimulated, began to ply the orator with ſuch preſſing entreaties as he could no longer reſiſt; and now he exhibited ſuch a ſpecimen of his own power and the people's inſanity, as tranſcends the flight of ordinary faith. Without taking the trouble to ſcratch their long ears, tickle their noſes, drench them with mandragora or geneva, or make the leaſt apology for his own turning tail to the principles which he had all his life ſo ſtrenuouſly inculcated, he crammed down their throats an obligation to pay a yearly tribute to Brut-an-tiffi, in conſideration of his forbearing to ſeize the Dairo's farm; a tribute which amounted to ſeven times the value of the lands, for the defence of which it was paid. When I ſaid *crammed*, I ought to have uſed another phraſe. The beaſt, far from ſhowing any ſigns of loathing, cloſed its eyes, opened its hideous jaws, and as it ſwallowed the inglorious bond, wagged its tail in token of entire ſatisfaction.

No fritter on Shrove Tueſday was ever more dexterouſly turned, than were the hydra's brains by this mountebank in patriotiſm, this juggler in politics, this cat in pan, or cake in pan, or κατα παν in principle. Some

people gave out that he dealt with a conjurer, and others ſcrupled not to inſinuate that he had ſold himſelf to the evil ſpirit. But there was no occaſion for a conjurer to deceive thoſe whom the demon of folly had previouſly confounded; and as to ſelling, he ſold nothing but the intereſt of his country; and of that he made a very bad bargain. Be that as it may, the Japaneſe now viewed Brut-an-tiffi either through a new perſpective, or elſe ſurveyed him with organs entirely metamorphoſed. Yeſterday they deteſted him as a profligate ruffian, loſt to all ſenſe of honeſty and ſhame, addicted to all manner of vice, a ſcoffer at religion, particularly that of Fakkubaſi, the ſcourge of human nature, and the inveterate enemy of Japan. To-day, they glorified him as an unblemiſhed hero, the protector of good faith, the mirror of honeſty, the pattern of every virtue, a ſaint in piety, a devout votary to the White Horſe, a friend to mankind, the faſt ally and the firmeſt prop of the Japaneſe empire. The farm of Yeſſo, which they had ſo long execrated as a putrid and painful excreſcence upon the breech of their country, which would never be quiet until this curſed wart was either exterminated or taken away; they now fondled as a favourite mole, nay, and cheriſhed as the apple of their eye. One would have imagined that all the inconſiſtencies and abſurdities which characterize the Japaneſe nation, had taken their turns to reign, juſt as the intereſt of Taycho's ambition required. When it was neceſſary for him to eſtabliſh new principles, at that very inſtant their levity prompted them to renounce their former maxims. Juſt as he had occaſion to faſcinate their ſenſes, the demon of caprice inſtigated them to ſhut their eyes, and hold out their necks, that they might be led by the noſe. At the very nick of time when he adopted the cauſe of Brut-an-tiffi, in a diametrical oppoſition to all his former profeſſions, the ſpirit of whim and ſingularity diſpoſed them to kick againſt the ſhins of common ſenſe, deny the light of day at noon, and receive in their boſoms as a dove, the man before whom they had ſhunned as a ſerpent. Thus every thing concurred to eſtabliſh for orator Taycho, a deſpotiſm of popularity; and that not planned by reaſon, or raiſed by art, but founded on fatality and finiſhed by accident. *Quos Jupiter vult perdere prius dementat.*

Brut-an-tiffi being ſo amply gratified by the Japaneſe for his promiſe of forbearance with reſpect to the farm of Yeſſo, and determined at all events to make ſome new acquiſition, turned his eyes upon the domains of Pol-haſſan-akouſti, another of his neighbours, who had formed a moſt beautiful colony in this part of Tartary; and ruſhed upon it at a minute's warning. His reſolution in this reſpect was ſo ſuddenly taken, and quickly executed, that he had not yet formed any excuſe for this outrage, in order to ſave appearances. Without giving himſelf the trouble to invent a pretence, he drove old Pol-haſſan-akouſti out of his reſidence, compelled the domeſtics of that prince to enter among his own banditti, plundered his houſe, ſeized the archives of his family, threatened to ſhoot the ancient gentlewoman his wife, exacted heavy contribution from the tenants, then diſperſed a manifeſto, in which he declared himſelf the beſt friend of the ſaid Akouſti and his ſpouſe, aſſuring him he would take care of his eſtate as a precious depoſit to be reſtored to him in due ſeaſon. In the mean time, he thought proper to ſequeſter the rents, that they might not enable Pol-haſſan to take any meaſures that ſhould conduce to his own prejudice. As for the articles of meat, drink, clothing, and lodging, for him and his wife, and a large family of ſmall children, he had nothing to do but depend upon Providence, until the preſent troubles ſhould be appeaſed. His behaviour on this occaſion, Peacock, puts me in mind of the Spaniard whom Philip II. employed to aſſaſſinate his own ſon Don Carlos. This compaſſionate Caſtilian, when the prince began to deplore his fate, twirled his muſtachio, pronouncing with great gravity theſe words of comfort, "*Calla, calla, Senor, todo que ſe haze es por ſu bien.*" "I beg your highneſs won't make any noiſe, this is all for your own good;" or the politeneſs of Gibbet in the play called the Beaux Stratagem, who ſays to Mrs. Sullen, "Your jewels, Madam, if you pleaſe—don't be under any uneaſineſs, Madam—if you make any noiſe I ſhall blow your brains out—I have a particular regard for the ladies, Madam."

But the poſſeſſion of Pol-haſſan's demeſnes was not the ultimate aim of Brut-an-tiffi. He had an eye to a fair and fertile province belonging to a Tartar princeſs of the

houſe of Oſtrog. He ſaw himſelf at the head of a numerous banditti trained to war, fleſhed in carnage, and eager for rapine; his coffers were filled with the ſpoils he had gathered in his former freebooting expeditions; and the incredible ſums paid him as an annual tribute from Japan, added to his other advantages, rendered him one of the moſt formidable chiefs in all Tartary. Thus elated with the conſciouſneſs of his own ſtrength, he reſolved to make a ſudden irruption into the dominions of Oſtrog, at a ſeaſon of the year when that houſe could not avail itſelf of the alliances they had formed with the other powers; and he did not doubt but that, in a few weeks, he ſhould be able to ſubdue the whole country belonging to the Amazonian princeſs. But I can tell thee, Peacock, his views extended even farther than the conqueſt of the Oſtrog dominions. He even aſpired at the empire of Tartary, and had formed the deſign of depoſing the great Cham, who was intimately connected with the princeſs of Oſtrog. Inſpired by theſe projects, he, at the beginning of winter, ſuddenly poured like a deluge into one of the provinces that owned this Amazon's ſway; but he had hardly gained the paſſes of the mountains, when he found himſelf oppoſed by a numerous body of forces, aſſembled under the command of a celebrated general, who gave him battle without heſitation, and handled him ſo roughly, that he was fain to retreat into the demeſnes of Pol-haſſan, where he ſpent the greateſt part of the winter in exacting contributions and extending the reign of deſolation.

All the petty princes and ſtates who hold of the great Cham, began to tremble for their dominions; and the Cham himſelf was ſo much alarmed at the lawleſs proceedings of Brut-an-tiffi, that he convoked a general aſſembly of all the potentates who poſſeſſed fiefs in the empire, in order to deliberate upon meaſures for reſtraining the ambition of this ferocious freebooter. Among others, the Dairo of Japan, as lord of the farm of Yeſſo, ſent a deputy to this convention, who, in his maſter's name, ſolemnly diſclaimed and profeſſed his deteſtation of Brut-an-tiffi's proceedings, which indeed were univerſally condemned. The truth is, he at this period dreaded the reſentment of all the other co-eſtates rather more than he

feared the menaces of Brut-an-tiffi; and, in particular, apprehended a ſentence of outlawry from the Cham, by which at once he would have forfeited all legal title to his beloved farm. Brut-an-tiffi, on the other hand, began to raiſe a piteous clamour, as if he meant to excite compaſſion. He declared himſelf a poor injured prince, who had been a dupe to the honeſty and humanity of his own heart. He affirmed that the Amazon of Oſtrog had entered into a conſpiracy againſt him, with the Mantchoux Tartars, and Prince Akouſti: he publiſhed particulars of this dreadful conjuration, which appeared to be no other than a defenſive alliance formed in the apprehenſion that he would fall upon ſome of them, without any regard to treaty, as he had done on a former occaſion, when he ſeized one of the Amazon's beſt provinces. He publicly taxed the Dairo of Japan with having prompted him to commence hoſtilities, and hinted that the ſaid Dairo was to have ſhared his conqueſts. He openly entreated his co-eſtates to interpoſe their influence towards the re-eſtabliſhment of peace in the empire: and gave them privately to underſtand, that he would ravage their territories without mercy, ſhould they concur with the Cham in any ſentence to his prejudice.

As he had miſcarried in his firſt attempt, and perceived a terrible cloud gathering around him, in all probability he would have been glad to compound matters at this juncture, on condition of being left in *ſtatu quo;* but this was a condition not to be obtained. The Princeſs of Oſtrog had by this time formed ſuch a confederacy as threatened him with utter deſtruction. She had contracted an offenſive and defenſive alliance with the Chineſe, the Mantchoux, and the Serednee Tartars; and each of theſe powers engaged to furniſh a ſeparate army to humble the inſolence of Brut-an-tiffi. The majority of the Tartar fiefs agreed to raiſe a body of forces to act againſt him as a diſturber of the public peace; the great Cham threatened him with a decree of outlawry and rebellion; and the Amazon herſelf oppoſed him at the head of a very numerous and warlike tribe, which had always been conſidered as the moſt formidable in that part of Tartary. Thus powerfully ſuſtained, ſhe reſolved to enjoy her revenge; and at any rate retrieve the province

which had been raviſhed from her by Brut-an-tiffi, at a time when ſhe was embarraſſed with other difficulties. Brut-an-tiffi did not think himſelf ſo reduced as to purchaſe peace with ſuch a ſacrifice. The Mantchoux were at a great diſtance, naturally ſlow in their motions, and had a very long march through a deſert country, which they would not attempt without having firſt provided prodigious magazines. The Serednee were a divided people, among whom he had made ſhift to foment inteſtine diviſions, that would impede the national operations of the war. The Japaneſe Fatzman formed a ſtrong barrier between him and the Chineſe; the army furniſhed by the fiefs, he deſpiſed as raw, undiſciplined militia: beſides, their declaring againſt him afforded a ſpecious pretence for laying their reſpective dominions under contribution. But he chiefly depended upon the coffers of Japan, which he firmly believed would hold out until all his enemies ſhould be utterly exhauſted.

As this freebooter was a principal character in the drama which I intend to rehearſe, I ſhall ſketch his portrait according to the information I received from a fellow-atom who once reſided at his court, conſtituting part in one of the organs belonging to his firſt chamberlain. His ſtature was under the middle ſize; his aſpect mean and forbidding, with a certain expreſſion which did not at all prepoſſeſs the ſpectator in favour of his morals. Had an accurate obſerver beheld him without any exterior diſtinctions, in the ſtreets of this metropolis, he would have naturally clapped his hands to his pockets. Thou haſt ſeen the character of Gibbet repreſented on the ſtage by a late comedian of expreſſive feature. Nature ſometimes makes a ſtrange contraſt between the interior workmanſhip and the exterior form; but here the one reflected a true image of the other. His heart never felt an impreſſion of tenderneſs; his notions of right and wrong did not refer to any idea of benevolence, but were founded entirely on the convenience of human commerce; and there was nothing ſocial in the turn of his diſpoſition. By nature he was ſtern, inſolent, and rapacious; uninfluenced by any motive of humanity; unawed by any precept of religion. With reſpect to religion, he took all opportunities of expoſing it to ridicule and contempt. Li-

berty of conſcience he allowed to ſuch extent, as exceeded the bounds of decorum, and diſgraced all legiſlation. He pardoned a criminal convicted of beſtiality; and publicly declared that all modes of religion, and every ſpecies of amour, might be freely practiſed and proſecuted through all his dominions. His capacity was of the middling mould, and he had taken ſome pains to cultivate his underſtanding. He had ſtudied the Chineſe language, which he ſpoke with fluency; and piqued himſelf upon his learning, which was but ſuperficial. His temper was ſo capricious and inconſtant, that it was impoſſible even for thoſe who knew him beſt to foreſee any one particular of his perſonal demeanour. The ſame individual he would careſs and inſult by turns, without the leaſt apparent change of circumſtance. He has been known to diſmiſs one of his favourites with particular marks of regard, and the moſt flattering profeſſions of affection; and before he had time to pull off his buſkins at his own houſe, he has been hurried on horſeback by a detachment of cavalry, and conveyed to the frontiers. Thus haraſſed, without refreſhment or repoſe, he was brought back by another party, and reconveyed to the preſence of Brut-antiffi, who embraced him at meeting, and gently chid him for having been ſo long abſent.—The fixed principles of this Tartar were theſe: Inſatiable rapacity, reſtleſs ambition, and an inſuperable contempt for the Japaneſe nation. His maxims of government were entirely deſpotic. He conſidered his ſubjects as ſlaves, to be occaſionally ſacrificed to the accompliſhment of his capital deſigns; but, in the mean time, he indulged them with the protection of equitable laws, and encouraged them to induſtry for his own emolument.

His virtues conſiſted of temperance, vigilance, activity, and perſeverance. His folly chiefly appeared in childiſh vanity and ſelf-conceit. He amuſed himſelf with riding, reviewing his troops, reading Chineſe authors, playing on a muſical inſtrument in uſe among the Tartars, trifling with buffoons, converſing with ſuppoſed wits, and reaſoning with pretended philoſophers; but he had no communication with the female ſex; nor, indeed, was there any eaſe, comfort, or enjoyment, to be derived from the anticipation of his paſtime. His wits, philoſophers,

ſoons, were compoſed of Chineſe refugees, who ſoon diſcovered his weak ſide, and flattered his vanity to an incredible pitch of infatuation: They perſuaded him that he was an univerſal genius, an invincible hero, a ſage legiſlator, a ſublime philoſopher, a conſummate politician, a divine poet, and an elegant hiſtorian. They wrote ſyſtems, compiled memoirs, and compoſed poems, which were publiſhed in his name; nay, they contrived witticiſms, which he uttered as his own.—They had, by means of commercial communication with the banks of the Ganges, procured the hiſtory of a Weſtern hero, called Raſkalander, which, indeed, was no other than the Memoirs of Alexander, wrote by Quintus Curtius, tranſlated from the Indian language, with an intermixture of Oriental fables. This they recommended, with many hyperbolical encomiums, to the peruſal of Brut-an-tiffi, who became enamoured of the performance, and was fired with the ambition of rivalling, if not excelling Raſkalander, not only as a warrior, but likewiſe as a patron of taſte, and a protector of the liberal arts. As Alexander depoſited Homer's Iliad in a precious caſket, ſo Brut-an-tiffi procured a golden box for preſerving this ſophiſtication of Quintus Curtius. It was his conſtant companion; he affected to read it in public, and to lay it under his pillow at night.

Thus pampered with adulation, and intoxicated with dreams of conqueſt, he made no doubt of being able to eſtabliſh a new empire in Tartary, which ſhould entirely eclipſe the kingdom of Tum-ming-qua, and raiſe a reputation that ſhould infinitely tranſcend the fame of Yan, or any emperor that ever ſat upon the throne of Thibet. He now took the field againſt the Amazon of the houſe of Oſtrog; penetrated into her dominions; defeated one of her generals in a pitched battle; and undertook the ſiege of one of her principal cities, in full confidence of ſeeing her kneeling at his gate before the end of the campaign. In the mean time, her ſcattered troops were rallied and reinforced by another old experienced commander, who, being well acquainted with the genius of his adverſary, pitched upon an advantageous ſituation, where he waited for another attack. Brut-an-tiffi, fluſhed with his former victory, and firmly perſuaded that no mortal

power could withſtand his proweſs, gave him battle at a very great diſadvantage. The conſequence was natural: —he loſt great part of his army; was obliged to abandon the ſiege, and retreat with diſgrace. A ſeparate body, commanded by one of his ableſt captains, met with the ſame fate in a neighbouring country; and a third detachment at the fartheſt extremity of his dominions, having attacked an army of the Mantchoux, was repulſed with great loſs.

Theſe were not all the mortifications to which he was expoſed about this period. The Fatzman of Japan, who had formed an army for the defence of the farm of Yeſſo againſt the Chineſe, met with a terrible diſaſter. Notwithſtanding his being outnumbered by the enemy, he exhibited many proofs of uncommon activity and valour. At length they came to blows with him, and handled him ſo roughly, that he was fain to retreat from poſt to pillar, and leave the farm at their mercy. Had he purſued his route to the right, he might have found ſhelter in the dominions of Brut-an-tiffi; and this was his intention; but, inſtead of marching in a ſtraight line, he revolved to the right, like a planet round the ſun, impelled as it were by a compound impulſe, until he had deſcribed a regular ſemicircle; and then he found himſelf with all his followers engaged in a ſheep-pen, from whence there was no egreſs; for the enemy, who followed his ſteps, immediately blocked up the entrance. The unfortunate Fatzman being thus pounded, muſt have fallen a ſacrifice to his centripetal force, had not he been delivered by the interpoſition of a neighbouring chief, who prevailed upon the Chineſe general to let Quamba-cun-dono eſcape, provided his followers would lay down their arms, and return peaceably to their own habitations. This was a bitter pill, which the Fatzman was obliged to ſwallow, and is ſaid to have coſt him five ſtone of ſuet. He returned to Japan in obſcurity; the Chineſe general took poſſeſſion of the farm in the name of his emperor; and all the damage which the tenants ſuſtained, was nothing more than a change of maſters, which they had no great cauſe to regret.

To the thinking part of the Japaneſe, nothing could be more agreeable than this event, by which they were at once delivered from a pernicious excreſcence, which, like

an ulcerated tumour, exhauſted the juices of the body by which it was fed. Brut-an-tiffi conſidered the tranſaction in a different point of view. He foreſaw that the Chineſe forces would now be at liberty to join his enemies, the tribe of Oſtrog, with whom the Chineſe emperor was intimately connected; and that it would be next to impoſſible to withſtand the joint efforts of the confederacy, which he had brought upon his own head. He therefore raiſed a hideous clamour. He accuſed the Fatzman of miſconduct, and inſiſted, not without a mixture of menaces, upon the Dairo's reaſſembling his forces in the country of Yeſſo.

The Dairo himſelf was inconſolable. He neglected his food, and refuſed to confer with his miniſters. He diſmiſſed the Fatzman from his ſervice. He locked himſelf in his cabinet, and ſpent the hours in lamentation. "O my dear farm of Yeſſo!" cried he, "ſhall I never more enjoy thy charms!—Shall I never more regale my eye with thy beauteous proſpects, thy hills of heath; thy meads of broom; and thy waſtes of ſand! Shall I never more eat thy black bread, drink thy brown beer, and feaſt upon thy delicate porkers! Shall I never more receive the homage of the ſallow Yeſſites with their meagre faces, ragged ſkirts, and wooden ſhoes! Shall I never more improve their huts and regulate their pigſtyes! O cruel Fate! in vain did I face thy mud-walled manſion with a new freeſtone front! In vain did I cultivate thy turnip-garden! In vain did I encloſe a piece of ground at a great expence, and raiſe a crop of barley, the firſt that ever was ſeen in Yeſſo! In vain did I ſend over a breed of mules and black cattle for the purpoſes of huſbandry! In vain did I ſupply you with all the implements of agriculture! In vain did I ſow graſs and grain for food, and plant trees, and furze and fern for ſhelter to the game, which could not otherwiſe ſubſiſt upon your naked downs! In vain did I furniſh your houſeleſs ſides, and fill your hungry bellies with the good things of Japan! In vain did I expend the treaſures of my empire for thy melioration and defence! In vain did I incur the execrations of my people, if I muſt now loſe thee for ever; if thou muſt now fall into the hands of an inſolent alien, who has no affection for thy ſoil, and no regard for thy intereſt! O

Quamba-cun-dono! Quamba-cun-dono! how haſt thou diſappointed my hope! I thought thou waſt too ponderous to flinch; that thou wouldſt have ſtood thy ground, fixed as the temple of Fakkubaſi, and larded the lean earth with thy carcaſe, rather than leave my farm uncovered; but, alas! thou haſt fled before the enemy like a partridge on the mountains; and ſuffered thyſelf at laſt to be taken in a ſnare like a fooliſh dotterel!

The Cuboy, who overheard this exclamation, attempted to comfort him through the key-hole. He ſoothed, and whined, and wheedled, and laughed, and wept all in a breath. He exhorted the illuſtrious Got-hama-baba to bear this misfortune with his wonted greatneſs of mind.—He offered to preſent his Imperial majeſty with lands in Japan that ſhould be equal in value to the farm he had loſt; or, if that ſhould not be agreeable, to make good at the peace, all the damage that ſhould be done to it by the enemy. Finally, he curſed the farm, as the cauſe of his maſter's chagrin, and fairly wiſhed it at the devil.—Here he was ſuddenly interrupted with a "Bub-ub-ub-boh! my lord Cuboy, your grace talks like an apothecary.—Go home to your own palace, and direct your cooks; and may your bonzes kiſs your a— to your heart's content.—I ſwear by the horns of the Moon and the hoofs of the White Horſe, that my foot ſhall not touch your poſteriors theſe three days."—Fika-kaka, having received this ſevere check, craved pardon in a whimpering tone, for the liberty he had taken, and retired to conſult with Mura-clami, who adviſed him to ſummon orator Taycho to his aſſiſtance.

This mob-driver being made acquainted with the paſſion of the Dairo, and the cauſe of his diſtreſs, readily undertook to make ſuch a ſpeech through the key-hole, as ſhould effectually diſpel the emperor's deſpondence; and to this enterpriſe he was encouraged by the hyperbolical praiſes of Mura-clami, who exhauſted all the tropes of his own rhetoric in extolling the eloquence of Taycho.—This triumvirate immediately adjourned to the door of the apartment in which Got-hama-baba was ſequeſtered, where the orator kneeling upon a cuſhion, with his mouth applied to the key-hole, opened the ſluices of his elocution to this effect:

" Moſt gracious !" " Bo, bo, boh !"—Moſt illuſtrious !" " Bo, boh !"—" Moſt invincible Got-hama-baba !"—" Boh !"—When the ſun, that glorious luminary is obſcured by envious clouds, all nature ſaddens, and ſeems to ſympathize with his apparent diſtreſs.—Your imperial majeſty is the ſun of our hemiſphere, whoſe ſplendour illuminates our throne; and whoſe genial warmth enlivens our hearts; and ſhall we your ſubjects, your ſlaves, the creatures of your nod—ſhall we unmoved behold your ever-glorious effulgence overcaſt? No! while the vital ſtream bedews our veins, while our ſouls retain the faculty of reaſon, and our tongues the power of ſpeech, we ſhall not ceaſe to embalm your ſorrow with our tears; we ſhall not ceaſe to pour the overflowings of our affection—our filial tenderneſs, which will always be reciprocal with your paretnal care: theſe are the inexhauſtible ſources of the nation's happineſs. They may be compared to the rivers Jodo and Jodo-gava, which derive their common origin from the vaſt lake of Ami. The one winds its ſilent courſe, calm, clear, and majeſtic, reflecting the groves and palaces that adorn its banks, and fertilizing the delightful country through which it runs: the other guſhes impetuous through a rugged channel and leſs fertile ſoil; yet ſerves to beautify a number of wild romantic ſcenes; to fill an hundred aqueducts, and to turn a thouſand mills: at length, they join their ſtreams below the imperial city of Meaco, and form a mighty flood devolving to the bay of Oſaca, bearing on its ſpacious boſom, the riches of Japan."—Here the orator pauſed for breath:—the Cuboy clapped him on the back, whiſpering, " Super-excellent! O charming ſimile! Another ſuch will ſink the Dairo's grief to the bottom of the ſea: and his heart will float like a blown bladder upon the waves of Kugava." Mura-clami was not ſilent in his praiſe, while he ſqueezed an orange between the lips of Taycho; and Got-hama-baba ſeemed all attention; at length the orator reſumed his ſubject:—" Think not, auguſt emperor, that the cauſe of your diſquiet is unknown, or unlamented by your weeping ſervants. We have not only perceived your eclipſe, but diſcovered the invidious body by whoſe interpoſition that eclipſe is effected. The rapacious arms of the hoſtile Chineſe have ſeized the farm of Yeſſo !"—" Oh, oh,

oh!"—That farm ſo cheriſhed by your Imperial favour; that farm which, in the north of Tartary, ſhone like a jewel in an Æthiop's ear;—yes, that jewel hath been ſnatched by the ſavage hand of a Chineſe freebooter:—but, dry your tears, my prince; that jewel ſhall detect his theft, and light us to revenge. It ſhall become a rock to cruſh him in his retreat;—a net of iron to entangle his ſteps; a fallen trunk over which his feet ſhall ſtumble. It ſhall hang like a weight about his neck, and ſink him to the loweſt gulf of perdition.——Be comforted, then, my liege! your farm is rooted to the centre; it can neither be concealed nor removed. Nay, ſhould he hide it at the bottom of the ocean; or place it among the conſtellations in the heavens; your faithful Taycho would ſiſh it up entire, or tear it headlong from the ſtarry firmament.—We will retrieve the farm of Yeſſo"—"But, how, how, how, dear orator Taycho?" "The empire of Japan ſhall be mortgaged for the ſake of that precious—that ſacred ſpot, which produced the patriarch apoſtle *Bupo*, and reſounded under the hoofs of the holy ſteed.—Your people of Japan ſhall chant the litany of Fakkubaſi.—They ſhall inſtitute cruſades for the recovery of the farm; they ſhall pour their treaſury at your imperial feet;—they ſhall clamour for impoſition; they ſhall load themſelves with tenfold burdens, deſolate their country, and beggar their poſterity in behalf of Yeſſo. With theſe funds I could undertake even to overturn the councils of Pekin.—While the Tartar princes deal in the trade of blood, there will be no want of hands to cut away thoſe noxious weeds which have taken root in the farm of Yeſſo; thoſe vermin that have preyed upon her delightful bloſſoms! Amidſt ſuch a variety of remedies, there can be no difficulty in chooſing.—Like a weary traveller, I will break a bough from the firſt pine that preſents, and bruſh away thoſe troubleſome inſects that knaw the fruits of Yeſſo.—Should not the mercenary bands of Tartary ſuffice to repel thoſe infolent invaders, I will engage to chain this iſland to the continent; to build a bridge from ſhore to ſhore, that ſhall afford a paſſage more free and ample than the road to Hell. Through this avenue I will ride the mighty beaſt whoſe name is Legion.—I have ſtudied the art of war, my Liege:—I had once the honour to ſerve my country as

Lance-preſado in the militia of Niphon.—I will unpeople theſe realms, and overſpread the land of Yeſſo with the forces of Japan."

Got-hama-baba could no longer reſiſt the energy of ſuch expreſſions. He flew to the door of his cabinet, and embraced the orator in a tranſport of joy; while Fika-kaka fell upon his nèck and wept aloud; and Mura-clami kiſſed the hem of his garment.

You muſt know, Peacock, I had by this time changed my ſituation. I was diſcharged in the perſpiratory vapour from the perinæum of the Cuboy, and ſucked into the lungs of Mura-clami, through which I pervaded into the courſe of the circulation, and viſited every part of his compoſition. I found the brain ſo full and compact, that there was not room for another particle of matter. But inſtead of a heart, he had a membranous ſac, or hollow viſcus, cold and callous, the habitation of ſneaking caution, ſervile flattery, griping avarice, creeping malice, and treacherous deceit. Among theſe tenants it was my fate to dwell; and there I diſcovered the motives by which the lawyer's conduct was influenced. He now ſecretly rejoiced at the preſumption of Taycho, which he hoped had already prompted him to undertake more than he could perform; in which caſe he would infallibly incur diſgrace either with the Dairo or the people. It is not impoſſible but this hope might have been realized, had not fortune unexpectedly interpoſed, and operated as an auxiliary to the orator's preſumption. Succeſs began to dawn upon the arms of Japan in the iſland of Fatſiſſio; and towards the end of the campaign, Brut-an-tiffi obtained two petty advantages in Tartary againſt one body of Chineſe, and another of the Oſtrog. All theſe were magnified into aſtoniſhing victories, and aſcribed to the wiſdom and courage of Taycho, becauſe during his miniſtry they were obtained; though he neither knew why, nor wherefore; and was in this reſpect as innocent as his maſter Got-hama-baba, and his colleague Fika-kaka. He had penetration enough to perceive, however, that theſe events had intoxicated the rabble, and began to pervert their ideas. Succeſs of any kind is apt to perturb the weak brain of a Japaneſe; but the acquiſition of any military trophy produces an actual delirium.—The ſtreets of Meaco were

filled with multitudes who ſhouted, whooped and hollowed. They made proceſſions with flags and banners; they illuminated their houſes; they extolled Ian-on-i, a provincial captain of Fatſiſſio, who had by accident repulſed a body of the enemy, and reduced an old barn which they had fortified. They magnified Brut-an-tiffi; they deified orator Taycho; they drank, they damned, they ſquabbled, and acted a thouſand extravagancies which I ſhall not pretend to enumerate or particularize. Taycho, who knew their trim, ſeized this opportunity to ſtrike while the iron was hot.—He forthwith mounted an old tub, which was his public roſtrum, and waving his hand in an oratorial attitude, was immediately ſurrounded with the thronging populace.—I have already given you a ſpecimen of his manner, and therefore ſhall not repeat the tropes and figures of his harangue; but only ſketch out the plan of his addreſs, and ſpecify the chain of his argument alone. He aſſailed them in the way of paradox, which never fails to produce a wonderful effect upon a heated imagination and a ſhallow underſtanding. Having, in his exordium, artfully faſcinated their faculties like a juggler in Bartholomew-fair, by means of an aſſemblage of words without meaning or import; he proceeded to demonſtrate, that a wife and good man ought to diſcard his maxims, the moment he finds they are certainly eſtabliſhed on the foundation of eternal truth. That the people of Japan ought to preſerve the farm of Yeſſo, as the apple of their eye, becauſe nature had disjoined it from their empire; and the maintenance of it would involve them in all the quarrels of Tartary: that it was to be preſerved at all hazards, becauſe it was not worth preſerving: that all the power and opulence of Japan ought to be exerted and employed in its defence, becauſe, by the nature of its ſituation, it could not poſſibly be defended: that Brut-an-tiffi was the great protector of the religion of the Bonzas, becauſe he had never ſhown the leaſt regard to any religion at all: that he was the faſt friend of Japan, becauſe he had more than once acted as a rancorous enemy to this empire, and never let ſlip the leaſt opportunity of expreſſing his contempt for the ſubjects of Niphon: that he was an invincible hero, becauſe he had been thrice beaten, and once compelled to raiſe a ſiege, in the courſe of two campaigns: that he

was a prince of conſummate honour, becauſe he had, in the time of profound peace, uſurped the dominions, and ravaged the countries of his neighbours, in defiance of common honeſty; in violation of the moſt ſolemn treaties; that he was the moſt honourable and important ally that the empire of Japan could chooſe, becauſe his alliance was to be purchaſed with an enormous annual tribute, for which he was bound to perform no earthly office of friendſhip or aſſiſtance; becauſe connection with him effectually deprived Japan of the friendſhip of all the other princes and ſtates of Tartary; and the utmoſt exertion of his power could never conduce, in the ſmalleſt degree, to the intereſt or advantage of the Japaneſe empire.

Such were the propoſitions orator Taycho undertook to demonſtrate; and the ſucceſs juſtified his undertaking. After a weak mind has been duly prepared, and turned, as it were, by opening a ſluice or torrent of high-ſounding words, the greater the contradiction propoſed, the ſtronger impreſſion it makes, becauſe it increaſes the puzzle, and lays faſt hold on the admiration; depoſiting the ſmall proportion of reaſon with which it was before impregnated, like the vitriol acid in the copper mines of Wicklow, into which if you immerſe iron, it immediately quits the copper which it had before diſſolved, and unites with the other metal, to which it has a ſtronger attraction.—Orator Taycho was not ſo well ſkilled in logic as to amuſe his audience with definitions of concrete and abſtract terms; or expatiate upon the genus and the difference; or ſtate propoſitions by the ſubject, the predicate and the copula; or form ſyllogyſms by mood and figure: but he was perfectly well acquainted with all the equivocal or ſynonimous words in his own language, and could ring the changes on them with great dexterity. He knew perfectly well how to expreſs the ſame ideas by words that literally implied oppoſition:—for example, a valuable conqueſt or an invaluable conqueſt; a ſhameful raſcal or a ſhameful villain; a hard head or a ſoft head: a large conſcience or no conſcience; immenſely great or immenſely little; damned high or damned low; damned bitter, damned ſweet; damned ſevere, damned inſipid; and damned fulſome. He knew how to invert the ſenſe of words by changing the manner of pronunciation;

e. g. " You are a very pretty fellow !" to ſignify, " You are a very dirty ſcoundrel." " You have *always* ſpoke reſpectfully of the higher powers !" to expreſs, " You have often inſulted your betters, and even your ſovereign." " You have *never* turned tail to the principles you profeſſed !" to declare, " You have acted the part of an infamous apoſtate." He was well aware that words alter their ſignification according to the circumſtances of times, cuſtoms, and the difference of opinion. Thus the name of Jack, who uſed to turn the ſpit, and pull off his maſter's boots, was transferred to an iron machine and a wooden inſtrument now ſubſtituted for theſe purpoſes: thus a ſtand for the tea-kettle acquired the name of Footman: and the words Canon and Ordinance, ſignifying originally a rule or law, were extended to a piece of artillery, which is counted the *ultima lex*, or *ultima ratio regum*.—In the ſame manner, the words infidel, hereſy, good man, and political orthodoxy, imply very different ſignifications, among different claſſes of people. A Muſſulman is an infidel at Rome, and a Chriſtian is diſtinguiſhed as an unbeliever at Conſtantinople. A Papiſt by Proteſtantiſm underſtands hereſy; to a Turk the ſame idea is conveyed by the ſect of Ali. The term *good man* at Edinburgh, implies fanaticiſm; upon the Exchange of London, it ſignifies caſh; and in the general acceptation, benevolence. Political orthodoxy has different, nay oppoſite definitions, at different places in the ſame kingdom; at O— and C—; at the Cocoa-tree in Pall-mall; and at Garraway's in Exchange-alley. Our orator was well acquainted with all the legerdemain of his own language, as well as with the nature of the beaſt he had to rule. He knew when to diſtract its weak brain with a tumult of incongruous and contradictory ideas: he knew when to overwhelm its feeble faculty of thinking, by pouring in a torrent of words without any ideas annexed. Theſe throng in like city-milliners to a Mile-end aſſembly, while it happens to be under the direction of a conductor without ſtrength and authority. Thoſe that have ideas annexed, may be compared to the females provided with partners, which, though they may crowd the place, do not abſolutely deſtroy all regulation and decorum. But thoſe that are uncoupled, preſs in promiſcuouſly with

ſuch impetuoſity, and in ſuch numbers, that the puny maſter of the ceremonies is unable to withſtand the irruption; far leſs to diſtinguiſh their quality, or accommodate them with partners: thus they fall into the dance without order, and immediately anarchy enſues. Taycho having kept the monſter's brain on a ſimmer, until, like the cow-heel in Don Quixote, it ſeemed to cry *Comenme, Comenme;* Come, eat me, come, eat me; then told them in plain terms, that it was expedient they ſhould part with their wives and their children, their ſouls and their bodies, their ſubſtance and their ſenſes, their blood and their ſuet, in order to defend the indefenſible farm of Yeſſo, and to ſupport Brut-an-tiffi, their inſupportable ally. The hydra, rolling itſelf in the duſt, turned up its huge unwieldy paunch, and wagged its forky tail; then licked the feet of Taycho, and through all its hoarſe diſcordant throats, began to bray applauſe. The Dairo rejoiced in his ſucceſs, the firſt fruits of which conſiſted in their agreeing to maintain an army of twenty thouſand Tartar mercenaries, who were reinforced by the flower of the national troops of Japan, ſent over to defend the farm of Yeſſo; and in their conſenting to prolong the annual tribute granted to Brut-an-tiffi, who, in return for this condeſcenſion, accommodated the Dairo with one of his free-booting captains to command the Yeſſite army. This new general had ſeen ſome ſervice, and was counted a good officer: but it was not ſo much on account of his military character that he obtained this command, as for his dexterity in prolonging the war; his ſkill in exerciſing all the different arts of peculation; and his attachment to Brut-an-tiffi, with whom he had agreed to co-operate in milking the Japaneſe cow. This plan they executed with ſuch effect, as could not poſſibly reſult from addreſs alone, unaſſiſted by the infatuation of thoſe whom they pillaged. Every article of contingent expence for draught-horſes, waggons, poſtage, forage, proviſion, and ſecret ſervice, was ſwelled to ſuch a degree, as did violence to common ſenſe as well as to common honeſty. The general had a fellow-feeling with all the contractors in the army, who were connected with him in ſuch a manner as ſeemed to preclude all poſſibility of detection. In vain ſome of the Japaneſe offi-

rs endeavoured to pry into this myſterious commerce; vain inſpectors were appointed by the government of pan. The firſt were removed on different pretences: e laſt were encountered by ſuch diſgraces and diſcougements, as in a little time compelled them to reſign e office they had undertaken. In a word, there was t a private mercenary Tartar ſoldier in this army who l not coſt the empire of Japan as much as any ſubaltern icer of its own: and the annual charge of this continental war, undertaken for the protection of the farm of ffo, exceeded the whole expence of any former war ich Japan had ever maintained on its own account, ce the beginning of the empire: nay, it was attended th one circumſtance which rendered it ſtill more inportable. The money expended in armaments and erations, equipped and proſecuted on the ſide of Japan, s all circulated within the empire; ſo that it ſtill reined uſeful to the community in general; but no innce could be produced, of a ſingle copan that ever rened from the continent of Tartary; therefore all the ns ſent thither, were clear loſs to the ſubjects of Jan. Orator Taycho acted as a faithful ally to Brut-ani, by ſtretching the baſs-ſtrings of the mobile in ſuch nanner, as to be always in concert with the extravaice of the Tartar's demands, and the abſurdity of the iro's predilection. Fika-kaka was aſtoniſhed at theſe nomena; while Mura-clami hoped in ſecret, that the tor's brain was diſordered; and that his inſanity would n ſtand confeſſed, even to the conviction of the peo-.—"If (ſaid he to himſelf) they are not altogether titute of human reaſon, they muſt, of their own acd, perceive and comprehend this plain propoſition: a k of water that diſcharges *three* by one pipe, and reves no more than *two* by another, muſt infallibly be ptied at the long-run. Japan diſcharges *three* millions obans every year for the defence of that bleſſed farm, ich, were it put up to ſale, would not fetch one ſixth t of the ſum; and the annual balance of her trade h all the world brings in *two* millions: ergo it runs faſter than it runs in, and the veſſel at the long-run ſt be empty." Mura-clami was miſtaken. He had lied philoſophy only in profile. He had endeavoured

to inveſtigate the ſenſe, but he had never fathomed the abſurdities of human nature. All that Taycho had done for Yeſſo, amounted not to one third of what was required for the annual expence of Japan while it maintained the war againſt China in different quarters of Aſia. A former Cuboy, (reſt his ſoul!) finding it impoſſible to raiſe within the year the exorbitant ſupplies that were required to gratify the avarice and ambition of the Dairo, had contrived the method of funding, which hath been lately adopted with ſuch remarkable ſucceſs in this kingdom. You know, Peacock, this is no more than borrowing a certain ſum on the credit of the nation, and laying a freſh tax upon the public, to defray the intereſt of every ſum thus borrowed; an excellent expedient, when kept within due bounds, for ſecuring the eſtabliſhed government, multiplying the dependants of the m—ry, and throwing all the money of the empire into the hands of the adminiſtration. But thoſe loans were ſo often repeated, that the national debt had already ſwelled to an enormous burden; ſuch a variety of taxes was laid upon the ſubject, as grievouſly enhanced all the neceſſaries of life; conſequently the poor were diſtreſſed, and the price of labour was raiſed to ſuch a degree, that the Japaneſe manufactures were everywhere underſold by the Chineſe traders, who employed their workmen at a more moderate expence.

Taycho, in this dilemma, was ſeized with a ſtrange conceit. Alchemy was at that period become a favourite ſtudy in Japan. Some Bonzas having more learning and avarice than their brethren, applied themſelves to the ſtudy of certain Chaldean manuſcripts, which their anceſtors had brought from Aſſyria; and in theſe they found the ſubſtance of all that is contained in the works of Hermes Triſmegiſtus, Geber, Zoſymus, the Panapolite, Olympiodorus, Heliodorus, Agathodæmon, Morienus, Albertus Magnus, and, above all, your countryman Roger Bacon, who adopted Geber's opinion, that Mercury is the common baſis, and ſulphur the cement of all metals. By the bye, this ſame Friar Bacon was well acquainted with the compoſition of gunpowder, though the reputation ariſing from the diſcovery has been given to Swartz, who lived many years after that monk of

Weſtminſter. Whether the Philoſopher's ſtone, otherwiſe called the Gift Azoth, the fifth Eſſence, or the Alkaheſt; which laſt Van Helmont pilfered from the tenth book of the Archidoxa, that treaſure ſo long depoſited in the occiput of the renowned Aureolus, Philippus, Paracelſus, Theophraſtus, Bombaſt, de Hohenheim; was ever really attained by human adept, I am not at liberty to diſcloſe; but certain it is, the philoſophers and alchemiſts of Japan, employed by orator Taycho to tranſmute baſer metals into gold, miſcarried in all their experiments. The whole evaporated in ſmoke, without leaving ſo much as the ſcrapings of a crucible for a ſpecific againſt the itch. Tickets made of a kind of bamboo, had been long uſed to reinforce the circulation of Japan; but theſe were of no uſe in Tartary; the mercenaries and allies of that country would receive nothing but gold and ſilver, which, indeed, one would imagine they had a particular method of decompoſing or annihilating; for, of all the millions tranſported thither, not one copan was ever known to reviſit Japan. "It was a country (as Hamlet ſays) from whoſe bourn no travelling copan e'er returned." As the war of Yeſſo, therefore, engroſſed all the ſpecie of Niphon, and ſome currency was abſolutely neceſſary to the ſubſiſtence of the Japaneſe, the orator contrived a method to ſave the expence of ſolid food. He compoſed a meſs that ſhould fill their bellies, and, at the ſame time, protract the intoxication of their brains, which it was ſo much his intereſt to maintain. He put them upon a diet of Yeaſt; where this did not agree with the ſtomach, he employed his emiſſaries to blow up the patients *à poſteriori*, as the dog was blown up by the madman of Seville, recorded by Cervantes. The individuals thus inflated, were ſeen ſwaggering about the ſtreets, ſmooth and round, and ſleek and jolly, with leering eyes and florid complexion. Every one ſeemed to have the *os magna ſonaturum*. He ſtrutted with an air of importance. He broke wind, and broached new ſyſtems. He declared as if by revelation, that the more debt the public owed, the richer it became; that food was not neceſſary to the ſupport of life; nor an intercourſe of the ſexes required for the propagation of the ſpecies. He expatiated on yeaſt, as the nectar of the gods, that would

ſuſtain the animal machine, fill the human mind with divine inſpiration, and confer immortality. From the efficacy of this ſpecific, he began to propheſy concerning the White Horſe, and declared himſelf an apoſtle of Bupo.—Thus they ſtrolled through the iſland of Niphon, barking and preaching the goſpel of Fakku-baſi, and preſenting their barm goblets to all who were in queſt of political ſalvation. The people had been ſo well prepared for infatuation, by the ſpeeches of Taycho, and the tidings of ſucceſs from Tartary, that every paſſenger greedily ſwallowed the drench, and in a little time the whole nation was converted; that is, they were totally freed from thoſe troubleſome and impertinent faculties of reaſon and reflection, which could have ſerved no other purpoſe but to make them miſerable under the burdens to which their backs were now ſubjected. They offered up all their gold and ſilver, their jewels, their furniture and apparel, at the ſhrine of Fakku-baſi, ſinging pſalms and hymns in praiſe of the White Horſe. They put arms into the hands of their children, and drove them into Tartary, in order to fatten the land of Yeſſo with their blood. They grew fanatics in that cauſe, and worſhipped Brut-an-tiffi, as the favourite prophet of the beautified Bupo. All was ſtaggering, ſtaring, incoherence and contortion, exclamation and eructation. Still this was no more than a temporary delirium, which might vaniſh as the intoxicating effects of the yeaſt ſubſided. Taycho, therefore, called in two reinforcements to the drench. He reſolved to ſatiate their appetite for blood, and to amuſe their infantine vanity with the gew-gaws of triumph. He equipped out one armament at a conſiderable expence, to make a deſcent on the coaſt of China, and ſent another at a much greater, to fight the enemy in Fatſiſſio. The commander of the firſt diſembarked upon a deſolate iſland, demoliſhed an unfiniſhed cottage, and brought away a few bunches of wild grapes. He afterwards hovered on the Chineſe coaſt; but was deterred from landing by a very ſingular phenomenon. In ſurveying the ſhore, through ſpying glaſſes, he perceived the whole beech inſtantaneouſly fortified, as it were, with parapets of ſand, which had eſcaped the naked eye; and at one particular part, there appeared a body of giants with very hideous features, peeping, as it were, from be-

hind thoſe parapets: from which circumſtance the Japaneſe general concluded there was a very formidable ambuſcade, which he thought it would be madneſs to encounter, and even folly to aſcertain. One would imagine he had ſeen Homer's account of the Cyclops, and did not think himſelf ſafe, even at the diſtance of ſome miles from the ſhore; for he preſſed the commander of the Fune to weigh anchor immediately, and retire to a place of more ſafety.—I ſhall now, Peacock, let you into the whole ſecret. This great officer was deceived by the careleſſneſs of the commiſſary, who, inſtead of perſpectives, had furniſhed him with glaſſes peculiar to Japan, that magnified and multiplied objects at the ſame time. They are called Pho-beron-tia.—The large parapets of ſand were a couple of mole hills; and the gigantic faces of grim aſpect, were the poſteriors of an old woman ſacrificing *ſub dio*, to the powers of digeſtion. There was another circumſtance which tended to the miſcarriage of this favourite expedition. The principal deſign was againſt a trading town, ſituated on a navigable river; and at the place where this river diſembogued itſelf into the ſea, there was a Chineſe fort called Sa-rouf. The admiral of the Fune ſent the ſecond in command, whoſe name was Sel-uon, to lay this fort in aſhes, that the embarkation might paſs without let or moleſtation. A Chineſe pilot offered to bring his junk within a cable-length of the walls: but he truſted to the light of his own penetration. He ran his junk aground, and ſolemnly declared there was not water ſufficient to float any veſſel of force, within three miles of Sa-rouf. This diſcovery he had made by ſounding, and it proved two very ſurpriſing paradoxes: firſt, that the Chineſe junks drew little or no water, otherwiſe they could not have arrived at the town where they were laid up; ſecondly, that the fort Sa-rouf was raiſed in a ſpot where it neither could offend, nor be offended. But the Sey-ſeo-gun Sel-uon was a mighty man for paradoxes. His ſuperior in command was a plain man, who did not underſtand theſe niceties: he therefore grumbled, and began to be troubleſome; upon which, a council of war was held; and he being over-ruled by a majority of voices, the whole embarkation returned to Niphon *re infecta*. You have been told how the beaſt called Legion

brayed, and bellowed, and kicked, when the fate of Byngoh's expedition was known; it was diſpoſed to be very unruly at the return of this armament: but Taycho lulled it with a double doſe of his Mandragora. It growled at the giants, the ſand-hills, and the paradoxes of Seluon: then brayed aloud, *Taycho for ever!* rolled itſelf up like a lubberly hydra, yawned, and fell faſt aſleep. The other armament equipped for the operations in Fatſiſſio, did not arrive at the place of deſtination till the opportunity for action was loſt. The object was the reduction of a town and iſland belonging to the Chineſe: but before the Fune with the troops arrived from Niphon, the enemy, having received intimation of their deſign, had reinforced the garriſon and harbour with a greater number of forces and Fune than the Japaneſe commander could bring againſt them. He therefore wiſely declined an enterpriſe which muſt have ended in his own diſgrace and deſtruction. The Chineſe were ſucceſsful in other parts of Fatſiſſio. They demoliſhed ſome forts, they defeated ſome parties and maſſacred ſome people, belonging to the colonies of Japan. Perhaps the tidings of theſe diſaſters would have rouſed the people of Niphon from the lethargy of intoxication in which they were overwhelmed, had not their delirium been kept up by ſome faſcinating amulets from Tartary: theſe were no other than the bubbles which Brut-an-tiffi ſwelled into mighty victories over the Chineſe and Oſtrog; though, in fact, he had been ſeverely cudgelled, and more than once in very great danger of crucifixion. Taycho preſented the monſter with a bowl of blood, which he told it this invincible ally had drawn from its enemies the Chineſe, and, at the ſame time, blowed the gay bubbles athwart its numerous eyes. The hydra lapped the gore with ſigns of infinite reliſh; groaned and grunted to ſee the bubbles dance; exclaimed, "O rare Taycho!" and relapſed into the arms of ſlumber. Thus paſſed the firſt campaign of Taycho's adminiſtration.

By this time Fika-kaka was fully convinced that the orator actually dealt with the devil, and had even ſold him his ſoul for this power of working miracles on the underſtanding of the populace. He began to be invaded with fears, that the ſame conſideration would be demand-

ed of him for the eaſe and pleaſure he now enjoyed in partnerſhip with that magician. He no longer heard himſelf ſcoffed, ridiculed, and reviled in the aſſemblies of the people. He no longer ſaw his meaſures thwarted, nor his perſon treated with diſdain. He no longer racked his brains for pretences to extort money; nor trembled with terror, when he uſed theſe pretences to the public. The mouth of the oppoſition was now glewed to his own poſteriors. Many a time, and often, when he heard orator Taycho declaiming againſt him from his roſtrum, he curſed him in his heart, and was known to ejaculate, "Kiſs my a-ſe, Taycho;" but little did he think the orator would one day ſtoop to this compliance. He now ſaw that inſolent foul-mouthed demagogue miniſtering with the utmoſt ſervility to his pleaſure and ambition. He filled his bags with the treaſures of Japan, as if by enchantment; ſo that he could now gratify his own profuſe temper without ſtint or controul. He took upon himſelf the whole charge of the adminiſtration; and left Fika-kaka to the full enjoyment of his own ſenſuality, thus diveſted of all its thorns. It was the contemplation of theſe circumſtances, which inſpired the Cuboy with a belief that the devil was concerned in producing this aſtoniſhing calm of felicity; and that his infernal highneſs would require of him ſome extraordinary ſacrifice for the extraordinary favours he beſtowed. He could not help ſuſpecting the ſincerity of Taycho's attachment, becauſe it ſeemed altogether unnatural; and if his ſoul was to be the ſacrifice, he wiſhed to treat with Satan as a principal. Full of this idea, he had recourſe to his Bonzas, as the moſt likely perſons to procure him ſuch an interview with the prince of darkneſs, as ſhould not be attended with immediate danger to his corporeal parts: but, upon inquiry, he found there was not one conjurer among them all. Some of them made a merit of their ignorance; pretending they could not in conſcience give application to an art which muſt have led them into communication with demons: others inſiſted there was no ſuch thing as the devil; and this opinion ſeemed to be much reliſhed by the Cuboy: the reſt frankly owned they knew nothing at all of the matter. For my part, Peacock, I not only know there is a devil, but I likewiſe know that he has marked

out nineteen twentieths of the people of this metropolis for his prey.—How now! You ſhake, ſirrah!—You have ſome reaſon, conſidering the experiments you have been trying in the way of ſorcery; turning the ſieve and ſhears; mumbling gibberiſh over a gooſe's liver ſtuck with pins; pricking your thumbs, and writing myſtical characters with your blood; forming ſpells with ſticks laid acroſs; reading prayers backwards; and invoking the devil by the name, ſtyle, and title of *Sathan*, *Abraſax*, *Adonai*. I know what communication you had with goody Thruſk at Camberwell, who undertook, for three ſhillings and fourpence, to convey you on a broomſtick to Norway, where the devil was to hold a conventicle; but you boggled at croſſing the ſea, without ſuch ſecurity for your perſon as the beldame could not give. I remember you poring over the treatiſe *De volucri arborea*, until you had well nigh loſt your wits; and your intention to enrol yourſelf in the Roſicruſian ſociety, until your intrigue with the tripe-woman in Thieving-lane deſtroyed your pretenſions to chaſtity. Then you cloaked your own wickedneſs with an affectation of ſcepticiſm, and declared there never was any ſuch exiſtence as devil, demon, ſpirit, or goblin; nor any ſuch art as magic, necromancy, ſorcery, or witchcraft.—O infidel! haſt thou never heard of the three diviſions of magic into natural, artificial, and diabolical? The firſt of theſe is no more than medicine; hence the ſame word Pharmacopola ſignified both a wiſeacre and apothecary. To the ſecond belong the glaſs ſphere of Archimedes, the flying wooden pigeon of Archytus, the emperor Leo's ſinging birds of gold, Boetius the Conſolator's flying birds of braſs, hiſſing ſerpents of the ſame metal, and the famous ſpeaking head of Albertus Magnus. The laſt, which we call diabolical, depends upon the evocation of ſpirits: ſuch was the art exerciſed by the magicians of Pharoah; as well as by that conjurer recorded by Gaſper Peucerus, who animated the dead carcaſe of a famous female harper in Bologna, in ſuch a manner, that ſhe played upon her inſtrument as well as ever ſhe had done in her life, until another magician removing the charm, which had been placed in her armpits, the body fell down deprived of all motion. It is by ſuch means that conjurers cure diſtempers with charms

and amulets; that, according to St. Iſidore, they confound the elements, diſturb the underſtanding, ſlay without poiſon or any perceptible wound, call up devils, and learn from them how to torment their enemies. Magic was known even to the ancient Romans. Cato teaches us how to charm a diſlocated bone, by repeating theſe myſtical words, *Incipe, cantare in alto, S. F. motas danata dardaries, Aſtotaries, die una parite dum coeunt, &c.* Beſides, the virtues of ABRACADABRA are well known; though the meaning of the word has puzzled ſome of the beſt critics of the laſt age; ſuch as Wendelinus, Scaliger, Saumaiſe, and father Kircher; not to mention the ancient phyſician Serenus Sammonicus, who deſcribes the diſpoſition of theſe characters in hexameter verſe. I might here launch out into a very learned diſſertation, to prove that this very Serenus formed the word ABRACADABRA from the Greek word Αβρασαξ, a name by which Baſilides the Egyptian heretic defined the Deity, as the letters of it imply 365, the number of days in the year. This is the word ſtill fair and legible on one of the two taliſmans found in the ſeventeenth century, of which Baronius gives us the figure in the ſecond volume of his Annals. By the bye, Peacock, you muſt take notice, that the figure of St. George, encountering the dragon, which is the ſymbol of the order of the Garter, and at this day diſtinguiſhes ſo many inns, taverns, and ale-houſes, in this kingdom, was no other originally than the device of an abraxas or amulet wore by the Baſilidians, as a charm againſt infection: for, by the man on horſeback killing the dragon, was typified the ſun purifying the air, and diſperſing the noxious vapours from the earth. An abraxas marked with this device, is exhibited by Montfaucon out of the collection of Sig. Capello. This ſymbol, improved by the croſs on the top of the ſpear, was afterwards adopted by the Chriſtian cruſards, as a badge of their religious warfare, as well as an amulet to enſure victory; the croſs alluding to Conſtantine's labarum, with the motto, εν τουτω νικα, "In this you ſhall conquer." The figure on horſeback they metamorphoſed into St. George, the ſame with George the Arian, who at one time was reckoned a martyr, and maintained a place in the Roman Martyrology, from which he and others were eraſed by

Pope Gelaſius, in the fifth century, becauſe the accounts of their martyrdom were written by heretics. This very George, while he officiated as Biſhop of Alexandria, having ordered a temple of the god *Mythras* to be purified, and converted into a Chriſtian church, found in the ſaid temple this emblem of the ſun, which the Perſians adored under the name of *Mythras*; and with the addition of the croſs, metamorphoſed it into a ſymbol of Chriſtian warfare againſt idolatry. It was on this occaſion that the Pagans roſe againſt George, and murdered him with the utmoſt barbarity; and from this circumſtance he became a ſaint and martyr, and the amulet or abraxas became his badge of diſtinction. The croſs was conſidered as ſuch a ſure protection in battle, that every ſword-hilt was made in this form, and every warrior, before he engaged, kiſſed it, in token of devotion: hence the phraſe, "I kiſs your hilt," which is ſometimes uſed even at this day. With reſpect to the myſtical words, ABRACAΣ, IAΩ, ΔΟΩNAI, which are found upon thoſe amulets, and ſuppoſed to be of Hebrew extract, though in the Greek character of termination; if thou would'ſt know their real ſignification, thou mayeſt conſult the learned De Croy, in his Treatiſe concerning the genealogies of the *Gnoſtics*. Thou wilt find it at the end of St. Irenæus's works, publiſhed by Grabius at Oxford.—

But, to return to magic, thou muſt have heard of the famous Albertus Magnus de Bolſtadt, who indifferently exerciſed the profeſſions of conjurer, bawd, and man-midwife; who forged the celebrated *Androides*, or brazen head, which pronounced oracles, and ſolved queſtions of the utmoſt difficulty: nor can the fame of Henry Cornelius Agrippa have eſcaped thee; he, who wrote the Treatiſes *De occulta Philoſophia; et de cæcis Ceremoniis*; who kept his demon ſecured with an enchanted iron collar, in the ſhape of a black dog; which black dog being diſmiſſed in his laſt moments with theſe words: *Abi perdita beſtia quæ me totum perdidiſti*; plunged itſelf in the river Soame, and immediately diſappeared. But what need of thoſe profane inſtances, to prove the exiſtence of magicians who held communication with the devil? Don't we read in the ſcripture of the magicians of Pharaoh and Manaſſes; of the witch of Endor; of Simon and Barjeſus, ma-

gicians; and of that ſorcereſs, of whoſe body the apoſtle Paul diſpoſſeſſed the devil? Have not the fathers mentioned magicians and ſorcerers? Have not different councils denounced anathemas againſt them? Hath not the civil law decreed puniſhments to be inflicted upon thoſe convicted of the black art? Have not all the tribunals in France, England, and particularly in Scotland, condemned many perſons to the ſtake for ſorceries, on the fulleſt evidence, nay, even on their own confeſſion? Thou thyſelf mayeſt almoſt remember the havock that was made among the ſorcerers in one of the Engliſh colonies in North America, by Dr. Encreaſe Mather, and Dr. Cotton Mather, thoſe luminaries of the New-England church, under the authority and auſpices of Sir William Phipps, that flower of knighthood, and mirror of governors, who, not contented with living witneſſes, called in the aſſiſtance of ſpectral evidence, to the conviction of thoſe diabolical delinquents.—This was a hint, indeed, which he borrowed from the famous trial of Urban Grandier, canon of Loudun in France, who was duly convicted of magic, upon the depoſitions of the devils *Aſtaroth*, *Euſas*, *Celſus*, *Acaos*, *Cedon*, *Aſmodeus*, *Alix*, *Zabulon*, *Nepthalim*, *Cham*, *Uriel*, and *Achas*. I might likewiſe refer thee to king James's Hiſtory of Witchcraft, wherein it appears, upon uncontrovertible evidence, that the devil not only preſided in perſon at the aſſemblies of thoſe wiſe women, but even condeſcended to be facetious, and often diverted them by dancing and playing gambols with a lighted candle in his breech. I might bid thee recollect the authenticated account of the Earl of Gowry's conſpiracy againſt the ſaid king, in which appears the depoſition of a certain perſon, certifying that the Earl of Gowry had ſtudied the black art; that he wore an amulet about his perſon, of ſuch efficacy, that although he was run ſeveral times through the body, not one drop of blood flowed from the wounds until thoſe myſtical characters were removed.—Finally, I could fill whole volumes with undeniable facts, to prove the exiſtence of magic; but what I have ſaid ſhall ſuffice. I muſt only repeat it again, that there was not one magician, conjurer, wizard, or witch, among all the Bonzas of Japan, whom the Cuboy conſulted: a circumſtance that aſtoniſhed him the more, as divers of them,

notwithſtanding their beards, were ſhrewdly ſuſpected to be old women; and till that time, an old woman with a beard upon her chin had been always conſidered as an agent of the devil.—It was the nature of Fika-kaka, to be impatient and impetuous. Perceiving that none of his Bonzas had any communication with the devil, and that many of them doubted whether there was any ſuch perſonage as the devil, he began to have ſome doubts about his own ſoul: "For if there is no devil (ſaid he), there is no ſoul to be damned; and it would be a reproach to the juſtice of heaven, to ſuppoſe that all ſouls are to be ſaved, conſidering what raſcally ſtuff mankind are made of." This was an inference which gave him great diſturbance; for he was one of thoſe who would rather encounter eternal damnation, than run any riſk of being annihilated. He therefore aſſembled all thoſe among the Bonzas who had the reputation of being great philoſophers and metaphyſicians, in order to hear their opinions concerning the nature of the ſoul. The firſt reverend ſage who delivered himſelf on this myſterious ſubject, having ſtroked his gray beard, and hemmed thrice with great ſolemnity, declared that the ſoul was an animal; a ſecond pronounced it to be the number *three*, or proportion; a third contended for the number *ſeven*, or harmony; a fourth defined the ſoul the *univerſe*; a fifth affirmed it was a mixture of elements; a ſixth aſſerted it was compoſed of *fire*; a ſeventh opined it was formed of *water*; an eighth called it an *eſſence*; a ninth, an *idea*; a tenth ſtickled for *ſubſtance without extenſion*; an eleventh, for *extenſion without ſubſtance*; a twelfth cried it was an *accident*; a thirteenth called it a *reflecting mirror*; a fourteenth, the *image reflected*; a fifteenth inſiſted upon its being a *tune*; a ſixteenth believed it was the inſtrument that played the tune; a ſeventeenth undertook to prove it was *material*; an eighteenth exclaimed it was *immaterial*; a nineteenth allowed it was *ſomething*; and a twentieth ſwore it was *nothing*.—By this time all the individuals that compoſed this learned aſſembly, ſpoke together, with equal eagerneſs and vociferation. The volubility with which a great number of abſtruſe and unintelligible terms and definitions were pronounced and repeated, not only reſembled the confuſion of Babel, but they had juſt the

ſame effect upon the brain of Fika-kaka, as is generally produced in weak heads, by looking ſtedfaſtly at a mill-wheel or a vortex, or any other object in continual rotation. He grew giddy, ran three times round, and dropped down in the midſt of the Bonzas, deprived of ſenſe and motion. When he recovered ſo far as to be able to reflect upon what had happened, he was greatly diſturbed with the terror of annihilation, as he had heard nothing ſaid in the conſultation which could give him any reaſon to believe there was ſuch a thing as an immortal ſoul. In this emergency, he ſent for his counſellor Mura-clami, and when that lawyer entered his chamber, exclaimed, "My dear Mura, as I have a ſoul to be ſaved!—A ſoul to be ſaved!—ay, there's the rub!—the devil a ſoul have I!—Thoſe Bonzas are good for nothing but to kiſs my a-ſe;—a parcel of ignorant aſſes!—Pox on their philoſophy!—Inſtead of demonſtrating the immortality of the ſoul, they have plainly proved the ſoul is a chimera, a Will o' the wiſp, a bubble, a term, a word, a nothing!—My dear Mura! prove but that I have a ſoul, and I ſhall be contented to be damned to all eternity!" "If that be the caſe," ſaid the other, "your Quambukuſhip may ſet your heart at reſt: for, if you proceed to govern this empire, in conjunction with Taycho, as you have begun, it will become a point of eternal juſtice to give you an immortal ſoul (if you have not one already), that you may undergo eternal puniſhment, according to your demerits." The Cuboy was much comforted by this aſſurance, and returned to his former occupations with redoubled ardour. He continued to confer benefices on his back-friends the Bonzas; to regulate the whole army of tax-gatherers; to bribe the tribunes, the centurions, the decuriones, and all the inferior mob-drivers of the empire; to hire thoſe pipers who were beſt ſkilled in making the multitude dance, and find out the ableſt artiſts to ſcratch their long ears, and tickle their noſes. Theſe toils were ſweetened by a variety of enjoyments. He poſſeſſed all the pomp of oſtentation; the vanity of levees, the pride of power, the pleaſure of adulation, the happineſs of being kicked by his ſovereign and kiſſed by his Bonzas; and, above all, the delights of the ſtomach and the cloſe-ſtool, which recurred in perpetual ſucceſſion,

and which he ſeemed to enjoy with a particular reliſh: for, it muſt be obſerved, to the honour of Fika-kaka, that what he eagerly received at one end, he as liberally refunded at the other. But as the faculties of his mind were inſufficient to digeſt the greatneſs of power which had fallen to his ſhare, ſo were the organs of his body unable to concoct the enormous maſs of aliments which he ſo greedily ſwallowed. He laboured under an indigeſtion of both; and the vague promiſes which went upwards, as well as the murmurs that paſſed the other way, were no other than eruptive crudities ariſing from the defects of his ſoul and body.

As for Taycho, he confined himſelf to the management of the war. He recalled the general in chief from Fatſiſſio, becauſe he had not done that which he could not poſſibly do; but, inſtead of ſending another on whoſe abilities he could depend, he allowed the direction of the armaments to devolve upon the ſecond in command, whoſe character he could not poſſibly know; becauſe, indeed, he was too obſcure to have any character at all. The fruits of his ſagacity ſoon appeared. The new general Abra-moria, having reconnoitred a poſt of the enemy, which was found too ſtrong to be forced, attacked it without heſitation, and his troops were repulſed and routed with conſiderable ſlaughter. It was lucky for Taycho that the tidings of this diſaſter were qualified by the news of two other advantages which the arms of Japan had gained. A ſeparate corps of troops, under Yaf-frai and Ya-loff, reduced a ſtrong Chineſe fortreſs in the neighbourhood of Fatſiſſio; and a body of Japaneſe, headed by a factor called Ka-liff, obtained a conſiderable victory at Fla-ſao, in the farther extremity of Tartary, where a trading company of Meaco poſſeſſed a commercial ſettlement. The Hydra of Meaco began to ſhake its numerous heads, and growl, when it heard of Abra-moria's defeat. At that inſtant, one of its leaders exclaimed, "Bleſs thy long ears! It was not Taycho that recommended Abra-moria to this command. He was appointed by the Fatimina." This was true. It was likewiſe true that Taycho had allowed him quietly to ſucceed to the command, without knowing any thing of his abilities; it was equally true that Taycho was an utter ſtranger to Yaf-frai and Ya-

loff, who took the fortreſs, as well as to the factor Kaliff, who obtained the victory at the farther end of Tartary. Nevertheleſs, the beaſt cried aloud, "Hang Abramoria! and a fig for the Fatzman. But let the praiſe of Taycho be magnified! It was Taycho that ſubdued the fortreſs in the Iſle Ka-frit-o. It was Taycho that defeated the enemy at Fla-ſao. Yaf-frai has ſlain his thouſands; Ya-loff has ſlain his five thouſands; but Taycho had ſlain his ten thouſands."

Taycho had credit not only for the ſucceſs of the Japaneſe arms, but likewiſe for the victories of Brut-an-tiffi, who had lately been much beholden to fortune. I have already obſerved what a noiſe that Tartar made when the Fatzman of Japan found himſelf obliged to capitulate with the Chineſe general. In conſequence of that event, the war was already at an end with reſpect to the Japaneſe, on the continent of Tartary. The emperor of China took poſſeſſion of the farm of Yeſſo; the peaſants quietly ſubmitted to their new maſters; and thoſe very free-booting Tartar chiefs, who had ſold their ſubjects as ſoldiers, to ſerve under the Fatzman, had already agreed to ſend the very ſame mercenaries into the army of China. It was at this juncture that Brut-an-tiffi exalted his throat. In the preceding campaign he had fought with various ſucceſs. One of his generals had given battle to the Mantchoux Tartars, and each ſide claimed the victory. Another of his leaders had been defeated and taken by the Oſtrog. The Chineſe had already advanced to the frontiers of Brut-an-tiffi's dominions. In this dilemma he exerted himſelf with equal activity and addreſs: he repulſed the Chineſe army with conſiderable loſs; and, in the ſpace of one month after this action, gained a victory over the general of the Oſtrog. Theſe advantages rendered him inſufferably arrogant. He exclaimed againſt the Fatzman; he threatened the Dairo; and, as I have taken notice above, a new army was raiſed at the expence of Japan, to defend him from all future invaſions of the Chineſe. Already the Tartar General Bron-xi-tic, who was veſted at his deſire with the command of the mercenary army of Japan, had given a ſevere check to a ſtrong body of the Chineſe, and even threatened to carry the war into the empire of China; but his progreſs was ſoon ſtopt, and

he was forced to retreat in his turn towards the farm of Yeſſo. But from nothing did orator Taycho reap a full r harveſt of praiſe, than from the conqueſt of Tzin-khall, a ſettlement of the Chineſe on the coaſt of Terra Auſtralis; which conqueſt was planned by a Banyan merchant of Meaco, who had traded on that coaſt, and was particularly known to the king of the country. This royal ſavage was uneaſy at the neighbourhood of the Chineſe, and conjured the merchant, whoſe name was Thum-Khumm-qua, to uſe his influence at the court of Meaco, that an armament ſhould be equipped againſt the ſettlement of Tzin-khall, he himſelf ſolemnly promiſing to cooperate in the reduction of it with all his forces. Thum-Khumm-qua, whoſe zeal for the good of his country got the better of all his prudential maxims, did not fail to repreſent this object in the moſt intereſting points of view. He demonſtrated to Taycho the importance of the ſettlement; that it abounded with ſlaves, ivory, gold, and a precious gum which was not to be found in any other part of the world; a gum in great requeſt all over Aſia, and particularly among the Japaneſe, who were obliged to purchaſe it in time of war at ſecond-hand from their enemies the Chineſe, at an exorbitant price. He demonſtrated that the loſs of this ſettlement would be a terrible wound to the emperor of China; and proved that the conqueſt of it could be achieved at a very trifling expence. He did more. Though by the maxims of his ſect he was reſtrained from engaging in any military enterpriſe, he offered to conduct the armament in perſon, in order the more effectually to keep the king of the country ſteady to his engagements. Though the ſcheme was in itſelf plauſible and practicable, Mr. Orator Taycho ſhuffled and equivocated until the ſeaſon for action was paſt. But Thum-Khumm-qua was indefatigable. He exhorted, he preſſed, he remonſtrated, he complained, and beſieged the orator's houſe in ſuch a manner, that Taycho at length, in order to be rid of his importunity, granted his requeſt. A ſmall armament was fitted out; the Banyan embarked in it, leaving his own private affairs in confuſion; and the ſettlement was reduced according to his prediction. When the news of this conqueſt arrived at Meaco, the multifarious beaſt brayed hoarſe applauſe, and the miniſter Tay-

cho was magnified exceedingly. As for Thum-Khumm-qua, whoſe private fortune was conſumed in the expedition, all the recompence he received, was the conſciouſneſs of having ſerved his country. In vain he reminded Taycho of his promiſes; in vain he recited the miniſter's own letters, in which he had given his word that the Banyan ſhould be liberally rewarded, according to the importance of his ſervices: Taycho was both deaf and blind to all his remonſtrances and repreſentations; and, at laſt, fairly flung the door in his face.

Such was the candour and the gratitude of the incomparable Taycho.—The poor projector Thum-Khumm-qua found himſelf in a piteous caſe, while the whole nation reſounded with joy for the conqueſt which his ſagacity had planned, and his zeal carried into execution. He was not only abandoned by the miniſter Taycho, but alſo renounced by the whole ſect of the Banyans, who looked upon him as a wicked apoſtate, becauſe he had been concerned with thoſe who fought with the arm of fleſh. It was lucky for him that he afterwards found favour with a ſubſequent miniſter, who had not adopted all the maxims of his predeceſſor Taycho.—The only meaſures which this egregious demagogue could hitherto properly call his own, were theſe: His ſubſidiary treaty with Brutan-tiffi; his raiſing an immenſe army of mercenaries to act in Tartary for the benefit of that prince; his exacting an incredible ſum of money from the people of Japan; and, finally, two ſucceſſive armaments which he had ſent to annoy the ſea-coaſt of China. I have already given an account of the firſt, the intent of which was fruſtrated by a miſtake in the perſpectives. The other was more fortunate in the beginning. Taycho had, by the force of his genius, diſcovered that nothing ſo effectually deſtroyed the oiled paper which the Chineſe uſe in their windows inſtead of glaſs, as the gold coin called Oban, when diſcharged from a military engine at a proper diſtance. He found that gold was more compact, more heavy, more malleable, and more manageable, than any other metal or ſubſtance that he knew: he therefore provided a great quantity of obans, and a good body of ſlingers; and theſe being conveyed to the coaſt of China in a ſquadron of Junc, as none of the Chineſe appeared to oppoſe theſe hoſtilities,

a ſelect number of the troops were employed to make ducks and drakes with the obans, on the ſuppoſition that this diverſion would allure the enemy to the ſea-ſide, where they might be knocked on the head without further trouble; but the care of their own ſafety got the better of their curioſity on this occaſion; and fifty thouſand obans were expended in this manner, without bringing one Chineſe from his lurking-hole. Conſiderable damage was done to the windows of the enemy. Then the forces were landed in a village which they found deſerted. Here they burned ſome fiſhing-boats; and from hence they carried off ſome military machines, which were brought to Meaco, and conveyed through the ſtreets in proceſſion, amidſt the acclamations of the Hydra, who ſung the praiſe of Taycho.—Elevated by this triumph, the miniſter ſent forth the ſame armament a ſecond time under a new general of his own chooſing, whoſe name was Hylib-bib, who had long entertained an opinion, that the inhabitants of China were not beings of fleſh and blood, but mere fantaſtic ſhadows, who could neither offend nor be offended. Full of this opinion, he made a deſcent on the coaſt of that empire; and to convince his followers that his notion was right, he advanced ſome leagues into the country, without having taken any precautions to ſecure a retreat, leaving the Fune at anchor upon an open beach. Some people alleged that he depended upon the ſagacity of an engineer recommended to him by Taycho; which engineer had ſuch an excellent noſe, that he could ſmell a Chineſe at the diſtance of ten leagues; but it ſeems the ſcent failed him at this juncture. Perhaps the Chineſe general had trailed ruſty bacon and other odoriferous ſubſtances to confound his ſenſe of ſmelling. Perhaps no dew had fallen over night, and a ſtrong breeze blew towards the enemy. Certain it is, Hylib-bib, in the evening, received repeated intelligence that he was within half a league of a Chineſe general, at the head of a body of troops greatly ſuperior in number to the Japaneſe forces which he himſelf commanded. He ſtill believed it was all illuſion; and, when he heard their drums beat, declared it was no more than a ridiculous enchantment. He thought proper, however, to retreat towards the ſea-ſide; but this he did with great deliber-

tion, after having given the enemy fair notice by beat of drum. His motions were ſo ſlow, that he took ſeven hours to march three miles. When he reached the ſhore where the Fune were at anchor, he ſaw the whole body of the Chineſe drawn up on a riſing ground ready to begin the attack. He ordered his rear-guard to face about, on the ſuppoſition that the phantoms would diſappear as ſoon as they ſhowed their faces; but finding himſelf miſtaken, and perceiving ſome of his own people to drop, in conſequence of miſſiles that came from the enemy, he very calmly embarked with his van, leaving his rear to amuſe the Chineſe, by whom they were, in leſs than five minutes, either maſſacred or taken. From this ſmall diſgrace the general deduced two important corollaries; firſt, that the Chineſe were actually material beings, capable of impulſion; and, ſecondly, that his engineer's noſe was not altogether infallible. The people of Meaco did not ſeem to reliſh the experiments by which theſe ideas were aſcertained. The monſter was heard to grunt in different ſtreets of the metropolis; and theſe notes of diſcontent produced the uſual effect in the bowels of Fika-kaka; but orator Taycho had his flowers of rhetoric and his bowl of mandragora in readineſs. He aſſured them that Hylibbib ſhould be employed for the future in keeping ſheep on the iſland of Xicoco, and the engineer be ſent to hunt truffles on the mountains of Ximo. Then he tendered his doſe, which the Hydra ſwallowed with ſigns of pleaſure; and, laſtly, he mounted upon its back, and rode in triumph under the windows of the aſtoniſhed Cuboy, who, while he ſhifted his trowſers, exclaimed in a rapture of joy, "All hail, Taycho, thou prince of monſter-taming men! the Dairo ſhall kick thy poſteriors, and I will kiſs them in token of approbation and applauſe."

The time was now come when fortune, which had hitherto ſmiled upon the Chineſe arms, reſolved to turn tail to that vain-glorious nation; and preciſely at the ſame inſtant Taycho undertook to diſplay his whole capacity in the management of the war. But before he aſſumed this province, it was neceſſary that he ſhould eſtabliſh a deſpotiſm in the council of Twenty-eight, ſome members of which had ſtill the preſumption to offer their advice towards the adminiſtration of affairs. This council being

aſſembled by the Dairo's order, to deliberate upon the objects of the next campaign, the preſident began by aſking the opinion of Taycho, who was the youngeſt member; upon which the orator made no articulate reply, but cried, "Ba-ba-ba-ba!" The Dairo exclaimed "Boh!" The Fatzman ejaculated the interjection "Piſh!" The Cuboy ſat in ſilent aſtoniſhment. Gotto-mio ſwore the man was dumb, and hinted ſomething of lunacy. Fokſi-rokhu ſhook his head; and Soo-ſan-ſin-o ſhrugged up his ſhoulders. At length Fika-kaka going round, and kiſſing Taycho on the forehead, "My dear boy (cried he)!—Gad's curſe! what's the matter? Do but open the ſluices of your eloquence once more, my dear orator;—let us have one ſimile—one dear ſimile, and then I ſhall die contented.—With reſpect to the operations of the campaign, don't you think"—Here he was interrupted with "Ka, ka, ka, ka!" "Heighday (cried the Cuboy)! Ba-ba-ba, ka-ka-ka! that's the language of children!" "And children you ſhall be (exclaimed the orator). Here is a twopenny trumpet for the amuſement of the illuſtrious Got-hama-baba; a ſword of gingerbread covered with gold leaf for the Fatzman; and a rattle for my lord Cuboy. I have likewiſe ſugar-plumbs for the reſt of the council." So ſaying, he, without ceremony, advanced to the Dairo, and tied a ſcarf round the eyes of his imperial majeſty: then he produced a number of padlocks, and ſealed up the lips of every Quo in council, before they could recollect themſelves from their firſt aſtoniſhment. The aſſembly broke up abruptly; and the Dairo was conducted to his cabinet by the Fatzman and the Cuboy, which laſt endeavoured to divert the chagrin of his royal maſter, by blowing the trumpet and ſhaking the rattle in his ears; but Got-hama-baba could not be ſo eaſily appeaſed. He growled like an enraged bear at the indignity which had been offered to him, and kicked the Cuboy before as well as behind. Mr. Orator Taycho was fain to come to an explanation. He aſſured the Dairo it was neceſſary that his imperial majeſty ſhould remain in the dark, and that the whole council ſhould be muzzled for a ſeaſon, otherwiſe he could not accompliſh the great things he had projected in favour of the farm of Yeſſo. He declared, that while his majeſty remained blindfold, he would enjoy all his other

ſenſes in greater perfection; that his ears would be every day regaled with the ſhouts of triumph, conveyed in notes of uncommon melody; and that the leſs quantity of animal ſpirits was expended in viſion, the greater proportion would flow to his extremities; conſequently, his pleaſure would be more acute in his pedeſtrian exercitations upon the Cuboy and others whom he delighted to honour. He therefore exhorted him to undergo a total privation of eye-ſight, which was at beſt a troubleſome faculty, that expoſed mankind to a great variety of diſagreeable ſpectacles. This was a propoſal which the Dairo did not reliſh; on the contrary, he waxed exceedingly wroth, and told the orator he would rather enjoy one tranſient glance of the farm of Yeſſo, than the moſt exquiſite delights that could be procured for all the other ſenſes. "To gratify your majeſty with that ineffable pleaſure (cried Taycho), I have devoted myſelf, ſoul and body, and even reconciled contradictions. I have renounced all my former principles, without forfeiting the influence which, by profeſſing thoſe principles, I had gained. I have obtained the moſt aſtoniſhing victories over common ſenſe, and even refuted mathematical demonſtration. The many-headed mob, which no former demagogue could ever tame, I have taught to fetch and to carry, to dance to my pipe, to bray to my tune, to ſwallow what I preſent without murmuring, to lick my feet when I am angry, and kiſs the rod when I think proper to chaſtiſe it. I have done more, my liege; I have prepared a drench for it, which, like Lethe, waſhes away the remembrance of what is paſt, and takes away all ſenſe of its own condition. I have ſwept away all the money of the empire; and perſuaded the people not only to beggar themſelves, but likewiſe to entail indigence upon their lateſt poſterity; and all for the ſake of Yeſſo. It is by dint of theſe efforts I have been able to ſubſidize Brut-an-tiffi, and raiſe an army of one hundred thouſand men to defend your imperial majeſty's farm, which, were the entire property of it brought to market, would not fetch one-third part of the ſums which are now yearly expended in its defence. I ſhall ſtrike but one great ſtroke in the country of Fatſiſſio, and then turn the whole ſtream of the war into the channel of Tartary, until the barren plains of Yeſſo are fertilized with human

blood. In the mean time, I muſt inſiſt upon your majeſty's continuing in the dark, and amuſing yourſelf in your cabinet with the trumpet and other gewgaws which I have provided for your diverſion, otherwiſe I quit the reins of adminiſtration, and turn the monſter out of my trammels; in which caſe, like the dog that returns to its vomit, it will not fail to take up its former prejudices againſt Yeſſo, which I have with ſuch pains obliged it to reſign."—"O my dear Taycho (cried the affrighted Dairo)! talk not of leaving me in ſuch a dreadful dilemma. Rather than the dear farm ſhould fall into the hands of the Chineſe, I would be contented to be led about blindfold all the days of my life.—Proceed in your own way. —I inveſt you with full power and authority, not only to gag my whole council, but even to nail their ears to the pillory, ſhould it be found neceſſary for the benefit of Yeſſo. In token of which delegation, preſent your poſteriors, and I will beſtow upon you a double portion of my favour." Taycho humbly thanked his imperial majeſty for the great honour he intended him; but begged leave to decline the ceremony, on account of the hemorrhoids, which at that time gave him great diſturbance.

The orator having thus annihilated all oppoſition in the council of Twenty-eight, repaired to his own houſe, in order to plan the operations of the enſuing campaign. Though he had reinforced the army in Tartary with the flower of the Japaneſe ſoldiery, and deſtined a ſtrong ſquadron of Fune, as uſual, to parade on the coaſt of China, he foreſaw it would be neceſſary to amuſe the people with ſome new ſtroke on the ſide of Fatſiſſio, which indeed was the original and the moſt natural ſcene of the war. He locked himſelf up in his cloſet; and conſulting the map of Fatſiſſio, he found that the principal Chineſe ſettlement of that iſland was a fortified town called Quibquab, to which there was acceſs by two different avenues; one by a broad, rapid, navigable river, on the banks of which the town was ſituated; and the other by an inland route over mountains, lakes, and dangerous torrents. He meaſured the map with his compaſs, and perceived that both routes were nearly of the ſame length; and therefore he reſolved that the forces in Fatſiſſio, being divided into two equal bodies, ſhould approach the place by the

two different avenues, on the ſuppoſition that they would both arrive before the walls of Quib-quab at the ſame inſtant of time. The conduct of the inland expedition was given to Yaff-rai, who now commanded in chief in Fatſiſſio; and the reſt of the troops were ſent up the great river, under the auſpices of Ya-loff, who had ſo eminently diſtinguiſhed himſelf in the courſe of the preceding year.

Orator Taycho had received ſome articles of intelligence which embarraſſed him a little at firſt; but theſe difficulties ſoon vaniſhed before the vigour of his reſolutions. He knew that not only the town of Quib-quab was fortified by art, but alſo, that the whole adjacent country was almoſt impregnable by nature: that one Chineſe general blocked up the paſſes with a ſtrong body of forces, in the route which was to be followed by Yaff-rai; and that another commanded a ſeparate corps in the neighbourhood of Quib-quab, equal, at leaſt, in number to the detachment of Ya-loff, whom he might therefore either prevent from landing, or attack after he ſhould be landed: or finally, ſhould neither of theſe attempts ſucceed, he might reinforce the garriſon of Quib-quab, ſo as to make it more numerous than the beſieging army, which, according to the rules of war, ought to be ten times the number of the beſieged. On the other hand, in order to invalidate theſe objections, he reflected that fortune, which had ſuch a ſhare in all military events, is inconſtant and variable; that as the Chineſe had been ſo long ſucceſsful in Fatſiſſio, it was now their turn to be unfortunate. He reflected that the demon of folly was capricious; and that as it had ſo long poſſeſſed the rulers and generals of Japan, it was high time it ſhould ſhift its quarters, and occupy the brains of the enemy; in which caſe they would quit their advantageous poſts, and commit ſome blunder that would lay them at the mercy of the Japaneſe.—With reſpect to the reduction of Quib-quab, he had heard, indeed, that the beſiegers ought to be ten times the number of the garriſon beſieged; but as every Japaneſe was equivalent to ten ſubjects of China, he thought the match was pretty equal. He reflected, that even if this expedition ſhould not ſucceed, it would be of little conſequence to his reputation, as he could plead at home, that he neither con-

ceived the original plan, nor appointed any of the officers concerned in the execution. It is true, he might have reinforced the army in Fatſiſſio, ſo as to leave very little to fortune: but then he muſt have ſubtracted ſomething from the ſtrength of the operations in Tartary, which was now become the favourite ſcene of the war; or he muſt have altogether ſuſpended the execution of another darling ſcheme, which was literally his own conception. There was an iſland in the great Indian ocean at a conſiderable diſtance from Fatſiſſio; and here the Chineſe had a ſtrong ſettlement. Taycho was inflamed with the ambition of reducing this iſland, which was called Thin-quo; and for this purpoſe he reſolved to embark a body of forces which ſhould co-operate with the ſquadron of Fune, deſtined to cruize in thoſe latitudes. The only difficulty that remained was to chooſe a general to direct this enterpriſe. He peruſed a liſt of all the military officers in Japan; and as they were all equal in point of reputation, he began to examine their names, in order to pitch upon that which ſhould appear to be the moſt ſignificant: and in this particular, Taycho was a little ſuperſtitious. Not but that ſurnames, when properly beſtowed, might be rendered very uſeful terms of diſtinction: but I muſt tell thee, Peacock, nothing can be more prepoſterouſly abſurd than the practice of inheriting *cognomina*, which ought ever to be purely perſonal. I would aſk thee, for example, what propriety there was in giving the name *Xenophon*, which ſignifies *one that ſpeaks a foreign language*, to the celebrated Greek who diſtinguiſhed himſelf, not only as a conſummate captain, but alſo as an elegant writer in his mother tongue? What could be more ridiculous than to denominate the great philoſopher of Crotona, *Pythagoras*, which implies a *ſtinking ſpeech*? Or what could be more miſapplied than the name of the weeping philoſopher *Heraclitus*, ſignifying *military glory*? The inheritance of ſurnames among the Romans, produced ſtill more ludicrous conſequences. The beſt and nobleſt families in Rome derived their names from the coarſeſt employments, or elſe from the corporeal blemiſhes of their anceſtors. The *Piſones* were millers: the *Cicerones* and the *Lentuli* were ſo called from the *vetches* and the *lentils* which their forefathers dealt in. The *Fabii* were ſo denominated

from a dung-pit, in which the firſt of the family was begot by ſtealth in the way of fornication. A ploughman gave riſe to the great family of the *Serrani*, the ladies of which always went without ſmocks. The *Suilli*, the *Bubulci*, and the *Porci*, were deſcended from a ſwine-herd, a cow-herd, and a hog-butcher.—What could be more diſgraceful than to call the ſenator *Strabo*, *Squintum*; or a fine young lady of the houſe of *Pæti*, *Pigſnies?* or to diſtinguiſh a matron of the *Limi*, by the appellation of *Sheep's-eye?*—What could be more diſhonourable than to give the ſurname of *Snub-noſe* to *P. Silius*, the proprætor, becauſe his great-great-great-grandfather had a noſe of that make? Ovid, indeed, had a long noſe, and therefore was juſtly denominated *Naſo*: but why ſhould Horace be called *Flaccus*, as if his ears had been ſtretched in the pillory: I need not mention the *Burrhi*, *Nigri*, *Rufi*, *Aquilii*, and *Rutilii*, becauſe we have the ſame fooliſh ſurnames in England; and even the *Lappa*; for I myſelf know a very pretty miſs called *Rough-head*, though in fact there is not a young lady in the Bills of Mortality, who takes more pains to dreſs her hair to the beſt advantage. The famous dictator whom the deputies of Rome found at the plough, was known by the name of *Cincinnatus*, or *Ragged-head*. Now I leave you to judge how it would ſound in theſe days, if a footman at the play-houſe ſhould call out, "*My Lady Ragged-head's coach. Room for my Lady Ragged-head.*" I am doubtful whether the Engliſh name of *Hale* does not come from the Roman cognomen *Hala*, which ſignified *ſtinking breath*. What need I mention the *Plauti*, *Panci*, *Valgi*, *Vari*, *Vatiæ*, and *Scauri*; the *Tuditani*, the *Malici*, *Ceneſtellæ*, and *Leccæ*; in other words, the *Splay-foots*, *Bandy-legs*, *Shamble-ſhins*, *Baker-knees*, *Club-foots*, *Hammer-heads*, *Chubby-cheeks*, *Bald-heads*, and *Letchers*. I ſhall not ſay a word of the *Buteo* or *Buzzard*, that I may not be obliged to explain the meaning of the word *Triorchis*, from whence it takes its denomination; yet all thoſe were great families in Rome. But I cannot help taking notice of ſome of the ſame improprieties which have crept into the language and cuſtoms of this country. Let us ſuppoſe, for example, a foreigner reading an Engliſh newſpaper in theſe terms: Laſt Tueſday the Right Honourable *Timothy Sillyman*, ſecretary of ſtate for the ſouthern de-

partment, gave a grand entertainment to the nobility and gentry at his houſe in *Knave's-acre*. The evening was concluded with a ball, which was opened by Sir *Samuel Hog*, and Lady *Diana Rough-head*.—We hear there is purpoſe of marriage between Mr. Alderman *Small-cock* and Miſs *Harriot Hair-ſtones*, a young lady of great fortune and ſuperlative merit.—By the laſt mail from Germany, we have certain advice of a complete victory which General *Coward* has obtained over the enemy. On this occaſion the general diſplayed all the intrepidity of the moſt renowned hero: by the ſame canal we are informed, that Lieutenant *Little-fear* has been broke by a court-martial for cowardice. We hear that *Edward Weſt*, Eſq. will be elected preſident of the directors of the *Eaſt-India* company for the enſuing year. It is reported that Commodore *North* will be ſent with a ſquadron into the *South-Sea*. Captains *Eaſt* and *South* are appointed by the Lords of the Admiralty, commanders of two frigates to ſail on the diſcovery of the *North-weſt* paſſage. Yeſterday morning Sir *John Summer*, Bart. lay dangerouſly ill at his houſe in *Spring-garden*: he is attended by Dr. *Winter*: but there are no hopes of his recovery. Saturday laſt *Philip Froſt*, a dealer in *Gunpowder*, died at his houſe in *Snow-hill*, of a high fever caught by overheating himſelf, in walking for a wager from *No Man's Land* to the *World's End*. Laſt week Mr. *John Fog*, teacher of aſtronomy in Rotherhithe, was married to the widow *Fairweather* of *Puddledock*. We hear from Bath, that on Thurſday laſt a duel was fought on Lanſdown, by Captain *Sparrow* and *Richard Hawke*, Eſq. in which the latter was mortally wounded. Friday laſt ended the ſeſſions at the Old Bailey, when the following perſons received ſentence of death. *Leonard Lamb*, for the murder of *Julius Wolf*; and *Henry Grave*, for robbing and aſſaulting Dr. *Death*, whereby the ſaid *Death* was put in fear of his life. *Giles Goſling*, for defrauding *Simon Fox* of four guineas and his watch, by ſubtle craft, was tranſported for ſeven years; and *David Drinkwater* was ordered to be ſet in the ſtocks, as an habitual drunkard. The trial of *Thomas Green*, whitſter at Fulham, for a rape on the body of *Flora White*, a mulatto, was put off till next ſeſſions, on account of the abſence of two material evidences, viz. *Sarah Brown*, clear-

ſtarcher of *Pimlico*, and *Anthony Black*, ſcarlet-dyer of *Wandſworth*." I aſk thee, Peacock, whether a ſenſible foreigner, who underſtood the literal meaning of theſe names, which are all truly Britiſh, would not think ye were a nation of humoriſts, who delighted in croſs-purpoſes and ludicrous ſingularity? But, indeed, ye are not more abſurd in this particular, than ſome of your neighbours. I know a Frenchman of the name of *Bouvier*, which ſignifies *Cow-keeper*, pique himſelf upon his nobleſſe; and a general called *Valavoir*, is ſaid to have loſt his life by the whimſical impropriety of his ſurname, which ſignifies * *Go and ſee*. You may remember an Italian miniſter called *Groſſa-teſta*, or *Great-head*, though in fact he had ſcarce any head at all. That nation has, likewiſe, its *Sforzas*, *Malateſtas*, *Boccanigras*, *Porcinas*, *Giudices*; its *Colonnas*, *Muratorios*, *Medicis*, and *Gozzi*; *Endeavours*, *Chuckle-heads*, *Black Muzzles*, *Hogs*, *Judges*, *Pillars*, *Maſons*, *Leeches*, and *Chubby-chops*. Spain has its *Almohadas*, *Girones*, *Utreras*, *Urſinas*, and *Zapatas*; ſignifying *Cuſhions*, *Gores*, *Bullocks*, *Bears*, and *Slippers*. The Turks, in other reſpects a ſenſible people, fall into the ſame extravagance, with reſpect to the inheritance of ſurnames. An Armenian merchant, to whom I once belonged at Aleppo, uſed to dine at the houſe of a cook, whoſe name was *Clock-maker*; and the handſomeſt Ichoglan in the Baſhaw's ſeraglio was ſurnamed *Crook-back*. If we may believe the hiſtorian *Buck*, there was the ſame impropriety in the ſame epithet beſtowed upon Richard III. king of England, who, he ſays, was one of the beſt-made men of the age in which he lived: but here I muſt contradict the ſaid *Buck*, from my own knowledge. Richard had, undoubtedly, one ſhoulder higher than the other, and his left arm was a little ſhrunk and contracted: but notwithſtanding the ungracious colours in which he has been drawn by the flatterers of the houſe of Lancaſter, I can aſſure thee, Peacock, that Richard was a prince of a very agreeable aſpect, and excelled in every perſonal

* The general taking a ſolitary walk in the evening, was queſtioned by a ſentinel, and anſwered, "Va la voir." The ſoldier taking the words in the literal ſenſe, repeated the challenge: he was anſwered in the ſame manner; and being affronted, fired upon the general, who fell dead on the ſpot.

accompliſhment; neither was his heart a ſtranger to the ſofter paſſions of tenderneſs and pity. The very night that preceded the fatal battle of Boſworth, in which he loſt his life, he went in diſguiſe to the houſe of a farmer in the neighbourhood, to viſit an infant ſon there boarded, who was the fruit of an amour between him and a young lady of the firſt condition. Upon this occaſion, he embraced the child with all the marks of paternal affection, and doubtful of the iſſue of the approaching battle, ſhed a flood of tears at parting from him; after having recommended him to the particular care of his nurſe, to whom he gave money and jewels to a conſiderable value. After the cataſtrophe of Richard, this houſe was plundered, and the nurſe with difficulty eſcaped to another part of the country; but as the enemies of Richard now prevailed, ſhe never durſt reveal the ſecret of the boy's birth; and he was bred up as her own ſon to the trade of brick-laying, in which character he lived and died in an advanced age in London. Moreover, it is but juſtice in me, who conſtituted part of one of Richard's yeomen of the guard, to aſſure thee that this prince was not ſo wicked and cruel as he has been repreſented. The only ſhare he had in the death of his brother Clarence, was his forbearing to interpoſe in the behalf of that prince with their elder brother king Edward IV. who, in fact, was the greateſt brute of the whole family: neither did he poiſon his own wife; nor employ aſſaſſins to murder his two nephews in the tower. Both the boys were given by Tyrrel in charge to a German Jew, with directions to breed them up as his own children, in a remote country; and the eldeſt died of a fever at Embden, and the other afterwards appeared as claimant of the Engliſh crown: all the world knows how he finiſhed his career under the name of Perkin Warbeck. So much for the abuſe of ſurnames, in the inveſtigation of which I might have uſed thy own by way of illuſtration; for, if thou and all thy generation were put to the rack, they would not be able to give any tolerable reaſon why thou ſhouldeſt be called *Peacock* rather than *Crab-louſe*. But it is now high time to return to the thread of our narration. Taycho, having conſidered the liſt of officers, without finding one name which implied any active virtue, reſolved that the choice

ſhould depend upon accident. He huſtled them all together in his cap, and putting in his hand at random, drew forth that of Hob-nob; a perſon who had grown old in obſcurity, without ever having found an opportunity of being concerned in actual ſervice. His very name was utterly unknown to Fika-kaka; and this circumſtance the orator conſidered, as a lucky omen; for the Cuboy had ſuch a remarkable knack at finding out the leaſt qualified ſubjects, and overlooking merit, his new colleague concluded (not without ſome ſhadow of reaſon) that Hob-nob's being unknown to the prime miniſter, was a ſort of negative preſumption in favour of his character. This officer was accordingly placed at the head of an armament, and ſent againſt the iſland of Thin-quo, in the conqueſt of which he was to be ſupported by a ſquadron of Fune already in thoſe latitudes, under the command of the chief He-Rhumn.

The voyage was performed without loſs: the troops were landed without oppoſition. They had already advanced towards a riſing ground which commanded the principal town of the iſland, and He-Rhumn had offered to land and draw the artillery by the mariners of his ſquadron, when Hob-nob had a dream which diſconcerted all his meaſures. He dreamed that he entertained all the iſlanders in the temple of the White Horſe; and that his own grandmother did the honours of the table. Indeed he could not have performed a greater act of charity; for they were literally in danger of periſhing by famine. Having conſulted his interpreter on this extraordinary dream, he was given to underſtand that the omen was unlucky; that if he perſiſted in his hoſtilities, he himſelf would be taken priſoner, and offered up as a ſacrifice to the idol of the place. While he ruminated on this unfavourable reſponſe, the principal inhabitants of the iſland aſſembled, in order to deliberate upon their own deplorable ſituation. They had neither troops, arms, fortifications, nor proviſion, and deſpaired of ſupplies, as the fleet of Japan ſurrounded the iſland. In this emergency, they determined to ſubmit without oppoſition; and appointed a deputation to go and make a tender of the iſland to general Hob-nob. This deputation, preceded by white flags of truce, the Japaneſe commander no ſooner deſcried,

than he thought upon the interpretation of his dream. He miſtook the deputies with their white-flags for the Bonzas of the idol to which he was to be ſacrificed; and, being ſorely troubled in mind, ordered the troops to be immediately re-embarked, notwithſtanding the exhortations of He-Rhumn, and the remonſtrances of Rha-rin-tumm, the ſecond in command, who uſed a number of arguments to diſſuade him from his purpoſe. The deputies ſeeing the enemy in motion, made a halt, and after they were fairly on board, returned to the town, ſinging hymns in praiſe of the idol Fo, who, they imagined, had confounded the underſtanding of the Japaneſe general.

The attempt upon Thin-quo having thus miſcarried, Hob-nob declared he would return to Japan; but was with great difficulty perſuaded by the commander of the Fune and his own ſecond, to make a deſcent upon another iſland belonging to the Chineſe, called *Qua-chu*, where they aſſured him he would meet with no oppoſition. As he had no dream to deter him from this attempt, he ſuffered himſelf to be perſuaded, and actually made good his landing: but the horror occaſioned by the apparition of his grandmother had made ſuch an impreſſion upon his mind, as affected the conſtitution of his body. Before he was viſited by another ſuch viſion, he ſickened and died; and in conſequence of his death, Rha-rin-tumm and He-Rhumn made a conqueſt of the iſland of Qua-chu, which was much more valuable than Thin-quo, the firſt and ſole object of the expedition. When the firſt news of this ſecond deſcent arrived in Japan, the miniſtry were in the utmoſt confuſion. Mr. Orator Taycho did not ſcruple to declare that general Hob-nob had miſbehaved; firſt, in relinquiſhing Thin-quo, upon ſuch a frivolous pretence as the ſuppoſed apparition of an old woman; ſecondly, in attempting the conqueſt of another place, which was not ſo much as mentioned in his inſtructions. The truth is, the importance of Qua-chu was not known to the cabinet of Japan. Fika-kaka believed it was ſome place on the continent of Tartary, and exclaimed in a violent paſſion, "Rot the block-head, Hob-nob; he'll have an army of Chineſe on his back in a twinkling!" When the preſident Soo-ſan-ſin-o aſſured him that Qua-chu was a rich iſland at an immenſe diſtance from the

continent of Tartary, the Cuboy inſiſted upon kiſſing his excellency's poſteriors for the agreeable information he had received. In a few weeks arrived the tidings of the iſland's being totally reduced by Rha-rin-tumm and He-Rhumn.—Then the conqueſt was publiſhed throughout the empire of Japan, with every circumſtance of exaggeration. The blatant beaſt brayed applauſe. The rites of Fakku-baſi were celebrated with unuſual ſolemnity; and hymns of triumph were ſung to the glory of the great Taycho. Even the Cuboy arrogated to himſelf ſome ſhare of the honour gained by this expedition; inaſmuch as the general Rha-rin-tumm was the brother of his friend Mr. Secretary *No-bo-dy*. Fika-kaka gave a grand entertainment at his palace, where he appeared crowned with a garland of the *Tſikk-buraſiba*, or laurel of Japan; and eat ſo much of the ſoup of *Joniku* or famous *Swallow's-neſt*, that he was for three days troubled with flatulencies and indigeſtion.

In the midſt of all this feſtivity, the emperor ſtill growled and grumbled about Yeſſo. His new ally Brut-an-tiffi had met with a variety of fortune, and even ſuffered ſome ſhocks, which Orator Taycho, with all his art, could not keep from the knowledge of the Dairo.—He had been ſeverely drubbed by the Mantchoux, who had advanced for that purpoſe even to his court-yard; but this was nothing in compariſon to another diſaſter, from which he had a hair-breadth eſcape. The Great Khan had employed one of his moſt wily and enterpriſing chiefs to ſeize Brut-an-tiffi by ſurpriſe, that he might be brought to juſtice, and executed as a felon and perturbator of the public peace. Kunt-than, who was the partiſan pitched upon for this ſervice, practiſed a thouſand ſtratagems to decoy Brut-an-tiffi into a careleſs ſecurity; but he was ſtill baffled by the vigilance of Yam-a-Kheit, a famous ſoldier of fortune, who had engaged in the ſervice of the outlawed Tartar. At length the opportunity offered when this captain was ſent out to lay the country under contribution. Then Kunt-than marching ſolely in the dead of night, caught Brut-an-tiffi napping. He might have ſlain him upon the ſpot; but his orders were to take him alive, that he might be made a public example. Accordingly, his centinels being diſpatched, he was pulled out of bed, and his hands

were already tied with cords, like thoſe of a common malefactor, when, by his roaring and bellowing, he gave the alarm to Yam-a-Kheit, who chanced to be in the neighbourhood, returning from his excurſion.—He made all the haſte he could, and came up in the very nick of time to ſave his maſter. He fell upon the party of Kunt-than with ſuch fury, that they were fain to quit their prey: then he cut the fetters of Brut-an-tiſſi, who took to his heels and fled with incredible expedition, leaving his preſerver in the midſt of his enemies, by whom he was overpowered, ſtruck from his horſe, and trampled to death. The grateful Tartar not only deſerted this brave captain in ſuch extremity, but he alſo took care to aſperſe his memory, by inſinuating that Yam-a-Kheit had undertaken to watch him while he took his repoſe, and had himſelf fallen aſleep upon his poſt, by which neglect of duty the Oſtrog had been enabled to penetrate into his quarters. 'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good:—the ſame diſaſter that deprived him of a good officer, afforded him an opportunity to ſhift the blame of neglect from his own ſhoulders to thoſe of a perſon who could not anſwer for himſelf. In the ſame manner, your general A——y acquitted himſelf of the charge of miſconduct for the attack of T——a, by accuſing his engineer, who, having fallen in the battle, could not contradict his aſſertion. In regard to the affair with the Mantchoux, Brut-an-tiſſi was reſolved to ſwear truth out of Tartary by mere dint of impudence. In the very article of running away, he began to propagate the report of the great victory he had obtained. He ſent the Dairo a circumſtantial detail of his own proweſs, and expatiated upon the cowardice of the Mantchoux, who, he ſaid, had vaniſhed from him like quick-ſilver, at the very time when they were quietly poſſeſſed of the field of battle, and he himſelf was calling upon the mountains to cover him. It muſt have been in imitation of this great original, that the inſpector, of tympanitical memory, aſſured the public in one of his lucubrations, that a certain tall Hibernian was afraid of looking him in the face, becauſe the ſaid poltroon had kicked his breech the night before in preſence of five hundred people.

Fortune had now abandoned the Chineſe in good ear-

neſt. Two ſquadrons of their Fune had been ſucceſſively taken, deſtroyed, or diſperſed, by the Japaneſe commanders, Or-nbos and Faſ-khan; and they had loſt ſuch a number of ſingle junks, that they were ſcarce able to keep the ſea. On the coaſt of Africa, they were driven from the ſettlement of Kho-rhé, by the commander Kha-fell. In the extremity of Aſia, they had an army totally defeated by the Japaneſe captain Khutt-whang, and many of their ſettlements were taken. In Fatſiſſio, they loſt another battle to Yan-oni, and divers ſtrong holds. In the neighbourhood of Yeſſo, Bron-xi-tic, who commanded the mercenary army of Japan on that continent, had been obliged to retreat before the Chineſe from poſt to pillar, till at length he found it abſolutely neceſſary to maintain his poſition, even at the riſk of being attacked by the enemy, that outnumbered him greatly. He choſe an advantageous poſt, where he thought himſelf ſecure, and went to ſleep at his uſual time of reſt. The Chineſe general reſolving to beat up his quarters in the night, ſelected a body of horſe for that purpoſe, and put them in motion accordingly. It was happy for Bron-xi-tic that this detachment fell upon a quarter where there happened to be a kennel of Japaneſe dogs, which are as famous as the bull dogs of England. Theſe animals, ever on the watch, not only gave the alarm, but at the ſame time fell upon the Chineſe horſes with ſuch impetuoſity, that the enemy were diſordered, and had actually fled before Bron-xi-tic could bring up his troops to action. All that he ſaw of the battle, when he came up, was a ſmall number of killed and wounded, and the cavalry of the enemy ſcampering off in confuſion, though at a great diſtance from the field. No matter;—he found means to paint this famous battle of Myn-than in ſuch colours as dazzled the weak eye-ſight of the Japaneſe monſter, which bellowed hoarſe applauſe through all its throats; and in its hymns of triumph equalled Bron-xi-tic even to the unconquerable Brut-an-tiſſi; which laſt, about this time, received at his own door another beating from the Mantchoux, ſo ſevere that he lay for ſome time without exhibiting any ſigns of life; and, indeed, owed his ſafety to a very extraordinary circumſtance. An Oſtrog chief called Llha-dahn, who had reinforced the Mantchoux with a very conſiderable body

of horſe before the battle, inſiſted upon carrying off the carcaſe of Brut-an-tiffi, that it might be hung up on a gibbet *in terrorem*, before the pavilion of the great Khan. The general of the Mantchoux, on the other hand, declared he would have it flayed upon the ſpot, and the ſkin ſent as a trophy to his ſovereign. This diſpute produced a great deal of abuſe betwixt thoſe barbarians; and it was with great difficulty ſome of their inferior chiefs, who were wiſer than themſelves, prevented them from going by the ears together. In a word, the confuſion and anarchy that enſued, afforded an opportunity to one of Brut-an-tiffi's partiſans to ſteal away the body of his maſter, whom the noiſe of the conteſt had juſt rouſed from his ſwoon. Llha-dahn perceiving he was gone, rode off in diſguſt with all his cavalry; and the Mantchoux, inſtead of following the blow, made a retrograde motion towards their own country, which allowed Brut-an-tiſſi time to breathe. Three ſucceſſive diſaſters of this kind would have been ſufficient to lower the military character of any warrior, in the opinion of any public that judged from their own ſenſes and reflection; but by this time the Japaneſe had quietly reſigned all their natural perceptions, and paid the moſt implicit faith to every article broached by their apoſtle Taycho. The more it ſeemed to contradict common reaſon and common evidence, the more greedily was it ſwallowed as a myſterious dogma of the political creed. Taycho then aſſured them that the whole army of the Mantchoux was put to the ſword; and that Bron-xi-tic would carry the war within three weeks into the heart of China; he gave them goblets of horſe-blood from Myn-than; and tickled their ears and their noſes: they ſnorted approbation, licked his toes, and ſunk into a profound lethargy.

From this, however, they were ſoon arouſed by unwelcome tidings from Fatſiſſio. Yaff-rai had proceeded in his route until he was ſtopped by a vaſt lake, which he could not poſſibly traverſe without boats, cork-jackets, or ſome ſuch expedient, which could not be ſupplied for that campaign. Ya-loff had ſailed up the river to Quibquab, which he found ſo ſtrongly fortified by nature, that it ſeemed raſhneſs even to attempt a landing, eſpecially in the face of an enemy more numerous than his own de-

tachment. Land, however, he did, and even attacked a fortified camp of the Chineſe; but, in ſpite of all his efforts, he was repulſed with conſiderable ſlaughter. He ſent an account of this miſcarriage to Taycho, giving him to underſtand, at the ſame time, that he had received no intelligence of Yaff-rai's motions; that his troops were greatly diminiſhed; that the ſeaſon was too far advanced to keep the field much longer; and that nothing was left them but a choice of difficulties, every one of which ſeemed more inſurmountable than another. Taycho having deliberated on this ſubject, thought it was neceſſary to prepare the monſter for the worſt that could happen, as he now expected to hear by the firſt opportunity that the grand expedition of Fatſiſſio had totally miſcarried. He reſolved, therefore, to throw the blame upon the ſhoulders of Ya-loff and Yaff-rai, and ſtigmatize them as the creatures of Fika-kaka, who had neither ability to comprehend the inſtructions he had given, nor reſolution to execute the plan he had projected. For this purpoſe he aſcended the roſtrum, and with a rueful length of face opened his harangue upon the defeat of Ya-loff. The Hydra no ſooner underſtood that the troops of Japan had been diſcomfited, than it was ſeized with a kind of hyſteric fit, and uttered a yell ſo loud and horrible, that the blindfold Dairo trembled in the moſt internal receſſes of his palace: the Cuboy Fika-kaka had ſuch a profuſe evacuation, that the diſcharge is ſaid to have weighed five Boll-ah, equal to eight and forty pounds three ounces and two penny-weight avoirdupois of Great Britain. Even Taycho himſelf was diſcompoſed. In vain he preſented the draught of yeaſt, and the goblet of blood:—in vain his pipers ſoothed the ears, and his tall fellows tickled the noſe of the blatant beaſt. It continued to howl and grin, and gnaſh its teeth, and writhe itſelf into a thouſand contortions, as if it had been troubled with that twiſting of the guts called the iliac paſſion. Taycho began to think its caſe deſperate, and ſent for the Dairo's chief phyſician, who preſcribed a glyſter of the diſtilled ſpirit analogous to your Geneva; but no apothecary nor old woman in Meaco would undertake to adminiſter it on any conſideration, the patient was ſuch a filthy, awkward, lubberly, unmanageable beaſt.—"If what comes from its mouth

(ſaid they) be ſo foul, virulent, and peſtilential, how nauſeous, poiſonous, and intolerable, muſt that be which takes the other courſe?"—When Taycho's art and foreſight were at a ſtand, accident came to his aſſiſtance. A courier arrived, preceded by twelve poſtillions blowing horns; and he brought the news that Quib-quab was taken. The orator commanded them to place their horns within as many of the monſter's long ears, and blow with all their might, until it ſhould exhibit ſome ſigns of hearing. The experiment ſucceeded. The Hydra waking from its trance, opened its eyes; and Taycho ſeizing this opportunity, hollowed in his loudeſt tone, "Quib-quab is taken." This note being repeated, the beaſt ſtarted up; then raiſing itſelf on its hind legs, began to wag its tail, to friſk and fawn, to lick Taycho's ſweaty ſocks; in fine, crouching on its belly, it took the orator on its back, and, proceeding through the ſtreets of Meaco, brayed aloud, "Make way for the divine Taycho! Make way for the conqueror of Quib-quab!"—But the gallant Ya-loff, the real conqueror of Quib-quab, was no more. He fell in the battle by which the conqueſt was achieved, yet not before he ſaw victory declare in his favour. He had made incredible efforts to ſurmount the difficulties that ſurrounded him. At length he found means to ſcale a perpendicular rock, which the enemy had left unguarded, on the ſuppoſition that nature had made it inacceſſible. This exploit was performed in the night, and in the morning the Chineſe ſaw his troops drawn up in order of battle on the plains of Quib-quab. As their numbers greatly exceeded the Japaneſe, they did not decline the trial; and in a little time both armies were engaged. The conteſt, however, was not of long duration, though it proved fatal to the general on each ſide. Ya-loff being ſlain, the command devolved upon Tohn-ſyn, who purſued the enemy to the walls of Quib-quab, which was next day ſurrendered to him by capitulation. Nothing was now ſeen and heard in the capital but jubilee, triumph, and intoxication; and indeed the nation had not for ſome centuries ſeen ſuch an occaſion for joy and ſatisfaction. The only perſon that did not heartily rejoice was the Dairo Gothama-baba. By this time he was ſo Tartariſed, that he grudged his ſubjects every advantage obtained in Fatſiſio;

and when Fika-kaka hobbled up to him with the news of the victory, inſtead of ſaluting him with the kick of approbation, he turned his back upon him, ſaying, "Boh! boh! What do you tell me of Quib-quab? The damned Chineſe are ſtill on the frontiers of Yeſſo." As to the beaſt, it was doomed to undergo a variety of agitation. Its preſent gambols were interrupted by a freſh alarm from China. It was reported that two great armaments were equipped for a double deſcent upon the dominions of Japan: that one of theſe had already ſailed north about for the iſland of Xicoco, to make a diverſion in favour of the other, which, being the moſt conſiderable, was deſigned for the ſouthern coaſt of Japan. Theſe tidings, which were not without foundation, had ſuch an effect upon the multitudinous monſter, that it was firſt of all ſeized with an univerſal ſhivering. Its teeth chattered ſo loud, that the ſound was heard at the diſtance of half a league; and for ſome time it was ſtruck dumb. During this paroxyſm, it crawled ſilently on its belly to a ſand-hill juſt without the walls of Meaco, and began to ſcratch the earth with great eagerneſs and perſeverance. Some people imagined it was digging for gold; but the truth is, the beaſt was making a hole to hide itſelf from the enemy, whom it durſt not look in the face; for, it muſt be obſerved of this beaſt, it was equally timorous and cruel, equally cowardly and inſolent. So hard it laboured at this cavern, that it had actually burrowed itſelf all but the tail, when its good angel Taycho whiſtled it out, with the news of another complete victory gained over the Chineſe at ſea, by the Sey-ſeo-gun Phal-khan, who had ſure enough diſcomfited or deſtroyed the great armament of the enemy. As for the other ſmall ſquadron which had ſteered the northerly courſe to Xicoco, it was encountered, defeated, taken, and brought into the harbours of Japan, by three light Fune, under the command of a young chief called Hel-y-otte, who happened to be cruiſing on that part of the coaſt. The beaſt hearing Taycho's auſpicious whiſtle, crept out with its buttocks foremoſt, and having done him homage in the uſual ſtyle, began to react its former extravagancies. It now conſidered this demagogue as the ſupreme giver of all good, and adored him accordingly. The apoſtle Bupo was no

longer invoked. The temple of Fakku-baſi was almoſt forgotten, and the Bonzas were univerſally deſpiſed. The praiſe of the prophet Taycho had ſwallowed up all other worſhip. Let us inquire how far he merited this adoration; how juſtly the unparalleled ſucceſs of this year was aſcribed to his conduct and ſagacity. Kho-rhé was taken by Kha-fell, and Quib-quab by Ya-loff and Thon-ſyn. By land, the Chineſe were defeated in Fatſiſſio by Yan-o-ni; in the extremity of Aſia, by Khutt-whang; and in Tartary, by the Japaneſe bull-dogs, without command or direction. At ſea one of their ſquadrons had been deſtroyed by Or-nbos, a ſecond by Faſ-khan, a third was taken by Hel-y-otte, a fourth was worſted and put to flight in three ſucceſſive engagements near the land of Kamtſchatka, by the chief Bah-kakh, and their grand armament defeated by the Sey-ſeo-gun Phal-khan. But Kha-fell was a ſtranger to Orator Taycho: Ya-loff he had never ſeen: the bull-dogs had been collected at random from the ſhambles of Meaco: he had never heard of Yan-o-ni's name, till he diſtinguiſhed himſelf by his firſt victory: nor did he know there was any ſuch perſon as Khutt-whang exiſting. As for Or-nbos, Faſ-khan, Phal-khan, and Bha-kakh, they had been Sey-ſeo-guns in conſtant employment under the former adminiſtration; and the youth Hel-y-otte owed his promotion to the intereſt of his own family. But it may be alleged that Taycho projected in his cloſet thoſe plans that were crowned with ſucceſs. We have ſeen how he mutilated and frittered the original ſcheme of the campaign in Fatſiſſio, ſo as to leave it at the caprice of fortune. The reduction of Kho-rhé was part of the deſign formed by the Banyan Thum-khumm-qua, which Taycho did all that lay in his power to render abortive. The plan of operations in the extremity of Tartary he did not pretend to meddle with;—it was the concern of the officers appointed by the trading company there ſettled: and as to the advantages obtained at ſea, they naturally reſulted from the diſpoſition of cruiſes, made and regulated by the board of Sey-ſeo-gun-ſealty, with which no miniſter ever interfered. He might indeed have recalled the chiefs and officers whom he found already appointed when he took the reins of adminiſtration, and filled their places with others of his own

chooſing. How far he was qualified to make ſuch a choice, and plan new expeditions, appears from the adventures of the generals he did appoint; Moria-tanti, who was deterred from landing by a perſpective view of whiſkers; Hylib-bib, who left his rear in the lurch; and Hob-nob, who made ſuch a maſterly retreat from the ſuppoſed Bonzas of Thin-quo. Theſe three were literally commanders of his own creation, employed in executing ſchemes of his own projecting; and theſe three were the only generals he made, and the only military plans he projected, if we except the grand ſcheme of ſubſidizing Brut-an-tiffi, and forming an army of one hundred thouſand men in Tartary, for the defence of the farm of Yeſſo. Things being ſo circumſtanced, it may be eaſily conceived that the orator could aſk nothing which the Mobile would venture to refuſe; and indeed he tried his influence to the utmoſt ſtretch; he milked the dugs of the monſter till the blood came. For the ſervice of the enſuing year, he ſqueezed from them near twelve millions of obans, amounting to near twenty-four millions Sterling, about four times as much as had ever been raiſed by the empire of Japan in any former war. But by this time Taycho was become not only a convert to the ſyſtem of Tartary which he had formerly perſecuted, but alſo an enthuſiaſt in love and admiration of Brut-an-tiffi, who had lately ſent him his poetical works in a preſent. This, however, would have been of no uſe, as he could not read them, had not he diſcovered that they were printed on a very fine, ſoft, ſmooth, Chineſe paper, made of ſilk, which he happily converted to another fundamental purpoſe. In return for this compliment, the orator ſent him a bullock's horn bound with braſs, value fifteenpence, which had long ſerved him as a pitch-pipe when he made harangues to the Mobile;—it was the ſame kind of inſtrument which Horace deſcribes, *Tibia vincta orichalco:* and pray take notice, Peacock, this was the only preſent Taycho ever beſtowed on any man, woman, or child, through the whole courſe of his life, I mean out of his own pocket; for he was extremely liberal of the public money, in his ſubſidies to the Tartar chiefs, and in the proſecution of the war upon that continent. The orator was a genius ſelf-taught, without the help of human inſtitution. He af-

fected to undervalue all men of literary talents; and the only book he ever read with any degree of pleaſure, was a collection of rhapſodies preached by one Ab-ren-thi, an obſcure fanatic Bonza, a native of the iſland Xicoco. Certain it is, Nature ſeemed to have produced him for the ſole purpoſe of faſcinating the mob, and endued him with faculties accordingly.

Notwithſtanding all his efforts in behalf of the Tartarian ſcheme, the Chineſe ſtill lingered on the frontiers of Yeſſo. The views of the court of Pekin exactly coincided with the intereſt of Bron-xi-tic, the mercenary general of Japan. The Chineſe, confounded at the unheard-of ſucceſs of the Japaneſe in Fatfiſſio and other parts of the globe, and extremely mortified at the deſtruction of their fleets and the ruin of their commerce, ſaw no other way of diſtreſſing the enemy, but that of prolonging the war on the continent of Tartary, which they could ſupport for little more than their ordinary expence; whereas Japan could not maintain it without contracting yearly immenſe loads of debt, which muſt have cruſhed it at the long-run. It was the buſineſs of the Chineſe, therefore, not to finiſh the war in Tartary by taking the farm of Yeſſo, becauſe, in that caſe, the annual expence of it would have been ſaved to Japan; but to keep it alive by forced marches, predatory excurſions, and undeciſive actions; and this was preciſely the intereſt of general Bron-xi-tic, who in the continuance of the war enjoyed the continuance of all his emoluments. All that he had to do, then, was to furniſh Taycho from time to time with a caſk of human blood, for the entertainment of the blatant beaſt; and to ſend over a few horſe tails, as trophies of pretended victories, to be waved before the monſter in its holiday proceſſions. He and the Chineſe general ſeemed to act in concert. They advanced and retreated in their turns betwixt two given lines, and the campaign always ended on the ſame ſpot where it began. The only difference between them was in the motives of their conduct; the Chineſe commander acted for the benefit of his ſovereign, and Bron-xi-tic acted for his own.

The continual danger to which the farm of Yeſſo was expoſed, produced ſuch apprehenſions and chagrin in the mind of the Dairo Got-hama-baba, that his health began

to decline. He neglected his food and his rattle, and no longer took any pleasure in kicking the Cuboy. He frequently muttered ejaculations about the farm of Yesso: nay, once or twice in the transports of his impatience, he pulled the bandage from his eyes, and cursed Taycho in the Tartarian language. At length he fell into a lethargy, and even when roused a little by blisters and caustics, seemed insensible of every thing that was done about him. These blisters were raised by burning the moxa upon his scalp. The powder of *menoki* was also injected in a glyster; and the operation of acupuncture, called *Senkei*, performed without effect. His disorder was so stubborn, that the Cuboy began to think he was bewitched, and suspected Taycho of having practised sorcery on his sovereign. He communicated this suspicion to Mura-clami, who shook his head, and advised that, with the orator's good leave, the council should be consulted. Taycho, who had gained an absolute empire over the mind of the Dairo, and could not foresee how his interest might stand with his successor, was heartily disposed to concur in any feasible experiment for the recovery of Got-hama-baba: he therefore consented that the mouths of the council should be unpadlocked *pro hac vice*, and the members were assembled without delay; with this express proviso, however, that they were to confine their deliberations to the subject of the Dairo and his distemper. By this time the physicians had discovered the cause of the disorder, which was no other than his being stung by a poisonous insect produced in the land of Yesso, analogous to the tarantula, which is said to do so much mischief in some parts of Apuglia, as we are told by Ælian, Epiphanius Ferdinandus, and Baglivi. In both cases the only effectual remedy was music; and now the council was called to determine what sort of music should be administered. You must know, Peacock, the Japanese are but indifferently skilled in this art, though, in general, they affect to be connoisseurs. They are utterly ignorant of the theory, and in the practice are excelled by all their neighbours, the Tartars not excepted. For my own part I studied music, under Pythagoras at Crotona. He found the scale of seven tones imperfect, and added the octave as a fixed, sensible, and intelligent termination of an in-

terval, which included every poſſible diviſion, and determined all the relative differences of ſounds: beſides, he taught us how to expreſs the octave by $\frac{1}{12}$, &c. &c. But why ſhould I talk to thee of the ancient digramma, the genera, &c. of muſic, which with their colours, were conſtructed by a diviſion of the diateſſaron. Thou art too dull and ignorant to comprehend the chromatic ſpecies, the conſtruction of the tetrachord, the Phrygian, the Lydian, and other modes of the ancient muſic: and for diſtinction of ear, thou mighteſt be juſtly ranked among the braying tribe that graze along the ditches of Tottenham-court or Hock-ley-i'the-hole. I know that nothing exhilarates thy ſpirits ſo much as a ſonata on the ſalt-box, or a concert of marrow-bones and cleavers. The ears of the Japaneſe were much of the ſame texture; and their muſic was ſuited to their ears. They neither excelled in the melopœia, and rythm or cadence; nor did they know any thing of the true ſcience of harmony, compoſitions in parts, and thoſe combinations of ſounds, the invention of which, with the improvement of the ſcale, is erroneouſly aſcribed to a Benedictine monk. The truth is, the ancients underſtood compoſition perfectly well. Their ſcale was founded upon perfect conſonances: they were remarkably nice in tempering ſounds, and had reduced their intervals and concords to mathematical demonſtration.

But, to return to the council of Twenty-eight, they convened in the ſame apartment where the Dairo lay; and as the buſineſs was to determine what kind of muſic was moſt likely to make an impreſſion upon his organs, every member came provided with his expedient. Firſt and foremoſt, Mr. Orator Taycho pronounced an oration upon the excellencies of the land of Yeſſo, of energy (as the Cuboy ſaid) ſufficient to draw the moon from her ſphere; it drew nothing, however, from the patient but a ſingle groan: then the Fatzman cauſed a drum to beat, without producing any effect at all upon the Dairo; though it deprived the whole council of their hearing for ſome time. The third eſſay was made by Fika-kaka; firſt with a rattle, and then with tongs and gridiron, which laſt was his favourite muſic; but here it failed, to his great ſurpriſe and conſternation. Sti-phi-rum-poo

brought the crier of his court to promulgate a decree againſt Yeſſo, in a voice that is wont to make the culprit tremble; but the Dairo was found Ignoramus. Nin-com-poo-po blew a blaſt with a kind of boatſwain's whiſtle, which diſcompoſed the whole audience without affecting the emperor. Fokh-ſi-rokhu ſaid he would try his imperial majeſty with a ſound which he had always been known to prefer to every other ſpecies of muſic; and pulling out a huge purſe of golden obans, began to chink them in his ear. This experiment ſo far ſucceeded, that the Dairo was perceived to ſmile, and even to contract one hand: but further effect it had none. At laſt Gotto-mio ſtarting up, threw a ſmall quantity of *aurum fulminans* into the fire, which went off with ſuch an exploſion, that in the ſame inſtant Fika-kaka fell flat upon his face, and Got-hama-baba ſtarted upright in his bed. This, however, was no more than a convulſion that put an end to his life; for he fell back again, and expired in the twinkling of an eye. As for the Cuboy, though he did not die, he underwent a ſurpriſing transformation or metamorphoſis, which I ſhall record in due ſeaſon.

Taycho was no ſooner certified that Got-hama-baba had actually breathed his laſt, than he vaniſhed from the council in the twinkling of an eye, and mounting the beaſt whoſe name is Legion, rode full ſpeed to the habitation of *Gio-gio*, the ſucceſſor and deſcendant of the deceaſed Dairo. Gio-gio was a young prince who had been induſtriouſly ſequeſtered from the public view, and excluded from all ſhare in the affairs of ſtate by the jealouſy of the laſt emperor. He lived retired under the wings of his grandmother, and had divers preceptors to teach him the rudiments of every art but the art of reigning. Of all thoſe who ſuperintended his education, he who inſinuated himſelf the fartheſt in his favour, was one *Yak-ſtrot*, from the mountains of Ximo, who valued himſelf much upon the ancient blood that ran in his veins, and ſtill more upon his elevated ideas of patriotiſm. Yak-ſtrot was honeſt at bottom, but proud, reſerved, vain, and affected. He had a turn for nick-nacks and gim-cracks, and once made and mounted an iron jack and a wooden clock with his own hands. But it was his misfortune to ſet up for a connoiſſeur in painting and other liberal arts,

and to announce himſelf an univerſal patron of genius. He did not fail to infuſe his own notions and conceits into the tender mind of Gio-gio, who gradually imbibed his turn of thinking, and followed the ſtudies which he recommended. With reſpect to his leſſons on the art of government, he reduced them to a very few ſimple principles. His maxims were theſe: That the emperor of Japan ought to cheriſh the eſtabliſhed religion, both by precept and example; that he ought to aboliſh corruption, diſcourage faction, and balance the two parties, by admitting an equal number from each to places and offices of truſt in the adminiſtration: that he ſhould make peace as ſoon as poſſible, even in deſpite of the public, which ſeemed inſenſible of the burden it ſuſtained, and was indeed growing delirious by the illuſions of Taycho, and the cruel evacuations he had preſcribed: that he ſhould retrench all ſuperfluous expence in his houſehold and government, and detach himſelf entirely from the accurſed farm of Yeſſo, which ſome evil genius had fixed upon the breech of Japan, as a cancerous ulcer through which all her blood and ſubſtance would be diſcharged. Theſe maxims were generally juſt enough in ſpeculation, but ſome of them were altogether impracticable;—for example, that of forming an adminiſtration equally compoſed of the two factions, was as abſurd as it would be to yoke two ſtone-horſes and two jack-aſſes in the ſame carriage, which, inſtead of drawing one way, would do nothing but bite and kick one another, while the machine of government would ſtand ſtock-ſtill, or perhaps be torn in pieces by their dragging in oppoſite directions. The people of Japan had been long divided between two inveterate parties known by the names of *Shit-tilk-umſ-heit*, and *She-it-kumſ-hi-til*, the firſt ſignifying *more fool than knave*; and the other, *more knave than fool*. Each had predominated in its turn, by ſecuring a majority in the aſſemblies of the people; for the majority had always intereſt to force themſelves into the adminiſtration; becauſe the conſtitution being partly democratic, the Dairo was ſtill obliged to truckle to the prevailing faction. To obtain this majority, each ſide had employed every art of corruption, calumny, inſinuation, and prieſt-craft; for nothing is ſuch an effectual ferment in all popular commotions as religious fanaticiſm. No ſooner one party ac-

compliſhed its aim, than it reprobated the other, branding it with the epithets of traitors to their country, or traitors to their prince; while the minority retorted upon them the charge of corruption, rapaciouſneſs, and abject ſervility. In ſhort, both parties were equally abuſive, rancorous, uncandid, and illiberal. Taycho had been of both factions more than once. He made his firſt appearance as a *Shit-tilk-umſ-heit* in the minority, and diſplayed his talent for ſcurrility againſt the Dairo to ſuch advantage, that an old rich hag, who loved nothing ſo well as money, except the gratification of her revenge, made him a preſent of five thouſand obans, on condition he ſhould continue to revile the Dairo till his dying-day. After her death, the miniſtry, intimidated by the boldneſs of his tropes, and the fame he began to acquire as a mal-content orator, made him ſuch offers as he thought proper to accept; and then he turned *She-it-kumſ-hi-til.* Being diſguſted in the ſequel, at his own want of importance in the council, he opened once more at the head of his old friends the *Shi-tilk-umſ-hi-tites;* and once more he deſerted them to rule the roaſt, as chief of the *She-it-kumſ-hi-ti-lites*, in which predicament he now ſtood. And, indeed, this was the moſt natural poſture in which he could ſtand; for this party embraced all the ſcum of the people, conſtituting the blatant beaſt, which his talents were ſo peculiarly adapted to manage and govern. Another impracticable maxim of Yak-ſtrot, was the abolition of corruption, the ordure of which is as neceſſary to anoint the wheels of government in Japan, as greaſe is to ſmear the axle-tree of a loaded waggon. His third impolitic (though not impracticable) maxim, was that of making peace while the populace were intoxicated with the ſteams of blood, and elated with the ſhows of triumph. Be that as it will, Gio-gio, attended by Yak-ſtrot, was drawing plans of windmills, when Orator Taycho, opening the door, advanced towards him, and falling on his knees, addreſſed him in theſe words: "The empire of Japan (magnanimous prince!) reſembles, at this inſtant, a benighted traveller, who by the light of the ſtar Heſperus continued his journey without repining, until that glorious luminary ſetting, left him bewildered in darkneſs and conſternation: but ſcarce had he time to bewail

his fate, when the more glorious ſun, the ruler of a freſh day, appearing on the tops of the eaſtern hills, diſpelled his terrors with the ſhades of night, and filled his ſoul with tranſports of pleaſure and delight. The illuſtrious Got-hama-baba, of honoured memory, is the glorious ſtar which hath ſet on our hemiſphere. His ſoul, which took wing about two hours ago, is now happily neſtled in the boſom of the bleſſed Bupo; and you, my prince, are the more glorious riſing ſun, whoſe genial influence will cheer the empire, and gladden the hearts of your faithful Japaneſe. I thereſore hail your ſucceſſion to the throne, and cry aloud, Long live the ever-glorious Giogio, emperor of the three iſlands of Japan." To this ſalutation the beaſt below brayed hoarſe applauſe; and all preſent kiſſed the hand of the new emperor, who kneeling before his venerable grandame, craved her bleſſing, deſiring the benefit of her prayers, that God would make him a good king, and eſtabliſh his throne in righteouſneſs. Then he aſcended his chariot, accompanied by the Orator and his beloved Yak-ſtrot, and proceeding to the palace of Meaco, was proclaimed with the uſual ceremonies, his relation the Fatzman and other princes of the blood aſſiſting on this occaſion.

The firſt ſtep he took after his elevation, was to publiſh a decree, or rather exhortation, to honour religion and the bonzas; and this was no impolitic expedient: for it firmly attached that numerous and powerful tribe to his intereſt. His next meaſures did not ſeem to be directed by the ſame ſpirit of diſcretion. He admitted a parcel of raw boys, and even ſome individuals of the faction of *Shi-tilk-umſ-heit* into his council; and though Taycho ſtill continued to manage the reigns of adminiſtration, Yak-ſtrot was aſſociated with him in office, to the great ſcandal and diſſatisfaction of the Niphonites, who hate all the Ximians with a mixture of jealouſy and contempt.

Fika-kaka was not the laſt who paid his reſpects to his new ſovereign, by whom he was graciouſly received, although he did not ſeem quite ſatisfied; becauſe when he preſented himſelf in his uſual attitude, he had not received the kick of approbation. New reigns, new cuſtoms: This Dairo never dreamed of kicking thoſe whom he de-

lighted to honour. It was a ſecret of ſtate which had not yet come to his knowledge; and Yak-ſtrot had always aſſured him, that kicking the breech always and everywhere implied diſgrace, as kicking the parts before, betokens ungovernable paſſion. Yak-ſtrot, however, in this particular, ſeems to have been too confined in his notions of the *etiquette*: for it had been the cuſtom time immemorial for the Dairos of Japan to kick their favourites and prime miniſters. Beſides, there are at this day different ſorts of kicks uſed even in England, without occaſioning any diſhonour to the *Kikee*. It is ſometimes a misfortune to be *kicked* out of place, but no diſhonour. A man is often *kicked up* in the way of preferment, in order that his place may be given to a perſon of more intereſt. Then there is the amorous kick, called *Kick'um Jenny*, which every gallant undergoes with pleaſure: hence the old Engliſh appellation of *Kickſy-wickſy*, beſtowed on a wanton leman who knew all her paces. As for the familiar kick, it is no other than a mark of friendſhip: nor is it more diſhonourable to be cuffed and cudgelled. Every body knows that the *alapa* or box o' the ear, among the Romans, was a particular mark of favour by which their ſlaves were made free: and the favourite gladiator, when he obtained his diſmiſſion from the ſervice, was honoured with a ſound cudgelling; this being the true meaning of the phraſe *rude donatus*. In the times of chivalry, the knight when dubbed, was well thwacked acroſs the ſhoulders by his god-father in arms. Indeed, *dubbing* is no other than a corruption of *drubbing*. It was the cuſtom formerly here and elſewhere, for a man to drub his ſon or apprentice as a mark of his freedom, and of his being admitted to the exerciſe of arms. The Paraſchiſtes, who practiſed *embalming* in Egypt, which was counted a very honourable profeſſion, was always ſeverely drubbed after the operation, by the friends and relations of the defunct; and to this day, the patriarch of the Greeks once a year, on Eaſter-eve, when he carries out the ſacred fire from the holy ſepulchre of Jeruſalem, is heartily cudgelled by the infidels, a certain number of whom he hires for that purpoſe; and he thinks himſelf very unhappy and much diſgraced, if he is not beaten into all the colours of the rain-bow. You know the Quakers of this country think

it no diſhonour to receive a ſlap o' the face, but when you ſmite them on one cheek, they preſent the other, that it may have the ſame ſalutation. The venerable father Lactantius falls out with Cicero for ſaying, 'A good man hurts nobody unleſs he is juſtly provoked;' *niſi laceſſitur injuria.* O, (cries the good father) *quam ſimplicem veramque ſententiam duorum verborum adjectione corrupit!—non minus enim mali eſt, referre injuriam, quam inferre.* The great philoſopher Socrates thought it no diſgrace to be kicked by his wife Xantippe; nay, he is ſaid to have undergone the ſame diſcipline from other people, without making the leaſt reſiſtance, it being his opinion that it was more courageous, conſequently more honourable, to bear a drubbing patiently, than to attempt any thing either in the way of ſelf-defence or retaliation. The judicious aud learned Puffendorf, in his book *De Jure Gentium et Naturali,* declares that a man's honour is not ſo fragile as to be hurt either by a box on the ear, or a kick on the breech, otherwiſe it would be in the power of every ſaucy fellow to diminiſh or infringe it. It muſt be owned, indeed, Grotius *De Jure Belli et Pacis,* ſays, that charity does not of itſelf require our patiently ſuffering ſuch an affront. The Engliſh have, with a moſt ſervile imitation, borrowed their *punto,* as well as other modes, from the French nation. Now kicking and cuffing were counted infamous among thoſe people for theſe reaſons: A box on the ear deſtroys the whole economy of their *friſure,* upon which they beſtow the greateſt part of their time and attention; and a kick on the breech is attended with great pain and danger, as they are generally ſubject to the piles. This is ſo truly the caſe, that they have no leſs than two ſaints to patronize and protect the individuals afflicted with this diſeaſe. One is St. *Fiacre,* who was a native of the kingdom of Ireland. He preſides over the blind piles. The other is a female ſaint, *Hæmorrhoiſſa,* and ſhe comforts thoſe who are diſtreſſed with the bleeding piles. No wonder, therefore, that a Frenchman put to the torture by a kick on thoſe tender parts ſhould be provoked to vengeance; and that this vengeance ſhould gradually become an article in their ſyſtem of punctilio.

But to return to the thread of my narration.—What-

ever inclination the Dairo and Yak-ſtrot had to reſtore the bleſſings of peace, they did not think proper as yet to combat the diſpoſition and ſchemes of Orator Taycho; in conſequence of whoſe remonſtrances, the tributary treaty was immediately renewed with Brut-an-tiffi, and Gio-gio declared in the aſſembly of the people, that he was determined to ſupport that illuſtrious ally, and carry on the war with vigour. By this time the Chineſe were in a manner expelled from their chief ſettlements in Fatſiſſio, where they now retained nothing but an inconſiderable colony, which would have ſubmitted on the firſt ſummons: but this Taycho left as a neſt-egg to produce a new brood of diſturbance to the Japaneſe ſettlements, that they might not ruſt with too much peace and ſecurity. To be plain with you, Peacock, his thoughts were entirely alienated from this Fatſiſſian war, in which the intereſt of his country was chiefly concerned, and converted wholly to the continent of Tartary, where all his cares centered in ſchemes for the ſucceſs of his friend Brut-an-tiffi. This freebooter had lately undergone ſtrange viciſſitudes of fortune. He had ſeen his chief village poſſeſſed and plundered by the enemy; but he found means, by ſurpriſe, to beat up their quarters in the beginning of winter, which always proved his beſt ally, becauſe then the Mantchoux Tartars were obliged to retire to their own country, at a vaſt diſtance from the ſeat of the war. As for Bron-xi-tic, who commanded the Japaneſe army on that continent, he continued to play booty with the Chineſe general, over whom he was allowed to obtain ſome petty advantages, which, with the trophies won by Bruan-tiffi, were ſwelled up into mighty victories, to increaſe the infatuaation of the blatant beaſt. On the other hand, Bron-xi-tic obliged the generals of China with the like indulgences, by now and then ſacrificing a detachment of his Japaneſe troops, to keep up the ſpirits of that nation.

Taycho had levied upon the people of Japan an immenſe ſum of money for the equipment of a naval armament, the deſtination of which was kept a profound ſecret. Some politicians imagined it was deſigned for the conqueſt of Thin-quo, and all the other ſettlements which the Chineſe poſſeſſed in the Indian ocean: others conjectured the intention was to attack the king of Corea,

who had, ſince the beginning of this war, acted with a ſhameful partiality in favour of the emperor of China, his kinſman and ally. But the truth of the matter was this: Taycho kept the armament in the harbours of Japan ready for a deſcent upon the coaſt of China, in order to make a diverſion in favour of his friend Brut-an-tiffi, in caſe he had run any riſk of being oppreſſed by his enemies. However, the beaſt of many heads having growled and grumbled during the beſt part of the ſummer, at the inactivity of this expenſive armament, it was now thought proper to ſend it to ſea in the beginning of winter: but it was ſoon driven back in great diſtreſs, by contrary winds and ſtorms;—and this was all the monſter had for its ten millions of obans.

While Taycho amuſed the Mobile with this winter expedition, Yak-ſtrot reſolved to plan the ſcheme of economy which he had projected. He diſmiſſed from the Dairo's ſervice about a dozen of cooks and ſcullions; ſhut up one of the kitchens, after having ſold the grates, handirons, ſpits, and ſaucepans; deprived the ſervants and officers of the houſehold of their breakfaſt; took away their uſual allowance of oil and candles; retrenched their tables; reduced their proportion of drink; and perſuaded his pupil the Dairo to put himſelf upon a diet of ſoup-meagre thickened with oatmeal. In a few days there was no ſmoke ſeen to aſcend from the kitchens of the palace; nor did any fuel, torch, or taper blaze in the chimneys, courts, and apartments thereof, which now became the habitation of cold, darkneſs, and hunger. Gio-gio himſelf, who now turned peripatetic philoſopher merely to keep himſelf in heat, fell into a waſh-tub as he groped his way in the dark through one of the lower galleries. Two of his body guard had their whiſkers gnawed off by the rats, as they ſlept in his anti-chamber; and their captain preſented a petition, declaring, that neither he nor his men could undertake the defence of his imperial majeſty's perſon, unleſs their former allowance of proviſion ſhould be reſtored. They and all the individuals of the houſehold were not only puniſhed in their bellies, but likewiſe curtailed in their clothing, and abridged in their ſtipends. The palace of Meaco, which uſed to be the temple of mirth, jollity, and good cheer, was now ſo dreary and de-

ſerted, that a certain wag fixed up a ticket on the outward gate with this inſcription: "This tenement to be let, the proprietor having left off houſe-keeping."

Yak-ſtrot, however, was reſolved to ſhow, that if the new Dairo retrenched the ſuperfluities of his domeſtic expence, he did not act from avarice or poorneſs of ſpirit, inaſmuch as he ſhould now diſplay his liberality in patronizing genius and the arts. A general jubilee was now promiſed to all thoſe who had diſtinguiſhed themſelves by their talents or erudition. The emiſſaries of Yak-ſtrot declared that Mæcenas was but a type of this Ximian mountaineer; and that he was determined to ſearch for merit, even in the thickeſt ſhades of obſcurity. All theſe reſearches, however, proved ſo unſucceſsful, that not above four or five men of genius could be found in the whole empire of Japan, and theſe were gratified with penſions of about one hundred obans each. One was a ſeculariſed Bonza from Ximo; another a malcontent poet of Niphon; a third a reformed comedian of Xicoco; a fourth, an empyric, who had outlived his practice; and a fifth, a decayed apothecary, who was bard, quack, author, chymiſt, philoſopher, and ſimpler by profeſſion. The whole of the expence ariſing from the favour and protection granted by the Dairo to theſe men of genius, did not exceed ſeven or eight hundred obans per annum, amounting to about fifteen hundred pounds Sterling; whereas many a private Quo in Japan expended more money on a kennel of hounds. I do not mention thoſe men of ſingular merit, whom Yak-ſtrot fixed in eſtabliſhed places under the government; ſuch as architects, aſtronomers, painters, phyſicians, barbers, &c. becauſe their ſalaries were included in the ordinary expence of the crown: I ſhall only obſerve, that a certain perſon who could not read, was appointed librarian to his imperial majeſty.

Theſe were all the men of ſuperlative genius, that Yak-ſtrot could find at this period in the empire of Japan.

Whilſt this great patriot was thus employed in executing his ſchemes of economy with more zeal than diſcretion, and in providing his poor relations with lucrative offices under the government, a negotiation for peace was brought upon the carpet by the mediation of certain neutral powers; and Orator Taycho arrogated to himſelf the

province of diſcuſſing the ſeveral articles of the treaty.—Upon this occaſion he ſhowed himſelf ſurpriſingly remiſs and indifferent in whatever related to the intereſt of Japan, particularly in regulating and fixing the boundaries of the Chineſe and Japaneſe ſettlements in Fatſiſſio, the uncertainty of which had given riſe to the war: but when the buſineſs was to determine the claims and pretenſions of his ally Brut-an-tiffi, on the continent of Tartary, he appeared ſtiff and immovable as mount Athos. He actually broke off the negotiation, becauſe the emperor of China would not engage to drive by force of arms the troops of his ally the Princeſs of Oſtrog, from a village or two belonging to the Tartarian free-booter, who, by the bye, had left them defenceleſs at the beginning of the war, on purpoſe that his enemies might, by taking poſſeſſion of them, quicken the reſolutions of the Dairo to ſend over an army for the protection of Yeſſo.

The court of Pekin perceiving that the Japaneſe were rendered intolerably inſolent and overbearing by ſucceſs, and that an equitable peace could not be obtained while Orator Taycho managed the reins of government at Meaco, and his friend Brut-an-tiffi found any thing to plunder in Tartary; reſolved to fortify themſelves with a new alliance. They actually entered into cloſer connections with the king of Corea, who was nearly related to the Chineſe emperor, had ſome old ſcores to ſettle with Japan, and becauſe he deſired thoſe diſputes might be amicably compromiſed in the general pacification, had been groſsly inſulted by Taycho, in the perſon of his ambaſſador. He had for ſome time dreaded the ambition of the Japaneſe miniſtry, which ſeemed to aim at univerſal empire; and he was, moreover, ſtimulated by this outrage to conclude a defenſive alliance with the emperor of China; a meaſure which all the caution of the two courts could not wholly conceal from the knowledge of the Japaneſe politicians.

Meanwhile a dreadful cloud big with ruin and diſgrace ſeemed to gather round the head of Brut-an-tiffi. The Mantchoux Tartars, ſenſible of the inconvenience of their diſtant ſituation from the ſcene of action, which rendered it impoſſible for them to carry on their operations vigorouſly in conjunction with the Oſtrog, reſolved to ſecure winter quarters in ſome part of the enemy's territories,

from whence they ſhould be able to take the field, and act againſt him early in the ſpring. With this view they beſieged and took a frontier fortreſs belonging to Brut-an-tiffi, ſituated upon a great inland lake, which extended as far as the capital of the Mantchoux, who were thus enabled to ſend thither by water-carriage all ſorts of proviſions and military ſtores for the uſe of their army, which took up their winter-quarters accordingly in and about this new acquiſition. It was now that the ruin of Brut-an-tiffi ſeemed inevitable. Orator Taycho ſaw with horror the precipice, to the brink of which his dear ally was driven. Not that his fears were actuated by ſympathy or friendſhip. Such emotions had never poſſeſſed the heart of Taycho. No; he trembled becauſe he ſaw his own popularity connected with the fate of the Tartar. It was the ſucceſs and petty triumphs of this adventurer which had dazzled the eyes of the blatant beaſt, ſo as to diſorder its judgment, and prepare it for the illuſions of the orator: but, now that Fortune ſeemed ready to turn tail to Brut-an-tiffi, and leave him a prey to his adverſaries, Taycho knew the diſpoſitions of the monſter ſo well as to prognoſticate that its applauſe and affection would be immediately turned into grumbling and diſguſt; and that he himſelf, who had led it blindfold into this unfortunate connection, might poſſibly fall a ſacrifice to its reſentment, provided he could not immediately project ſome ſcheme to divert its attention, and transfer the blame from his own ſhoulders.

For this purpoſe he employed his invention, and ſucceeded to his wiſh. Having called a council of the Twenty-eight, at which the Dairo aſſiſted in perſon, he propoſed, and inſiſted upon it, that a ſtrong ſquadron of Fune ſhould be immediately ordered to ſcour the ſeas, and kidnap all the veſſels and ſhips belonging to the king of Corea, who had acted during the whole war with the moſt ſcandalous partiality in favour of the Chineſe emperor, and was now ſo intimately connected with that potentate, by means of a ſecret alliance, that he ought to be proſecuted with the ſame hoſtilities which the other had ſeverely felt. The whole council were confounded at this propoſal: the Dairo ſtood aghaſt: the Cuboy trembled: Yak-ſtrot ſtared like a ſkewered pig. After ſome pauſe,

the preſident Soo-ſan-ſin-o ventured to obſerve, that the meaſure ſeemed to be a little abrupt and premature: that the nation was already engaged in a very expenſive war, which had abſolutely drained it of its wealth and even loaded it with enormous debts; therefore little able to ſuſtain ſuch additional burdens as would, in all probability, be occaſioned by a rupture with a prince ſo rich and powerful. Gotto-mio ſwore the land-holders were already ſo impoveriſhed by the exactions of Taycho, that he himſelf, ere long, ſhould be obliged to come upon the pariſh. Fika-kaka got up to ſpeak; but could only cackle. Sti-phi-rum-poo was for proceeding in form by citation. Nin-kom-poo-po declared he had good intelligence of a fleet of merchant ſhips belonging to Corea, laden with treaſure, who were then on their return from the Indian iſles; and he gave it as his opinion, that they ſhould be way-laid and brought into the harbours of Japan; not by way of declaring war, but only with a view to prevent the money's going into the coffers of the Chineſe emperor. Fokh-ſi-rokhu ſtarted two objections to this expedient: firſt, the uncertainty of falling in with the Corean fleet at ſea, alleging as an inſtance the diſappointment and miſcarriage of the ſquadron which the Sey-ſeo-gun had ſent ſome years ago to intercept the Chineſe Fune on the coaſt of Fatſiſſio: ſecondly, the loſs and hardſhip it would be to many ſubjects of Japan who dealt in commerce, and had great ſums embarked in thoſe very Corean bottoms. Indeed Fokh-ſi-rokhu himſelf was intereſted in this very commerce. The Fatzman ſat ſilent. Yak-ſtrot, who had ſome romantic notions of honour and honeſty, repreſented that the nation had already incurred the cenſure of all its neighbours, by ſeizing the merchant ſhips of China, without any previous declaration of war: that the law of nature and nations, confirmed by repeated treaties, preſcribed a more honourable method of proceeding, than that of plundering like robbers, the ſhips of pacific merchants, who trade on the faith of ſuch laws and ſuch treaties: he was therefore of opinion, that if the king of Corea had in any ſhape deviated from the neutrality which he profeſſed, ſatisfaction ſhould be demanded in the uſual form; and when that ſhould be refuſed, it might be found neceſſary to proceed to compulſive meaſures. The Dairo

acquieſced in this advice, and aſſured Taycho that an ambaſſador ſhould be forthwith diſpatched to Corea, with inſtructions to demand an immediate and ſatisfactory explanation of that prince's conduct and deſigns with regard to the empire of Japan.

This regular method of practice would by no means ſuit the purpoſes of Taycho, who rejected it with great inſolence and diſdain. He bit his thumb at the preſident; forked out his fingers on his forehead at Gotto-mio; wagged his under-jaw at the Cuboy; ſnapt his fingers at Stiphi-rum-poo; grinned at the Sey-ſeo-gun; made the ſign of the croſs or gallows to Fokh-ſi-rokhu; then turning to Yak-ſtrot, he clapped his thumbs in his ears, and began to bray like an aſs: finally, pulling out the badge of his office, he threw it at the Dairo, who in vain entreated him to be pacified; and wheeling to the right-about, ſtalked away, ſlapping the flat of his hand upon a certain part that ſhall be nameleſs. He was followed by his kinſman the Quo Lob-kob, who worſhipped him with the moſt humble adoration. He now imitated this great original in the ſignal from behind at parting, and in him it was attended by a rumbling ſound; but whether this was the effect of contempt or compunction, I could never learn.

Taycho having thus carried his point, which was to have a pretence for quitting the reins of government, made his next appeal to the blatant beaſt. He reminded the many-headed monſter of the uninterrupted ſucceſs which had attended his adminiſtration; of his having ſupported the glorious Brut-an-tiffi, the great bulwark of the religion of Bupo, who had kept the common enemy at bay, and filled all Aſia with the fame of his victories. He told them, that for his own part, he pretended to have ſubdued Fatſiſſio in the heart of Tartary: that he deſpiſed honours, and had ſtill a greater contempt for riches; and that all his endeavours had been ſolely exerted for the good of his country, which was now brought to the very verge of deſtruction. He then gave the beaſt to underſtand that he had formed a ſcheme againſt the king of Corea, which would not only have diſabled that monarch from executing his hoſtile intentions with reſpect to Japan, but alſo have indemnified this nation for the whole expence of the

war; but that his propoſal having been rejected by the council of Twenty-eight, who were influenced by Yak-ſtrot, a Ximian mountaineer without ſpirit or underſtanding, he had reſigned his office with intention to retire to ſome ſolitude, where he ſhould in ſilence deplore the misfortunes of his country, and the ruin of the Buponian Religion, which muſt fall of courſe with its great protector Brut-an-tiffi, whom he foreſaw the new miniſtry would immediately abandon.

This addreſs threw Legion into ſuch a quandary, that it rolled itſelf in the dirt, and yelled hideouſly. Meanwhile the orator retreating to a cell in the neighbourhood of Meaco, hired the common crier to go round the ſtreets, and proclaim that Taycho, being no longer in a condition to afford any thing but the bare neceſſaries of life, would by public ſale diſpoſe of his ambling mule and furniture, together with an ermined robe of his wife, and the greater part of his kitchen utenſils. At this time he was well known to be worth upwards of twenty thouſand gold obans; nevertheleſs, the Mobile diſcharging this circumſtance entirely from their reflection, attended to nothing but the object which the orator was pleaſed to preſent. They thought it was a piteous caſe, and a great ſcandal upon the government, that ſuch a patriot, who had ſaved the nation from ruin and diſgrace, ſhould be reduced to the cruel neceſſity of ſelling his mule and his houſehold furniture. Accordingly they raiſed a clamour that ſoon rung in the ears of Gio-gio and his favourite.

It was ſuppoſed that Mura-clami ſuggeſted on this occaſion to his countryman Yak-ſtrot the hint of offering a penſion to Taycho, by way of remuneration for his paſt ſervices. "If he refuſes it (ſaid he), the offer will at leaſt reflect ſome credit upon the Dairo and the adminiſtration; but, ſhould he accept of it (which is much more likely), it will either ſtop his mouth entirely, or expoſe him to the cenſure of the people, who now adore him as a mirror of diſintereſted integrity." The advice was inſtantly complied with: the Dairo ſigned a patent for a very ample penſion to Taycho and his heirs; which patent Yak-ſtrot delivered to him next day at his cell in the country. This miracle of patriotiſm received the bounty as a turnpike-man receives the toll, and then ſlapped his

door full in the face of the favourite: yet nothing of what Mura-clami had prognoſticated came to paſs. The many-tailed monſter, far from calling in queſtion the orator's diſintereſtedneſs, conſidered his acceptance of the penſion as a proof of his moderation, in receiving ſuch a trifling reward for the great ſervices he had done his country; and the generoſity of the Dairo, inſtead of exciting the leaſt emotion of gratitude in Taycho's own breaſt, acted only as a golden key to unlock all the ſluices of his virulence and abuſe.

Theſe, however, he kept within bounds until he ſhould ſee what would be the fate of Brut-an-tiffi, who now ſeemed to be in the condition of a criminal at the foot of the ladder. In this dilemma, he obtained a very unexpected reprieve. Before the army of the Mantchoux could take the leaſt advantage of the ſettlement they had made on his frontiers, their empreſs died, and was ſucceeded by a weak prince, who no ſooner aſcended the throne than he ſtruck up a peace with the Tartar freebooter, and even ordered his troops to join him againſt the Oſtrog, to whom they had hitherto acted as auxiliaries. Such an acceſſion of ſtrength would have caſt the balance greatly in his favour, had not providence once more interpoſed, and brought matters again to an equilibrium.

Taycho no ſooner perceived his ally thus unexpectedly delivered from the dangers that ſurrounded him, than he began to repent of his own reſignation; and reſolved once more, to force his way to the helm, by the ſame means he had ſo ſucceſsfully uſed before. He was, indeed, of ſuch a turbulent diſpoſition as could not reliſh the repoſe of private life, and his ſpirit ſo corroſive, that it would have preyed upon himſelf, if he could not have found external food for it to devour. He therefore began to prepare his engines, and provide proper emiſſaries to beſpatter, and raiſe a hue-and-cry againſt Yak-ſtrot at a convenient ſeaſon; not doubting but an occaſion would ſoon preſent itſelf, conſidering the temper, inexperience, and prejudices of this Ximian politician, together with the pacific ſyſtem he had adopted ſo contrary to the preſent ſpirit of the blatant beaſt.

In theſe preparations he was much comforted and aſſiſted by his kinſman and pupil Lob-kob, who entered

into his meaſures with ſurpriſing zeal; and had the good luck to light on ſuch inſtruments as were admirably ſuited to the work in hand. Yak-ſtrot was extremely pleaſed at the receſſion of Taycho, who had been a very troubleſome colleague to him in the adminiſtration, and run counter to all the ſchemes he had projected for the good of the empire. He now found himſelf at liberty to follow his own inventions, and being naturally an enthuſiaſt, believed himſelf born to be the Saviour of Japan. Some efforts, however, he made to acquire popularity, proved fruitleſs. Perceiving the people were, by the orator's inſtigations, exaſperated againſt the king of Corea, he ſent a peremptory meſſage to that prince demanding a categorical anſwer; and this being denied, declared war againſt him, according to the practice of all civilized nations; but even this meaſure failed of obtaining that approbation for which it was taken. The monſter, tutored by Taycho and his miniſters, exclaimed, that the golden opportunity was loſt, inaſmuch as, during the obſervance of thoſe uſeleſs forms, the treaſures of Corea were ſafely brought home to that kingdom; treaſures which, had they been interrupted by the Fune of Japan, would have paid off the debts of the nation, and enabled the inhabitants of Meaco to pave their ſtreets with ſilver. By the bye, this treaſure exiſted nowhere but in the fiction of Taycho and the imagination of the blatant beaſt, which never attempted to uſe the evidence of ſenſe or reaſon to examine any aſſertion, how abſurd and improbable ſoever it might be, which proceeded from the mouth of the orator.

Yak-ſtrot, having now taken upon himſelf the taſk of ſteering the political bark, reſolved to ſhow the Japaneſe, that although he recommended peace, he was as well qualified as his predeceſſor for conducting the war. He therefore, with the aſſiſtance of the Fatzman, projected three naval enterpriſes; the firſt againſt Thin-quo, the conqueſt of which had been unſucceſsfully attempted by Taycho; the ſecond was deſtined for the reduction of Fan-yah, one of the moſt conſiderable ſettlements belonging to the king of Corea, in the Indian ocean; and the third armament was ſent to plunder and deſtroy a flouriſhing colony called Lli-nam, which the ſame prince had eſtabliſhed almoſt as far to the ſouthward as the Terra

Auſtralis Incognita. Now the only merit which either Yak-ſtrot, or any other miniſter could juſtly claim from the ſucceſs of ſuch expeditions, is that of adopting the moſt feaſible of thoſe ſchemes which are preſented by different projectors, and of appointing *ſuch* commanders as are capable of conducting them with vigour and ſagacity.

The next ſtep which the favourite took was to provide a help-mate for the young Dairo; and a certain Tartar princeſs of the religion of Bupo, being pitched upon for this purpoſe, was formally demanded, brought over to Niphon, eſpouſed by Gio-gio, and inſtalled empreſs with the uſual ſolemnities. But, left the choice of a Tartarian princeſs ſhould ſubject the Dairo to the imputation of inheriting his predeceſſor's predilection for the land of Yeſſo, which had given ſuch ſenſible umbrage to all the ſenſible Japaneſe who made uſe of their own reaſon; he determined to detach his maſter gradually from thoſe continental connections, which had been the ſource of ſuch enormous expence, and ſuch continual vexation to the empire of Japan. In theſe ſentiments, he withheld the annual tribute which had been lately paid to Brut-an-tiffi; by which means he ſaved a very conſiderable ſum to the nation, and, at the ſame time, reſcued it from the infamy of ſuch a diſgraceful impoſition. He expected the thanks of the public for this exertion of his influence in favour of his country; but he reckoned without his hoſt. What he flattered himſelf would yield him an abundant harveſt of honour and applauſe, produced nothing but odium and reproach, as we ſhall ſee in the ſequel.

Theſe meaſures, purſued with an eye to the advantage of the public, which ſeemed to argue a conſiderable ſhare of ſpirit and capacity, were ſtrangely chequered with others of a more domeſtic nature, which ſavoured ſtrongly of childiſh vanity, raſh ambition, littleneſs of mind, and lack of underſtanding. He purchaſed a vaſt wardrobe of tawdry clothes, and fluttered in all the finery of Japan: he prevailed upon his maſter to veſt him with the badges and trappings of all the honorary inſtitutions of the empire, although this multiplication of orders in the perſon of one man was altogether without precedent or preſcription. This was only ſetting himſelf up as the more conſpicuous mark for envy and detraction.

Not contented with engroſſing the perſonal favour and confidence of his ſovereign, and, in effect, directing the whole machine of government, he thought his fortune ſtill imperfect, while the treaſure of the empire paſſed through the hands of the Cuboy, enabling that miniſter to maintain a very extenſive influence, which might one day interfere with his own. He therefore employed all his invention, together with that of his friends, to find out ſome ſpecious pretext for removing the old Cuboy from his office; and in a little time accident afforded what all their intrigues had not been able to procure.

Ever ſince the demiſe of Got-hama-baba, poor Fika-kaka had been ſubject to a new ſet of vagaries. The death of his old maſter gave him a rude ſhock: then the new Dairo encroached upon his province, by preferring a Bonza without his conſent or knowledge: finally, he was prevented by the expreſs order of Gio-gio from touching a certain ſum out of the treaſury, which he had been accuſtomed to throw out of his windows at ſtated periods, in order to keep up an intereſt among the dregs of the people. All theſe mortifications had an effect upon the weak brain of the Cuboy. He began to loath his uſual food, and ſometimes even declined ſhowing himſelf to the Bonzas at his levee; ſymptoms that alarmed all his friends and dependants. Inſtead of frequenting the aſſemblies of the great, he now attended aſſiduouſly at all groanings and chriſtenings, grew extremely fond of caudle, and held conferences with practitioners, both male and female, in the art of midwifery. When buſineſs or ceremony obliged him to viſit any of the Quos or Quanbukus of Meaco, he, by a ſurpriſing inſtinct, ran directly to the nurſery, where, if there happened to be a child in the cradle, he took it up, and if it was foul, wiped it with great care and ſeeming ſatisfaction. He, moreover, learned of the good women to ſing lullabies, and practiſed them with uncommon ſucceſs: but the moſt extravagant of all his whims, was what he exhibited one day in his own court-yard. Obſerving a neſt with ſome eggs, which the gooſe had quitted, he forthwith dropped his trowſers, and ſquatting down in the attitude of incubation, began to ſtretch out his neck, to hiſs and to cackle, as if he had been really metamorphoſed into the animal whoſe place he now ſupplied.

It was on the back of this adventure that one of the Bonzas, as prying, and as great a goſſip as the barber of Midas, in paying his morning worſhip to the Cuboy's poſteriors, ſpied ſomething, or rather nothing, and was exceedingly affrighted. He communicated his diſcovery and apprehenſion to divers others of the cloth; and they were all of opinion that ſome effectual inquiſition ſhould be held on this phenomenon, leſt the clergy of Japan ſhould hereafter be ſcandilized, as having knowingly kiſſed the breech of an old woman, perhaps a monſter or magician. Information was accordingly made to the Dairo, who gave orders for immediate inſpection; and Fika-kaka was formally examined by a jury of matrons. Whether theſe were actuated by undue influence, I ſhall not at preſent explain; certain it is, they found their verdict, The Cuboy *non mas;* and among other evidences produced to atteſt his metamorphoſis, a certain Ximian, who pretended to have the ſecond ſight, made oath that he had one evening ſeen the ſaid Fika-kaka in a female dreſs, riding through the air on a broom-ſtick. The unhappy Cuboy being thus convicted, was diveſted of his office, and confined to his palace in the country; while Gio-gio, by the advice of his favourite, publiſhed a proclamation, declaring it was not for the honour of Japan that her treaſury ſhould be managed either by a witch or an old woman.

Fika-kaka being thus removed, Yak-ſtrot was appointed treaſurer and Cuboy in his place, and now ruled the roaſt with uncontrouled authority. On the very threſhold of his greatneſs, however, he made a falſe ſtep, which was one cauſe of his tottering, during the whole ſequel of his adminiſtration. In order to refute the calumnies and defeat the intrigues of Taycho in the aſſemblies of the people, he choſe as an aſſociate in the miniſtry Fokhſi-rokhu, who was at that inſtant the moſt unpopular man in the whole empire of Japan; and at the inſtigation of this colleague, deprived of bread a great number of poor families, who ſubſiſted on petty places which had been beſtowed upon them by the former Cuboy. Thoſe were ſo many mouths opened to augment the clamour againſt his own perſon and adminiſtration.

It might be imagined, that while he thus ſet one part of the nation at defiance, he would endeavour to culti-

vate the other; and, in particular, ſtrive to conciliate the good will of the nobility, who did not ſee his exultation without umbrage. But, inſtead of ingratiating himſelf with them by a liberal turn of demeanour; by treating them with frankneſs and affability; granting them favours with a good grace; making entertainments for them at his palace; and mixing in their ſocial parties of pleaſure; Yak-ſtrot always appeared on the reſerve, and under all his finery, continually wore a doublet of buckrum, which gave an air of ſtiffneſs and conſtraint to his whole behaviour. He ſtudied poſtures, and, in giving audience, generally ſtood in the attitude of the idol Fo; ſo that he ſometimes was miſtaken for an image of ſtone. He formed a ſcale of geſticulation in a great variety of diviſions, comprehending the ſlighteſt inclination of the head, the front-nod, the ſide-nod, the bow, the half, the ſemi-demi-bow, with the ſhuffle, the ſlide, the circular, ſemi-circular, and quadrant ſweep of the right foot. With equal care and preciſion did he model the economy of his looks into the diviſions and ſub-diviſions of the full-ſtare, the ſide glance, the penſive look, the pouting look, the gay look, the vacant look, and the ſtolid look. To theſe different expreſſions of the eye he ſuited the correſponding features of the noſe and mouth; ſuch as the wrinkled noſe, the retorted noſe, the ſneer, the grin, the ſimper, and the ſmile. All theſe poſtures and geſticulations he practiſed, and diſtributed occaſionally, according to the difference of rank and importance of the various individuals with whom he had communication.

But theſe affected airs being aſſumed in deſpite of nature, he appeared as awkward as a native of Angola, when he is firſt hampered with clothes, or a Highlander, obliged by act of parliament to wear breeches. Indeed, the diſtance obſerved by Yak-ſtrot in his behaviour to the nobles of Niphon, was imputed to his being conſcious of a ſulphureous ſmell which came from his own body; ſo that greater familiarity on his ſide might have bred contempt. He took delight in no other converſation but that of two or three obſcure Ximians, his companions and counſellors, with whom he ſpent all his leiſure time, in conferences upon politics, patriotiſm, philoſophy, and the Belles Lettres. Thoſe were the oracles he conſulted in

all the emergencies of ſtate; and with theſe he ſpent many an Attic evening.

The gods, not yet tired of ſporting with the farce of human government, were ſtill reſolved to ſhow by what inconſiderable ſprings a mighty empire may be moved. The new Cuboy was vaſtly well diſpoſed to make his Ximian favourites great men. It was in his power to beſtow places and penſions upon them; but it was not in his power to give them conſequence in the eyes of the public. The adminiſtration of Yak-ſtrot could not fail of being propitious to his own family and poor relations, who were very numerous. Their naked backs and hungry bellies were now clothed with the richeſt ſtuffs, and fed with the fat things of Japan. Every department, civil and military, was filled with Ximians. Thoſe iſlanders came over in ſhoals to Niphon, and ſwarmed in the ſtreets of Meaco, where they were eaſily diſtinguiſhed by their lank ſides, gaunt looks, lanthorn jaws, and long ſharp teeth. There was a fatality that attended the whole conduct of this unfortunate Cuboy. His very partiality to his own countrymen brought upon him at laſt the curſes of the whole clan.

Mr. Orator Taycho and his kinſman Lob-kob were not idle in the mean time. They provided their emiſſaries, and primed all their engines. Their underſtrappers filled every corner of Meaco with rumours, jealouſies, and ſuſpicions. Yak-ſtrot was repreſented as a ſtateſman without diſcernment, a miniſter without knowledge, and a man without humanity. He was taxed with inſupportable pride, indiſcretion, puſillanimity, rapacity, partiality, and breach of faith. It was affirmed that he had diſhonoured the nation, and endangered the very exiſtence of the Buponian religion, in withdrawing the annual ſubſidy from the great Brut-an-tiffi: that he wanted to ſtarve the war, and betray the glory and advantage of the empire by a ſhameful peace: that he had avowedly ſhared his adminiſtration with the greateſt knave in Japan: that he treated the nobles of Niphon with inſolence and contempt: that he had ſuborned evidence againſt the ancient Cuboy Fika-kaka, who had ſpent a long life and an immenſe fortune in ſupporting the temple of Fakku-baſi: that he had cruelly turned adrift a great number of help-

leſs families, in order to gratify his own worthleſs dependants with their ſpoils: that he had enriched his relations and countrymen with the plunder of Niphon: that his intention was to bring over the whole nation of Ximians, a ſavage race, who had been ever perfidious, greedy, and hoſtile, towards the natives of the other Japaneſe iſlands. Nay, they were deſcribed as monſters in nature, with cloven feet, long tails, ſaucer eyes, iron fangs and claws, who would firſt devour the ſubſtance of the Niphonites, and then feed upon their blood.

Taycho had Legion's underſtanding ſo much in his power, that he actually made it believe Yak-ſtrot had formed a treaſonable ſcheme in favour of a foreign adventurer who pretended to the throne of Japan, and that the reigning Dairo was an accomplice in this project for his own depoſition. Indeed, they did not ſcruple to ſay that Gio-gio was no more than a puppet moved by his own grandmother and this vile Ximian, between whom they hinted there was a ſecret correſpondence which reflected very little honour on the family of the Dairo.

Mr. Orator Taycho and his aſſociate Lob-kob left no ſtone unturned to diſgrace the favourite, and drive him from the helm. They ſtruck up an alliance with the old Cuboy Fika-kaka; and, fetching him from his retirement, produced him to the beaſt as a martyr to loyalty and virtue. They had often before this period expoſed him to the deriſion of the populace; but now they ſet him up as the object of veneration and eſteem; and every thing ſucceeded to their wiſh. Legion hoiſted Fika-kaka on his back, and paraded through the ſtreets of Meaco, braying hoarſe encomiums on the great talents and great virtues of the ancient Cuboy. His cauſe was now eſpouſed by his old friend Sti-phi-rum-poo and Nin-kom-poo-po, who had been turned adrift along with him, and by ſeveral other Quos who had neſtled themſelves in warm places, under the ſhadow of his protection: but it was remarkable, that not one of all the Bonzas who owed their preferment to his favour, had gratitude enough to follow his fortune, or pay the leaſt reſpect to him in the day of his diſgrace. Advantage was alſo taken of the diſguſt occaſioned by Yak-ſtrot's reſerve among the nobles of Japan. Even the Fatzman was eſtranged from the councils of his

kinſman Gio-gio, and lent his name and countenance to the malcontents, who now formed themſelves into a very formidable cabal, comprehending a great number of the firſt Quos in the empire.

In order to counterbalance this confederacy, which was a ſtrange coalition of jarring intereſts, the new Cuboy endeavoured to ſtrengthen his adminiſtration, by admitting into a ſhare of it Gotto-mio, who dreaded nothing ſo much as the continuation of the war, and divers other noblemen, whoſe alliance contributed very little to his intereſt or advantage. Gotto-mio was univerſally envied for his wealth, and deteſted for his avarice: the reſt were either of the She-it-kum-ſheit-el faction, which had been long in diſgrace with the Mobile, or men of deſperate fortunes and looſe morals, who attached themſelves to the Ximian favourite ſolely on account of the poſts and penſions he had to beſtow.

During theſe domeſtic commotions, the arms of Japan continued to proſper in the Indian Ocean. Thin-quo was reduced almoſt without oppoſition; and news arrived that the conqueſt of Fan-yah was already more than half achieved. At the ſame time, ſome conſiderable advantages were gained over the enemy on the continent of Tartary, by the Japaneſe forces under the command of Bron-xi-tic. It might be naturally ſuppoſed that theſe events would have in ſome meaſure reconciled the Niphonites to the new miniſtry; but they produced rather a contrary effect. The blatant beaſt was reſolved to rejoice at no victories but thoſe that were obtained under the auſpices of its beloved Taycho; and now took it highly amiſs that Yak-ſtrot ſhould preſume to take any ſtep which might redound to the glory of the empire. Nothing could have pleaſed the monſter at this juncture ſo much as the miſcarriage of both expeditions, and a certain information that all the troops and ſhips employed in them had miſerably periſhed. The king of Corea, however, was ſo alarmed at the progreſs of the Japaneſe before Fan-yah, that he began to tremble for all his diſtant colonies, and earneſtly craved the advice of the cabinet of Pekin touching ſome ſcheme to make a diverſion in their favour.

The councils of Pekin have been ever fruitful of in-

trigues to embroil the reſt of Aſia. They ſuggeſted a plan to the king of Corea, which he forthwith put in execution. The land of Fumma, which borders on the Corean territories, was governed by a prince nearly allied to the king of Corea, although his ſubjects had very intimate connections in the way of commerce with the empire of Japan, which indeed had entered into an offenſive and defenſive alliance with this country. The emperor of China and the king of Corea having ſounded the ſovereign of Fumma, and found him well diſpoſed to enter into their meaſures, communicated their ſcheme, in which he immediately concurred. They called upon him in public, as their friend and ally, to join them againſt the Japaneſe, as the inveterate enemy of the religion of Fo, and as an inſolent people, who affected a deſpotiſm at ſea, to the detriment and deſtruction of all their neighbours; plainly declaring that he muſt either immediately break with the Dairo, or expect an invaſion on the ſide of Corea. The prince of Fumma affected to complain loudly of this iniquitous propoſal; he made a merit of rejecting the alternative; and immediately demanded of the court of Meaco the ſuccours ſtipulated in the treaty of alliance, in order to defend his dominions. In all appearance, indeed, there was no time to be loſt; for the monarchs of China and Corea declared war againſt him without further heſitation; and, uniting their forces on that ſide, ordered them to enter the land of Fumma, after having given ſatisfactory aſſurances in private that the prince had nothing to fear from their hoſtilities.

Yak-ſtrot was not much embarraſſed on this occaſion. Without ſuſpecting the leaſt colluſion among the parties, he reſolved to take the prince of Fumma under his protection, thereunto moved by divers conſiderations. Firſt and foremoſt, he piqued himſelf upon his good faith; ſecondly, he knew that the trade with Fumma was of great conſequence to Japan, and therefore concluded that his ſupporting the ſovereign of it would be a popular meaſure; thirdly, he hoped that the multiplication of expence incurred by this new war would make the blatant beaſt wince under its burden, and of conſequence reconcile it to the thoughts of a general pacification, which he had very much at heart. Meanwhile he haſtened the neceſ-

ſary ſuccours to the land of Fumma, and ſent thither an old general, called Le-yaw-ter, in order to concert with the prince and his miniſters the operations of the campaign.

This officer was counted one of the ſhrewdeſt politicians in Japan; and, having reſided many years as ambaſſador in Fumma, was well acquainted with the genius of that people. He immediately diſcovered the ſcene which had been acted behind the curtain. He found that the prince of Fumma, far from having made any preparations for his own defence, had actually withdrawn his garriſons from the frontier places, which were by this time peaceably occupied by the invading army of Chineſe and Coreans; that the few troops he had were without clothes, arms, and diſcipline; and that he had amuſed the court of Meaco with falſe muſters, and a ſpecious account of levies and preparations which had been made. In a word, though he could not learn the particulars, he comprehended the whole myſtery of the ſecret negotiations. He upbraided the miniſter of Fumma with perfidy; refuſed to aſſume the command of the Japaneſe auxiliaries when they arrived; and, returning to Meaco, communicated his diſcoveries and ſuſpicions to the new Cuboy. But he did not meet with that reception which he thought he deſerved for intelligence of ſuch importance. Yak-ſtrot affected to doubt; perhaps he was not really convinced; or, if he was, thought proper to temporize; and he was in the right for ſo doing. A rupture with Fumma at this juncture would have forced the prince to declare openly for the enemies of Japan; in which caſe, the inhabitants of Niphon would have loſt the benefit of a very advantageous trade. They had already been great ſufferers in commerce by the breach with the king of Corea, whoſe ſubjects had been uſed to take off great quantities of the Japaneſe manufactures, for which they paid in gold and ſilver; and they could ill bear ſuch an additional loſs as an interruption of the trade with Fumma would have occaſioned. The Cuboy, therefore, continued to treat the prince of that country as a ſtaunch ally, who had ſacrificed every other consideration to his good faith; and, far from reſtricting himſelf to the number of troops and Fune ſhipping

treaty, ſent over a much more numerous body of forces and ſhips of war; declaring, at the ſame time, he would ſupport the people of Fumma with the whole power of Japan.

Such a conſiderable diverſion of the Japaneſe ſtrength could not fail to anſwer in ſome meaſure the expectation of the two ſovereigns of China and Corea; but it did not prevent the ſucceſs of the expeditions which were actually employed againſt their colonies in the Indian Ocean. It was not in his power, however, to protect Fumma, had the invaders been in earneſt: but the combined army of the Chineſe and Coreans had orders to protract the war; and, inſtead of penetrating to the capital, at a time when the Fummians, though joined with the auxiliaries of Japan, were not numerous enough to look them in the face, they made a full ſtop in the middle of their march, and quietly retired into ſummer quarters.

The additional encumbrance of a new continental war redoubled the Cuboy's deſire of peace; and his inclination being known to the enemy, who were alſo ſick of the war, they had recourſe to the good offices of a certain neutral power, called Sab-oi, ſovereign of the mountains of Cambodia. This prince accordingly offered his mediation at the court of Meaco, and it was immediately accepted.—The negotiation for peace which had been broke off in the miniſtry of Taycho was now reſumed; an ambaſſador plenipotentiary arrived from Pekin; and Gotto-mio was ſent thither in the ſame capacity, in order to adjuſt the articles, and ſign the preliminaries of peace.

While this new treaty was on the carpet, the armament equipped againſt Fan-yah under the command of the Quo Kep-marl, and the brave admiral, who had ſignalized himſelf in the ſea of Kamtſchatka, reduced that important place, where they became maſters of a ſtrong ſquadron of Fune belonging to the king of Corea, together with a very conſiderable treaſure, ſufficient to indemnify Japan for the expence of the expedition. This, though the moſt grievous, was not the only diſaſter which the war brought upon the Coreans. Their diſtant ſettlement of Lli-nam was likewiſe taken by general Tra-rep, and the inhabitants paid an immenſe ſum in order to redeem their capital from plunder.

Theſe ſucceſſes did not at all retard the concluſion of the treaty, which was indeed become equally neceſſary to all the parties concerned. Japan in particular was in danger of being ruined by her conqueſts. The war had deſtroyed ſo many men, that the whole empire could not afford a ſufficiency of recruits for the maintenance of the land forces. All thoſe who had conquered Fatſiſſio and Fan-yah, were already deſtroyed by hard duty and the diſeaſes of thoſe unhealthy climates: above two-thirds of the Fune were rotten in the courſe of ſervice; and the complements of mariners reduced to leſs than one half of their original numbers. Troops were actually wanting to garriſon the new conqueſts. The finances of Japan were by this time drained to the bottom. One of her chief reſources was ſtopped by the rupture with Corea, while her expences were conſiderably augmented, and her national credit was ſtretched even to cracking. All theſe conſiderations ſtimulated more and more the Dairo and his Cuboy to conclude the work of peace.

Meanwhile the enemies of Yak-ſtrot gave him no quarter nor reſpite. They vilified his parts, traduced his morals, endeavoured to intimidate him with threats which did not even reſpect the Dairo, and never failed to inſult him whenever he appeared in public. It had been the cuſtom, time immemorial, for the chief magiſtrate of Meaco to make an entertainment for the Dairo and his empreſs, immediately after their nuptials, and to this banquet all the great Quos in Japan were invited. The perſon who filled the chair at preſent was Rhum-kikh, an half-witted politician, ſelf-conceited, headſtrong, turbulent, and ambitious; a profeſſed worſhipper of Taycho, whoſe oratorial talents he admired, and attempted to imitate in the aſſemblies of the people, where he generally excited the laughter of his audience. By dint of great wealth and extenſive traffic, he became a man of conſequence among the mob, notwithſtanding an illiberal turn of mind, and an ungracious addreſs; and now he reſolved to uſe this influence for the glory of Taycho and the diſgrace of the Ximian favourite. Legion was tutored for the purpoſe, and moreover, well primed with a fiery cauſtic ſpirit, in which Rhum-kikh was a conſiderable dealer. The Dairo and his young empreſs were received by him and his

council with a ſullen formality in profound ſilence. The Cuboy was pelted as he paſſed along, and his litter almoſt overturned by the monſter, which yelled, and brayed, and hooted, without ceaſing, until he was houſed in the city-hall, where he met with every ſort of mortification from the entertainer as well as the ſpectators. At length Mr. Orator Taycho, with his couſin Lob-kob, appearing in a triumphal car at the city-gate, the blatant beaſt received them with loud huzzas, unharneſſed their horſes, and, putting itſelf in the traces, drew them through the ſtreets of Meaco, which reſounded with acclamation. They were received with the ſame exultation within the hall of entertainment, where their ſovereign and his conſort ſat altogether unhonoured and unnoticed.

A ſmall ſquadron of Chineſe Fune having taken poſſeſſion of a defenceleſs fiſhery belonging to Japan, in the neighbourhood of Fatſiſſio, the emiſſaries of Taycho magnified this event into a terrible misfortune, ariſing from the mal-adminiſtration of the new Cuboy: nay, they did not ſcruple to affirm that he had left the fiſhing-town defenceleſs, on purpoſe that it might be taken by the enemy. This clamour, however, was of ſhort duration. The Quo Phyll-Kholl, who commanded a few Fune in one of the harbours of Fatſiſſio, no ſooner received intelligence of what had happened, than he embarked what troops were at hand, and, ſailing directly to the place, obliged the enemy to abandon their conqueſt with precipitation and diſgrace.

In the midſt of theſe tranſactions, the peace was ſigned, ratified, and even approved in the great national council of the Quos, as well as in the aſſembly of the people. The truth is, the miniſter of Japan has it always in his power to ſecure a majority in both theſe conventions, by means that may be eaſily gueſſed; and thoſe were not ſpared on this occaſion. Yak-ſtrot in a ſpeech harangued the great council, who were not a litte ſurpriſed to hear him ſpeak with ſuch propriety and extent of knowledge; for he had been repreſented as tongue-tied, and, in point of elocution, little better than the palfrey he rode. He now vindicated all the ſteps he had taken ſince his acceſſion to the helm: he demonſtrated the neceſſity of a pacification; explained and deſcanted upon every article of

the treaty; and, finally, declared his conſcience was ſo clear in this matter, that, when he died, he ſhould deſire no other encomium to be engraved on his tomb, but that he was the author of this peace.

Nevertheleſs, the approbation of the council was not obtained without violent debate and altercation. The different articles were cenſured and inveighed againſt by the Fatzman, the late Cuboy Fika-kaka, Lob-kob, Sti-phi-rum-poo, Nin-kom-poo-po, and many other Quos; but, at the long run, the influence of the preſent miniſtry predominated. As for Taycho, he exerted himſelf in a very extraordinary effort to depreciate the peace in the aſſembly of the people. He had for ſome days pretended to be dangerouſly ill, that he might make a merit of his patriotiſm, by ſhowing a contempt for his own life, when the good of his country was at ſtake. In order to excite the admiration of the public, and render his appearance in the aſſembly the more ſtriking, he was carried thither on a kind of hand-barrow, wrapped up in flannel, with three woollen night-caps on his head, eſcorted by Legion, which yelled, and brayed, and whooped, and hollowed, with ſuch vociferation, that every ſtreet of Meaco rung with hideous clamour. In this equipage did Taycho enter the aſſembly, where, being held up by two adherents, he, after a prelude of groans to rouſe the attention of his audience, began to declaim againſt the peace as inadequate, ſhameful, and diſadvantageous: nay, he ventured to ſtigmatize every ſeparate article, though he knew it was in the power of each individual of his hearers to confront him with the terms to which he had ſubſcribed the preceding year, in all reſpects leſs honourable and advantageous to his country. Inconſiſtencies equally glaring and abſurd he had often crammed down the throats of the multitude; but they would not go down with this aſſembly of the people, which, in ſpite of his flannel, his night-caps, his crutches, and his groans, confirmed the treaty of peace by a great majority. Not that they had any great reaſon to applaud the peace-makers, who might have dictated their own terms, had they proceeded with more ſagacity and leſs precipitation. But Fokh-ſi-rokhu and his brother undertakers, having the treaſure of Japan at their command, had anointed the greateſt part of the

aſſembly with a certain precious ſalve, which preſerved them effectually from the faſcinating arts of Taycho.

This orator, incenſed at his bad ſucceſs within doors, renewed and redoubled his operations without. He exaſperated Legion againſt Yak-ſtrot to ſuch a pitch of rage, that the monſter could not hear the Cuboy's name three times pronounced without falling into fits. His confederate Lob-kob, in the courſe of his reſearches, found out two originals admirably calculated for executing his vengeance againſt the Ximian favourite. One of them, called Llur-chir, a profligate Bonza, degraded for his lewd life, poſſeſſed a wonderful talent of exciting different paſſions in the blatant beaſt, by dint of quaint rhymes, which were ſaid to be inſpirations of the demon of obloquy, to whom he had ſold his ſoul. Theſe oracles not only commanded the paſſions, but even influenced the organs of the beaſt in ſuch a manner, as to occaſion an evacuation either upwards or downwards, at the pleaſure of the operator. The other, known by the name of Jan-ki-dtzin, was counted the beſt markſman in Japan in the art and myſtery of dirt-throwing. He poſſeſſed the art of making balls of filth, which were famous for ſticking and ſtinking; and theſe he threw with ſuch dexterity, that they very ſeldom miſſed their aim. Being reduced to a low ebb of fortune by his debaucheries, he had made advances to the new Cuboy, who had rejected his proffered ſervices, on account of his immoral character; a prudiſh punctilio, which but ill became Yak-ſtrot, who had paid very little regard to reputation in chooſing ſome of the colleagues he had aſſociated in his adminiſtration. Be that as it may, he no ſooner underſtood that Mr. Orator Taycho was buſy in preparing for an active campaign, than he likewiſe began to put himſelf in a poſture of defence. He hired a body of mercenaries, and provided ſome dirt-men and rhymers. Then, taking the field, a ſharp conteſt and pelting match enſued; but the diſpute was ſoon terminated. Yak-ſtrot's verſifiers turned out no great conjurers on the trial. They were not ſuch favourites of the demon as Llur-chir. The rhymes they uſed produced no other effect upon Legion but that of ſetting it a-braying. The Cuboy's dirt-men, however, played their parts tolerably well. Though their balls

were inferior in point of compoſition to thoſe of Jan-ki-dtzin, they did not fail to diſcompoſe Orator Taycho and his friend Lob-kob, whoſe eyes were ſeen to water with the ſmart occaſioned by thoſe miſſiles; but theſe laſt had a great advantage over their adverſaries, in the zeal and attachment of Legion, whoſe numerous tongues were always ready to lick off the ordure that ſtuck to any part of their leaders; and this they did with ſuch ſigns of ſatisfaction, as ſeemed to indicate an appetite for all manner of filth.

Yak-ſtrot having ſuffered woefully in his own perſon, and ſeeing his partizans in confuſion, thought proper to retreat. Yet, although diſcomfited, he was not diſcouraged. On the contrary, having at bottom a fund of fanaticiſm, which, like camomile, grows the faſter for being trod upon, he became more obſtinately bent than ever upon proſecuting his own ſchemes for the good of the people in their own deſpite. His vanity was likewiſe buoyed up by the flattery of his creatures, who extolled the paſſive courage he had ſhown in the late engagement. Though every part of him ſtill tingled and ſtunk, from the balls of the enemy, he perſuaded himſelf that not one of their miſſiles had taken place; and of conſequence, that there was ſomething of divinity in his perſon. Full of this notion, he diſcarded his rhymſters and his dirt-caſters as unneceſſary, and reſolved to bear the brunt of the battle in his own individual perſon.

Fokh-ſi-rokhu adviſed him, nevertheleſs, to fill his trowſers with gold obans, which he might throw at Legion, in caſe of neceſſity, aſſuring him that this was the only ammunition which the monſter could not withſtand. The advice was good; and the Cuboy might have followed it, without being obliged to the treaſury of Japan; for he was by this time become immenſely rich, in conſequence of having found a hoard in digging his garden: but this was an expedient which Yak-ſtrot could never be prevailed upon to uſe, either on this or any other occaſion. Indeed, he was now ſo convinced of his own perſonal energy, that he perſuaded his maſter Gio-gio to come forth, and ſee it operate on the blatant beaſt. Accordingly the Dairo aſcended his car of ſtate, while the Cuboy, arrayed in all his trappings, ſtood before him

with the reins in his own hand, and drove directly to the enemy, who waited for him without flinching. Being arrived within dung-ſhot of Jan-ki-dtzin, he made a halt, and putting himſelf in the attitude of the idol Fo, with a ſimper in his countenance, ſeemed to invite the warrior to make a full diſcharge of his artillery. He did not long wait in ſuſpenſe. The balls ſoon began to whizz about his ears; and a great number took effect upon his perſon. At length, he received a ſhot upon his right temple, which brought him to the ground. All his gewgaws fluttered, and his buckram doublet rattled as he fell. Llur-chir no ſooner beheld him proſtrate, than advancing with the monſter, he began to repeat his rhymes, at which every mouth and every tail of Legion was opened, and lifted up; and ſuch a torrent of filth ſquirted from theſe channels, that the unfortunate Cuboy was quite overwhelmed. Nay, he muſt have been actually ſuffocated where he lay, had not ſome of the Dairo's attendants interpoſed, and reſcued him from the vengeance of the monſter. He was carried home in ſuch an unſavoury pickle, that his family ſmelled his diſaſter long before he came in ſight; and when he appeared in this woeful condition, covered with ordure, blinded with dirt, and even deprived of ſenſe and motion, his wife was ſeized with *hyſterica paſſio*. He was immediately ſtripped, and waſhed, and other means being uſed for his recovery, he in a little time retrieved his recollection.

He was now pretty well undeceived, with reſpect to the divinity of his perſon; but his enthuſiaſm took a new turn. He aſpired to the glory of martyrdom, and reſolved to devote himſelf as a victim to patriotic virtue. While his attendants were employed in waſhing off the filth that ſtuck to his beard, he recited in a theatrical tone, the ſtanza of a famous Japaneſe bard, whoſe ſoul afterwards tranſmigrated into the body of a Roman poet, Horatius Flaccus, and inſpired him with the ſame ſentiment, in the Latin tongue:

Virtus repulſæ neſcia ſordidæ
Intaminatis fulget honoribus;
Nec ſumit, aut ponit ſecures
Arbitrio popularis auræ.

His friends hearing him declare his reſolution of dying for his country, began to fear that his underſtanding was diſturbed. They adviſed him to yield to the torrent, which was become too impetuous to ſtem; to reſign the Cuboyſhip quietly, and reſerve his virtues for a more favourable occaſion. In vain his friends remonſtrated: in vain his wife and children employed their tears and entreaties to the ſame purpoſe. He lent a deaf ear to all their ſolicitations, until they began to drop ſome hints that ſeemed to imply a ſuſpicion of his inſanity, which alarmed him exceedingly; and the Dairo himſelf ſignifying to him in private, that it was become abſolutely neceſſary to temporize, he reſigned the reins of government with a heavy heart, though not before he was aſſured that he ſhould ſtill continue to exert his influence behind the curtain.

Gio-gio's own perſon had not eſcaped untouched in the laſt ſkirmiſh. Jan-ki-dtzin was tranſported to ſuch a pitch of inſolence, that he aimed ſome balls at the Dairo, and one of them taking place exactly betwixt the eyes, defiled his whole viſage. Had the laws of Japan been executed in all their ſeverity againſt this audacious plebeian, he would have ſuffered crucifixion on the ſpot: but Gio-gio, being good-natured even to a fault, contented himſelf with ordering ſome of his attendants to apprehend and put him in the public ſtocks, after having ſeized the whole cargo of filth which he had collected at his habitation, for the manufacture of his balls. Legion was no ſooner informed of his diſgrace, than it releaſed him by force, being therein comforted and abetted by the declaration of a puny magiſtrate, called Praff-patt-phogg, who ſeized this, as the only opportunity he ſhould ever find of giving himſelf any conſequence in the commonwealth. Accordingly, the monſter hoiſting him and Jan-ki-dtzin on their ſhoulders, went in proceſſion through the ſtreets of Meaco, hollowing, huzzaing, and extolling this venerable pair of patriots, as the *Palladia* of the liberty of Japan.

The monſter's officious zeal on this occaſion, was far from being agreeable to Mr. Orator Taycho, who took umbrage at this exaltation of his two underſtrappers, and from that moment devoted Jan-ki-dtzin to deſtruction.

The Dairo finding it abſolutely neceſſary for the ſupport of his government, that this dirt monger ſhould be puniſhed, gave directions for trying him according to the laws of the land. He was ignominiouſly expelled from the aſſembly of the people, where his old patron Taycho not only diſclaimed him, but even repreſented him as a worthleſs atheiſt and ſower of ſedition: but he eſcaped the weight of a more ſevere ſentence in another tribunal, by retreating without beat of drum, into the territories of China, where he found an aſylum, from whence he made divers ineffectual appeals to the multitudinous beaſt at Niphon.

As for Yak-ſtrot, he was every thing but a downright martyr to the odium of the public, which produced a ferment all over the nation. His name was become a term of reproach. He was burnt or crucified in effigy in every city, town, village, and diſtrict of Niphon. Even his own countrymen, the Ximians, held him in abhorrence and execration. Notwithſtanding his partiality to the *natale ſolum*, he had not been able to provide for all thoſe adventurers who came from thence, in conſequence of his promotion. The whole number of the diſappointed became his enemies of courſe; and the reſt finding themſelves expoſed to the animoſity and ill offices of their fellow ſubjects of Niphon, who hated the whole community for his ſake, inveighed againſt Yak-ſtrot as the curſe of their nation.

In the midſt of all this deteſtation and diſgrace, it muſt be owned, for the ſake of truth, that Yak-ſtrot was one of the honeſteſt men in Japan, and certainly the greateſt benefactor to the empire. Juſt, upright, ſincere, and charitable; his heart was ſuſceptible of friendſhip and tenderneſs. He was a virtuous huſband, a fond father, a kind maſter, and a zealous friend. In his public capacity, he had nothing in view but the advantage of Japan, in the proſecution of which, he flattered himſelf he ſhould be able to diſplay all the abilities of a profound ſtateſman, and all the virtues of the moſt ſublime patriotiſm. It was here he over-rated his own importance. His virtue became the dupe of his vanity. Nature had denied him ſhining talents, as well as that eaſineſs of deportment, that affability, liberal turn, and verſatile ge-

nius, without which no man can ever figure at the head of an adminiſtration. Nothing could be more abſurd than his being charged with want of parts and underſtanding to guide the helm of government, conſidering how happily it had been conducted for many years by Fika-kaka, whoſe natural genius would have been found unequal even to the art and myſtery of wool-combing. Beſides, the war had proſpered in his hands as much as it ever did under the auſpices of his predeceſſor; though, as I have before obſerved, neither the one nor the other could juſtly claim any merit from its ſucceſs.

But Yak-ſtrot's ſervices to the public were much more important in another reſpect. He had the reſolution to diſſolve the ſhameful and pernicious engagements which the empire had contracted on the continent of Tartary. He lightened the intolerable burdens of the empire: he ſaved its credit, when it was ſtretched even to burſting. He made a peace, which, if not the moſt glorious that might have been obtained, was, at leaſt, the moſt ſolid and advantageous that ever Japan had concluded with any power whatſoever; and, in particular, much more honourable, uſeful, and aſcertained, than that which Taycho had agreed to ſubſcribe the preceding year; and, by this peace, he put an end to all the horrors of a cruel war, which had ravaged the beſt parts of Aſia, and deſtroyed the lives of ſix hundred thouſand men every year. On the whole, Yak-ſtrot's good qualities were reſpectable. There was very little vicious in his compoſition; and as to his follies, they were rather the ſubjects of ridicule, than of reſentment.

Yak-ſtrot's ſubalterns in the miniſtry rejoiced in ſecret at his running ſo far into the north of Legion's diſpleaſure. Nay, it was ſhrewdly ſuſpected that ſome of their emiſſaries had been very active againſt him in the day of his diſcomfiture. They flattered themſelves, that if he could be effectually driven from the preſence of the Dairo, they would ſucceed to his influence; and in the mean time would acquire popularity, by turning tail to, and kicking at the Ximian favourite, who had aſſociated them in the adminiſtration, in conſequence of their vowing eternal attachment to his intereſt, and conſtant ſubmiſſion to his will. Having held a ſecret conclave, to concert their

operations, they began to execute their plan, by ſeducing Yak-ſtrot into certain odious meaſures of raiſing new impoſitions on the people, which did not fail, indeed, to increaſe the clamour of the blatant beaſt, and promote its filthy diſcharge upwards and downwards; but then the torrents were divided, and many a tail was lifted up againſt the real projectors of the ſcheme which the favourite had adopted. They now reſolved to make a merit with the Mobile, by picking a german quarrel with Strot, and inſulting him in public. Gotto-mio cauſed a ſcrubbing-poſt to be ſet up in the night, at the Cuboy's door.—The ſcribe Zan-ti-fic preſented him with a ſcheme for the importation of brimſtone into the iſland of Ximo: the other ſcribe pretended he could not ſpell the barbarous names of the Cuboy's relations and countrymen, who were daily thruſt into the moſt lucrative employments. As for Twitz-er the Financier, he never approached Yak-ſtrot without clawing his knuckles in deriſion. At the council of Twenty-eight, they thwarted every plan he propoſed, and turned into ridicule every word he ſpoke. At length they bluntly told the Dairo, that as Yak-ſtrot reſigned the reins of adminiſtration in public, he muſt likewiſe give up his management behind the curtain; for they were not at all diſpoſed to anſwer to the people for meaſures dictated by an inviſible agent. This was but a reaſonable demand, in which the emperor ſeemed to acquieſce. But the new miniſters thought it was requiſite that they ſhould commit ſome overt act of contempt for the abdicated Cuboy. One of his neareſt relations had obtained a profitable office in the iſland of Ximo; and of this, the new cabal inſiſted he ſhould be immediately deprived. The Dairo remonſtrated againſt the injuſtice of turning a man out of his place, for no other reaſon but to ſatisfy their caprice; and plainly told them he could not do it without infringing his honour, as he had given his word that the poſſeſſor ſhould enjoy the poſt for life. Far from being ſatisfied with this declaration, they urged their demand with redoubled importunity, mixed with menaces which equally embarraſſed and incenſed the good-natured Dairo. At laſt Yak-ſtrot, taking compaſſion upon his indulgent maſter, prevailed upon his kinſman to releaſe him from the obliga-

tion of his word, by making a voluntary reſignation of his office. The Dairo fell ſick of vexation: his life was deſpaired of; and all Japan was filled with alarm and apprehenſion at the proſpect of an infant's aſcending the throne: for the heir apparent was ſtill in the cradle.

Their fears, however, were happily diſappointed by the recovery of the emperor, who, to prevent as much as poſſible the inconveniencies that might attend his demiſe, during the minority of his ſon, reſolved that a regency ſhould be eſtabliſhed and ratified by the ſtates of the empire. The plan of this regency he concerted in private with the venerable princeſs his grandmother, and his friend Yak-ſtrot; and then communicated the deſign to his miniſters, who, knowing the quarter from whence it had come, treated it with coldneſs and contempt. They were ſo elevated by their laſt triumph over the Ximian favourite, that they overlooked every obſtacle to their ambition; and determined to render the Dairo dependant on them, and them only. With this view, they threw cold water on the preſent meaſure; and to mark their hatred of the favourite more ſtrongly in the eyes of Legion, they endeavoured to exclude the name of his patroneſs the Dairo's grandmother from the deed of regency, though their malice was fruſtrated by the vigilance of Yak-ſtrot, and the indignation of the ſtates, who reſented this affront offered to the family of their ſovereign.

The tyranny of this junto became ſo intolerable to Giogio, that he reſolved to ſhake off their yoke, whatever might be the conſequence: but before any effectual ſtep was taken for this purpoſe, Yak-ſtrot, who underſtood mechanics, and had ſtudied the art of puppet playing, tried an experiment on the organs of the cabal, which he tempered with individually without ſucceſs. Inſtead of uttering what he prompted, the ſounds came out quite altered in their paſſage. Gotto-mio grunted; the Financier Twitz-er bleated, or rather brayed; one ſcribe mewed like a cat; the other yelped like a jackall. In ſhort, they were found ſo perverſe and refractory, that the maſter of the motion kicked them off the ſtage, and ſupplied the ſcene with a new ſet of puppets made of very extraordinary materials. They were the very figures through whoſe pipes the charge of mal-adminiſtration had been ſo

loudly ſounded againſt the Ximian favourite. They were now muſtered by the Fatzman, and hung upon the pegs of the very ſame puppet-ſhow-man againſt whom they had ſo vehemently inveighed. Even the ſuperannuated Fika-ka appeared again upon the ſtage as an actor of ſome conſequence; and inſiſted upon it, that his metamorphoſis was a mere calumny. But Taycho and Lob-kob kept aloof, becauſe Yak-ſtrot had not yet touched them on the proper keys.

The firſt exhibition of the new puppets was called *Topſy-turvy*, a farce in which they overthrew all the paper houſes which their predeceſſors had built: but they performed their parts in ſuch confuſion, that Yak-ſtrot interpoſing to keep them in order, received divers contuſions and ſevere kicks on the ſhins, which made his eyes water; and, indeed, he had in a little time reaſon enough to repent of the revolution he had brought about. The new ſticks of adminiſtration proved more ſtiff and unmanageable than the former; and thoſe he had diſcarded, aſſociating with the blatant beaſt, bedaubed him with ſuch a variety of filth, drained from all the ſewers of ſcurrility, that he really became a public nuiſance. Got-to-mio pretended remorſe of conſcience, and declared he would impeach Yak-ſtrot for the peace which he himſelf had negotiated. Twitz-er ſnivelled and cried, and caſt figures, to prove that Yak-ſtrot was born for the deſtruction of Japan; and Zan-ti-fic lured an incendiary Bonze called Toks, to throw fire-balls by night into the palace of the favourite.

In this diſtreſs, Strot caſt his eyes on Taycho the monſter-tamer, who alone ſeemed able to over-balance the weight of all other oppoſition; and to him he made large advances accordingly; but his offers were ſtill inadequate to the expectations of that Demagogue, who, nevertheleſs, put on a face of capitulation. He was even heard to ſay that Yak-ſtrot was an honeſt man, and a good miniſter: nay, he declared he would aſcend the higheſt pinnacle of the higheſt pagod in Japan, and proclaim that Yak-ſtrot had never, directly nor indirectly, meddled with adminiſtration ſince he reſigned the public office of miniſter. Finding him, however, tardy and phlegmatic in his propoſals, he thought proper to change

his phraſe, and in the next aſſembly of the people, ſwore, with great vociferation, that the ſaid Yak-ſtrot was the greateſt rogue that ever eſcaped the gallows. This was a neceſſary fillip to Yak-ſtrot, and operated upon him ſo effectually, that he forthwith ſent a charte blanche to the great Taycho, and a treaty was immediately ratified on the following conditions: That the ſaid Taycho ſhould be raiſed to the rank of Quanbuku, and be appointed conſervator of the Dairo's ſignet: that no ſtate meaſure ſhould be taken without his expreſs approbation: that his creature the lawyer Praff-fog ſhould be ennobled and preferred to the moſt eminent place in the tribunals of Japan; and that all his friends and dependants ſhould be provided for at the public expence, in ſuch a manner as he himſelf ſhould propoſe. His kinſman Lob-kob, however, was not comprehended in this treaty, the articles of which he inveighed againſt with ſuch acrimony, that a rupture enſued betwixt theſe two originals. The truth is, Lob-kob was now ſo full of his own importance, that nothing leſs than an equal ſhare of adminiſtration would ſatisfy his ambition; and this was neither in Taycho's power nor inclination to grant.

The firſt conſequence of this treaty was a new ſhift of hands, and a new dance of miniſters. The chair of precedency was pulled from under the antiquated Fika-kaka, who fell upon his back; and his heels flying up, diſcovered but too plainly the melancholy truth of his metamorphoſis. All his colleagues were diſcarded, except thoſe who thought proper to temporize and join in dancing the hay, according as they were actuated by the new partners of the puppet-ſhow. This coaltion was the greateſt maſter-piece in politics, that Yak-ſtrot ever performed. Taycho, the formidable Taycho! whom in his ſingle perſon he dreaded more than all his other enemies of Japan united, was now become his coadjutor, abettor, and advocate; and, which was ſtill of more conſequence to Strot, that Demagogue was forſaken of his good genius Legion.

The many-headed monſter would have ſwallowed down every other ſpecies of tergiverſation in Taycho, except a coalition with the deteſted favourite, and the title of Quo, by which he formally renounced [illegible] but theſe were articles which the mongrel [illegible]

geſt. The tidings of this union threw the beaſt into a kind of ſtupor, from which it was rouſed by bliſters and cauteries applied by Gotto-mio, Twitz-er, Zan-ti-fic, with his underſtrapper Toks, now reinforced by Fika-kaka, and his diſcarded aſſociates: for their common hatred to Yak-ſtrot, like the rod of Moſes, ſwallowed up every diſtinction of party, and every ſuggeſtion of former animoſity; and they concurred with incredible zeal, in rouſing Legion to a due ſenſe of Taycho's apoſtacy. The beaſt, ſo ſtimulated, howled three days and three nights ſucceſſively at Taycho's gate; then was ſeized with a convulſion, that went off with an evacuation upwards and downwards, ſo offenſive, that the very air was infected.

The horrid ſounds of the beaſt's lamentations, the noxious effluvia of its filthy diſcharge, joined to the poignant remorſe which Taycho felt at finding his power over Legion diſſolved, occaſioned a commotion in his brain; and this led him into certain extravagancies, which gave his enemies a handle to ſay he was actually inſane. His former friends and partizans thought the beſt apology they could make for the inconſiſtency of his conduct, was to ſay he was *non compos;* and this report was far from being diſagreeable to Yak-ſtrot, becauſe it would at any time furniſh him with a plauſible pretence to diſſolve the partnerſhip, at which he inwardly repined: for it was neceſſity alone that drove him to a partition of his power with a man ſo incapable of acting in concert with any colleague whatſoever.

In the mean time Gotto-mio and his aſſociates left no ſtone unturned to acquire the ſame influence over Legion, which Taycho had ſo eminently poſſeſſed: but the beaſt's faculties, ſlender as they were, ſeemed now greatly impaired, in conſequence of that arch empiric's practices upon its conſtitution. In vain did Gotto-mio hoop and hollow: in vain did Twitz-er tickle its long ears: in vain did Zan-ti-fic apply ſternutatories, and his Bonze adminiſter inflammatory glyſters; the monſter could never be brought to a right underſtanding, or at all concur with their deſigns, except in one inſtance, which was its antipathy to the Ximian favourite. This had become ſo habitual, that it acted mechanically upon its organs even after it had loſt all other ſigns of recognition. As often as

the name of Yak-ſtrot was pronounced, the Beaſt began to yell; and all the uſual conſequences enſued; but when ever his new friends preſumed to mount him, he threw himſelf on his back, and rolled them in the kennel at the hazard of their lives.

One would imagine there was ſome leaven in the nature of Yak-ſtrot, that ſoured all his ſubalterns who were natives of Niphon; for, howſoever they promiſed all ſubmiſſion to his will before they were admitted into his motion, they no ſooner found themſelves acting characters in his drama, than they began to thwart him in his meaſures; ſo that he was plagued by thoſe he had taken in, and perſecuted by thoſe he had driven out. The two great props, which he had been at ſo much pains to provide, now failed him. Taycho was grown crazy, and could no longer manage the monſter; and Quam-ba-cundono the Fatzman, whoſe authority had kept ſeveral puppets in awe, died about this period. Theſe two circumſtances were the more alarming, as Gotto-mio and his crew began to gain ground, not only in their endeavours to rouſe the monſter, but alſo in tampering with ſome of the acting puppets, to join their cabal, and make head againſt their maſter. Theſe exoterics grew ſo refractory, that, when he tried to wheel them to the right, they turned to the left about; and, inſtead of joining hands in the dance of politics, rapped their heads againſt each other with ſuch violence, that the noiſe of the colliſion was heard in the ſtreet; and, if they had not been made of the hardeſt wood in Japan, ſome of them would certainly have been ſplit in the encounter.

By this time Legion began to have ſome ſenſe of its own miſerable condition. The effects of the yeaſt potions which it had drank ſo liberally from the hands of Taycho, now wore off. The fumes diſperſed; the illuſion vaniſhed; the flatulent tumour of its belly diſappeared with innumerable exploſions, leaving a hideous lankneſs and ſuch a canine appetite as all the eatables of Japan could not ſatisfy. After having devoured the whole harveſt, it yawned for more, and grew quite outrageous in its hunger, threatening to feed on human fleſh, if not plentifully ſupplied with other viands. In this dilemma, Yak-ſtrot convened the council of Twenty-eight, where, in conſidera-

tion of the urgency of the caſe, it was reſolved to ſuſpend the law againſt the importation of foreign proviſions, and open the ports of Japan for the relief of the blatant beaſt.

As this was veſting the Dairo with a diſpenſing power unknown to the conſtitution of Japan, it was thought neceſſary, at the next aſſembly of the Quos and Quanbukus, that conſtitute the legiſlature, to obtain a legal ſanction for that extraordinary exerciſe of prerogative, which nothing but the *ſalus populi* could excuſe. Upon this occaſion, it was diverting to ſee with what effrontery individuals changed their principles with their places. Taycho the Quo, happening to be in one of his lucid intervals, went to the aſſembly, ſupported by his two creatures Praff-fog, and another limb of the law, called Lley-nah, ſurnamed Gurg-grog, or Curſe-mother; and this triumvirate, who had raiſed themſelves from nothing to the firſt rank in the ſtate, by vilifying and inſulting the kingly power, and affirming that the Dairo was the ſlave of the people, now had the impudence to declare in the face of day, that in ſome caſes the emperor's power was abſolute, and that he had an inherent right to ſuſpend and ſuperſede the laws and ordinances of the legiſlature.

Mura-clami, who had been for ſome time eclipſed in his judicial capacity by the popularity of Praff-fog, did not fail to ſeize this opportunity of expoſing the character of his upſtart rival. Though he had been all his life an humble retainer to the prerogative, he now made a parade of patriotiſm, and in a tide of eloquence bore down all the flimſy arguments which the triumvirate advanced. He demonſtrated the futility of their reaſoning, from the expreſs laws and cuſtoms of the empire; he expatiated on the pernicious tendency of their doctrine, and exhibited the inconſiſtency of their conduct in ſuch colours, that they muſt have hid their heads in confuſion, had they not happily conquered all ſenſe of ſhame, and been well convinced that the majority of the aſſembly were not a whit more honeſt than themſelves. Mura-clami enjoyed a momentary triumph; but his words made a very ſlight impreſſion; for it was his misfortune to be a Ximian; and if his virtues had been more numerous than the hairs in his beard, this very circumſtance would have ſhaved them clean away from the conſideration of the audience.

Taycho, opening the flood-gates of his abuſe, beſpattered all that oppoſed him. Lley-nah, alias Curſe-mother, ſwore that he had got into the wrong box; then turning to Praff-fog, "Brother Praff," cried he, "thou haſt now let down thy trowſers, and every raſcal in Japan will whip thy a-ſe!" Praff was afraid of the beaſt's reſentment; but Taycho beſtrid him like a Coloſſus, and he crept through between his legs into a place of ſafety. This was the laſt time that the orator appeared in public. Immediately after this occurrence, it was found neceſſary to confine him to a dark chamber, and Yak-ſtrot was left to his own inventions.

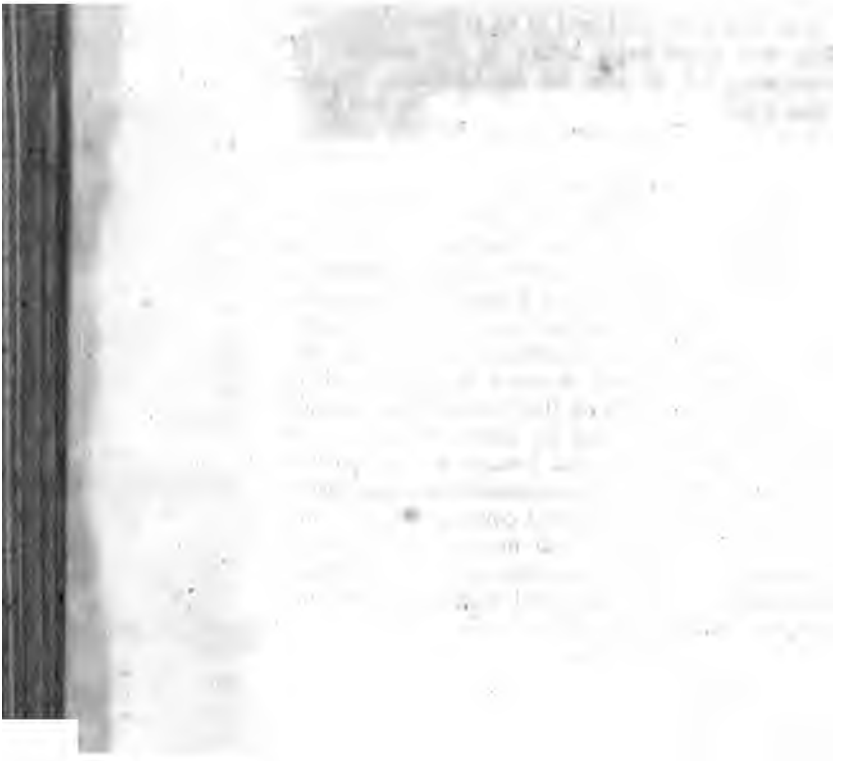
In this dilemma he had recourſe to the old expedient of changing hands; and, as a prelude to this reform, made advances to Gotto-mio, whom he actually detached from the oppoſition, by providing his friends and dependants with lucrative offices, and promiſing to take no ſteps of conſequence without his privity and approbation. A ſop was at the ſame time thrown to Twitz-er; Zan-tific, lulled with ſpecious promiſes, diſcarded Toks the incendiary Bonze; Lob-kob ſigned a neutrality; and old Fika-kaka was deprived of the uſe of ſpeech:—in a word, the ill-cemented confederacy of Strot's exoteric foes fell aſunder; and Legion had now no rage but the rage of hunger to be appeaſed. But the Ximian favourite was ſtill thwarted in his operations behind the curtain; for he had ſo often chopped and changed the figures that compoſed his motion, that they were all of different materials; ſo wretchedly ſorted and ſo ill toned, that, when they came upon the ſcene, they produced nothing but diſcord and diſorder.

The Japaneſe colony of Fatſiſſio had been ſettled above a century; and, in the face of a thouſand dangers and difficulties, raiſed themſelves to ſuch conſideration, that they conſumed infinite quantities of the manufactures of Japan, for which they paid their mother country in gold and ſilver, and precious drugs, the produce of their plantations. The advantages which Japan reaped from this traffic with her own coloniſts, almoſt equalled the amount of what ſhe gained by her commerce with all the other parts of Aſia. Twitz-er, when he managed the finances of Japan, had in his great wiſdom planned, procured,

and promulgated a law, ſaddling the Fatſiſſians with a grievous tax to anſwer the occaſions of the Japaneſe government; an impoſition which ſtruck at the very vitals of their conſtitution, by which they were exempt from all burdens but ſuch as they fitted for their own ſhoulders. They raiſed a mighty clamour at this innovation, in which they were joined by Legion, at that time under the influence of Taycho, who, in the aſſembly of the people, bitterly inveighed againſt the authors and abettors of ſuch an arbitrary and tyrannical meaſure. Their reproach and execration did not ſtop at Twitz-er, but proceeded, as uſual, to Yak-ſtrot, who was the general butt at which all the arrows of ſlander, ſcurrility, and abuſe, were levelled. The puppets with which he ſupplied the places of Twitz-er and his aſſociates, in order to recommend themſelves to Legion, and perhaps with a view to mortify the favourite, who had patronized the Fatſiſſian tax, inſiſted upon withdrawing this impoſition, which was accordingly abrogated, to the no ſmall diſgrace and contempt of the lawgivers; but when theſe new miniſters were turned out, to make way for Taycho and his friends, the intereſt of the Fatſiſſians was again abandoned. Even the orator himſelf declaimed againſt them with an unembarraſſed countenance, after they had raiſed ſtatues to him as their friend and patron; and meaſures were taken to make them feel all the ſeverity of an abject dependence upon the legiſlature of Japan. Finally, Gotto-mio acceded to this ſyſtem, which he had formerly approved in conjunction with Twitz-er; and preparations were made for uſing compulſory meaſures, ſhould the coloniſts refuſe to ſubmit with a good grace.

The Fatſiſſians, far from acquieſcing in theſe proceedings, reſolved to defend to the laſt extremity thoſe liberties which they had hitherto preſerved; and, as a proof of their independence, agreed among themſelves to renounce all the ſuperfluities with which they had ſo long been furniſhed, at a vaſt expence, from the manufactures of Japan, ſince that nation had begun to act towards them with all the cruelty of a ſtep-mother. It was amazing to ſee and to hear how Legion raved, and ſlabbered, and ſnapped its multitudinous jaws in the ſtreets of Meaco, when it underſtood that the Fatſiſſians were determined to live

on what their own country afforded. They were repreſented and reviled as ruffians, barbarians, and unnatural monſters, who clapped the dagger to the breaſt of their indulgent mother, in preſuming to ſave themſelves the expence of thoſe ſuperfluities, which, by the bye, her cruel impoſitions had left them no money to purchaſe. Nothing was heard in Japan but threats of puniſhing thoſe ungrateful coloniſts with whips and ſcorpions. For this purpoſe troops were aſſembled and fleets equipped; and the blatant beaſt yawned with impatient expectation of being drenched with the blood of its fellow-ſubjects.

Yak-ſtrot was ſeized with horror at the proſpect of ſuch extremities; for, to give the devil his due, his diſpoſition was neither arbitrary nor cruel; but he had been hurried by evil counſellors into a train of falſe politics, the conſequences of which he did not foreſee. He now ſummoned council after council to deliberate upon conciliatory expedients; but found the motley crew ſo divided by ſelf-intereſt, faction, and mutual rancour, that no conſiſtent plan could be formed; all was nonſenſe, clamour, and contradiction. The Ximian favourite now wiſhed all his puppets at the devil, and ſecretly curſed the hour in which he firſt undertook the motion. He even fell ſick of chagrin, and reſolved in good earneſt to withdraw himſelf entirely from the political helm, which he was now convinced he had no talents to guide. In the mean time, he tried to find ſome temporary alleviation to the evils occaſioned by the monſtrous incongruity of the members and materials that compoſed his adminiſtration. But before any effectual meaſures could be taken, his evil genius, ever active, brewed up a new ſtorm in another quarter, which had well nigh ſwept him and all his projects into the gulf of perdition.

THE END.